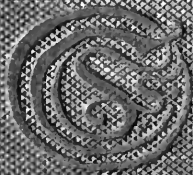


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THE MUSMÉE

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# JAPAN IN OUR DAY

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

BAYARD TAYLOR

REVISÉD BY

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

NEW YORK

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1893.

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## PREFATORY NOTE

THE rapid change in the policy of the Japanese Government, which is now opening the Empire to the arts and ideas of modern civilization, has been followed by a corresponding increase in our knowledge of the Japanese institutions and people. The compiler's object has been to select all that is newest and most interesting in the works of recent visitors to Japan, in order to make this volume a tolerably complete gallery of pictures, representing the life and customs of the Japanese at this time. Many strange and peculiar features of that life will very soon pass away, and already some of the experiences related by Sir Rutherford Alcock and M. Humbert could not be repeated. It is believed, therefore, that the information contained in this volume will be found not only attractive in itself, but convenient as a standard by which to measure the great changes which science and the mechanic arts will effect in the condition of the Japanese Empire.

B. T.

## REVISER'S NOTE

**I**N April, 1878, just before Mr. Bayard Taylor left New York to fill the honored position of American Minister at the Court of Berlin, the reviser of this, his work, enjoyed the pleasure of meeting him and chatting upon Japan, which country he had visited when a member of Commodore M. C. Perry's expedition in 1854. In re-editing Mr. Taylor's compilation, which has so long enjoyed deserved popularity, the object has been to maintain its character as an illustrated work of travel. Obsolete statements have been eliminated. Fresh selected and original material has been added, with just enough of history to give the reader an intelligent idea of the causes and processes of the profound changes which have made Japan a new nation. The geographical and other proper names have been expressed according to the standard orthography and pronunciation of Tokio, the Imperial capital.

W. E. G.

BOSTON, February 17, 1892.

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# TRAVELS IN JAPAN

## CHAPTER I.

### EARLIEST INTERCOURSE WITH JAPAN

ALTHOUGH the history of the Japanese, as an organized and civilized people, extends back beyond the Christian era, the ancient geographers were ignorant of the very existence of the Empire. The first notice of Japan ever given to the world is found in the travels of Marco Polo, who heard of the country, under the name of Zipangu, at the court of Kublaï Khan (in Peking), at the close of the thirteenth century. This is his brief description :—

“ Zipangu is an island in the Eastern Ocean, situate at the distance of about fifteen hundred miles from the mainland of *Manji* [Mantchooria? ]. It is of considerable size; its inhabitants have fair complexions, are well made, and are civilized in their manners. Their religion is the worship of idols. They are independent of every foreign power, and governed only by their kings. They have gold in the greatest abundance, its sources being inexhaustible; but as the king does not allow of its being exported, few merchants visit the country, nor is it frequented by much shipping from other ports. To this circumstance we are to attribute the extraordinary richness

of the sovereign's palace, according to what we are told by those who have had access to the place. The entire roof is covered with a plating of gold, in the same manner as we cover houses, or more properly churches, with lead. The ceilings of the halls are of the same precious metal; many of the apartments have small tables of pure gold, considerably thick, and the windows also have golden ornaments. So vast, indeed, are the riches of the palace, that it is impossible to convey an idea of them. In this island there are pearls also in large quantities, of a red color, round in shape, and of great size; equal in value to, or even exceeding, that of the white pearls. It is customary with one part of the inhabitants to bury their dead, and with another part to burn them. The former have a practice of putting one of these pearls into the mouth of the corpse. There are also found there a number of precious stones.

“Of so great celebrity was the wealth of this island, that a desire was excited in the breast of the Grand Khan Kublaï, now reigning, to make the conquest of it, and to annex it to his dominions.”

Japan was first really discovered—that is, made known to Europe from actual observation—nearly fifty years after the discovery of America. In the year 1539, a Portuguese vessel, bound for Macao, was driven far out of her course by a tempest, and finally arrived in the harbor of Bungo, on the Japanese island of Kiushin, the most southerly of the five great islands of the Empire. Although the Japanese, on account of their previous wars with China, were cautious and vigilant in their intercourse with

foreigners, there was no prohibition of such intercourse, and the Portuguese were kindly received. The latter took advantage of their accident, and made a treaty with the Prince of Bungo, by which a Portuguese vessel was to be sent every year, for the purposes of commerce. In 1542, several Jesuit priests, among them the distinguished Francis Xavier, went to Japan, in order to undertake the conversion of the people. They were heartily welcomed, not only in the province of Bungo, but throughout the entire country. The Portuguese were as free to preach as to trade, and for twenty years or more both avocations flourished without interruption. In the year 1585, an embassy of seven Japanese Christians visited Rome, and by the end of the century the number of converts was estimated at two hundred thousand. The Portuguese trade, through the ports of Bungo, Hirado, and Nagasaki, became so lucrative that Macao rose to be one of the wealthiest cities of the East.

In April, 1600, the first Dutch vessel, piloted by an English sailor named William Adams, reached Japan. After some delay and suspicion on the part of the Japanese, the Dutch captain was allowed to dispose of his cargo and leave, but Adams was retained, on account of his knowledge of mathematics and ship-building. He was very well treated, but remained a compulsory resident of Japan until his death, twenty years later. Meanwhile the Dutch had followed up their advantage, and maintained a limited trade through the port of Hirado in spite of the protestations of the Portuguese. The Eng-

lish, also, while Adams was yet living, obtained the same privilege, but their commercial intercourse was slight, and was finally discontinued, because it did not prove very profitable.

The persecution of the native Christians by the Japanese Government had already commenced. It appears that the Franciscan and Dominican orders had followed in the wake of the Jesuits, and that the jealousy of these three sects, together with their increasing defiance of the Japanese authority, had given rise to frequent and serious troubles. Crosses, shrines, and churches were erected in prohibited places; religious processions were led through the very streets of Kioto, and the hostility of the Government needlessly provoked in other ways. Once thoroughly aroused, it manifested itself in the most inhuman forms. Nevertheless, after the massacres of 1612 and 1614, the Portuguese continued to import missionaries, in violation of the imperial order; whereupon their intercourse with Japan was restricted to the little island of Deshima, in the harbor of Nagasaki.

The closing episode of this history was brought about by the capture of a Portuguese vessel off the Cape of Good Hope, by the Dutch. Among other things found on board the prize, there were certain treasonable letters to the King of Portugal, written by a native Japanese, who had long been a principal agent of the Portuguese in the country, and was a devout Catholic. These letters (according to Dutch authority) revealed a plot by which the Portuguese were to unite with the Japanese Christians, overturn the old empire, and establish a new and Christian



dynasty. The Dutch Government immediately despatched these documents to Japan ; it was a welcome opportunity of overthrowing the influence of their hated rivals, and securing for themselves the monopoly of trade. The evidence on both sides must be received with caution ; indeed, in this whole history, we can only be certain in regard to the results. The Japanese agent denied the authorship of the letters, which the Portuguese also assert to have been Dutch forgeries ; but the former was burned at the stake, and an imperial proclamation was issued (in 1637) decreeing that “the whole race of the Portuguese, with their mothers, nurses, and whatever belongs to them, shall be banished forever.”

The same proclamation set forth that no Japanese ship or boat, or any native of Japan, should henceforth presume to quit the country under pain of forfeiture and death ; that any Japanese returning from a foreign country should be put to death ; that no nobleman or soldier should be suffered to purchase anything of a foreigner ; that any person presuming to bring a letter from abroad, or to return to Japan after he had been banished, should die, with all his family, and that whoever presumed to intercede for such offenders should be put to death ; that all persons who propagated the doctrines of the Christians or bore that scandalous name should be seized and imprisoned as felons—with many other provisions of the same nature. This was the beginning of the exclusive system of Japan, which was maintained for a little more than two hundred years.

The final persecution and extermination of the

Japanese Christians followed this decree. The town of Shimabara, in which they had taken refuge, was battered down by the aid of Dutch cannon, and a general slaughter followed. This was apparently the end of Catholic Christianity in Japan. But the Dutch, instead of obtaining more liberal conditions of trade in return for their services, were obliged to be content with the same limitation of intercourse which had previously been imposed upon the Portuguese. They were restricted to the little island of *Déshima*, six hundred feet in length by two hundred and forty in breadth, in the harbor of Nagasaki, and thus, just a hundred years after the first discovery of Japan, the isolation of the Empire was established.

Having once accepted the conditions, however, the Dutch continued to observe them. The residence on *Déshima* was burdened with restrictions, some of which were positively degrading: the trade was limited to two vessels a year, and the privilege of an annual journey to Yedo was afterward changed to a journey once in four years. The best reason which can be given for the continuation, by the Japanese Government, of a privilege of such slight commercial importance, must be found in that curiosity which is such an important element in the character of the race. Although determined to isolate themselves from the rest of the world, they were still anxious to know what was going on in other nations; and when the empire was finally opened to general intercourse, there was already a class of officials sufficiently well informed to comprehend the extent and importance of the new relations which the Government had assumed.

## CHAPTER II.

### JAPANESE HISTORY

KÄMPFER, Klaproth, and other earlier writers have given outlines of the history of Japan, from such materials as were accessible to them. Like that of China, and other ancient Asiatic nations, the thread of actual events is so blended with fable and fiction that it is no easy matter to separate it: the further we recede in the past, the more confused becomes the narrative, until we finally reach a point where everything is uncertain.

The traditional or fabulous portion of Japanese history extends beyond our era; but it will only be necessary to note those prominent characters or events which may be accepted as having a basis of fact. The Japanese believe that Jimmu, their first emperor, began his reign B.C. 660. Yamato Daké no Mikoto, is supposed to have lived during the second century. He was a famous military chieftain, belonging to the imperial family, and achieved the conquest of the eastern and northern portions of the island of the Kwantó, or the Broad East, which is that part of Hondo, or the main island of Japan, lying east of the Hakoné Mountains.

The Empress Jingu is another famous, and probably historical, character. She conquered Corea and

made it tributary to Japan, in the third century, suppressed a powerful rebellion in Kiushiu, and left a well-established empire to her son O-jin. During the reign of the latter, Chinese letters were introduced into Japan. In the sixth century the Buddhist faith began to displace the older Shinto religion, which consisted chiefly of prayers, without any distinct idea of a Being to whom to pray, except that white paper, or a mirror, was used as a symbol of purity. The Buddhist faith not only included this, but supplied, in addition, the idea of a pure life, and final absorption into the Deity, through self-denial. Hence it spread very rapidly; and its introduction, by way of China, brought with it various Chinese customs, which somewhat modified the Japanese institutions, such as the degrees of rank among Government officials.

There were other wars with Corea about the middle of the seventh century, and about the same time the northern island of Yezo was brought under subjection to Japan. The capital of the empire, which was then divided into eight provinces, some of which were usually in a state of revolt, was fixed at Kioto, about the year 800. For three or four centuries after this, the history of Japan is that of several of its prominent families, the members of which successively acquired the imperial power. The principal of them are the Fujiwara, Sngawara, Minamoto, and Tachibana. Their rivalry, of course, gave rise to violent civil wars, during which certain individuals acquired power and fame, but the condition of the country and people did not greatly improve.

During the twelfth century there was a memorable struggle between the Gen or Minamoto, and the Hiei or Taira, family. In the first great battle the latter obtained the victory, and Kiyomori, its chief, received the government of a province. He became prime minister, and one of the most energetic and unscrupulous which Japan had ever known. After the death of the emperor, the latter's successor, a mere boy, married the daughter of Kiyomori, who was practically the ruler for ten years. He died in 1181, leaving a noble name in Japanese history. After his death, however, the rival family, the Minamoto, overthrew the Taira dynasty, and exterminated, as was then supposed, everyone who bore the name.

Yoritomo, the head of the Minamoto family, ruled in the name of the Mikado, and gave him reverence, but established the seat of government at Kamakura, a place about twelve miles from Yokohama. He took control of the military and the treasury, and received the title of S<sup>ei</sup>-i Tai Shō-gun. Thus began the line of shō-guns which lasted until 1868. Under this dual government the country had peace. Yoritomo died in 1199, and is generally regarded by the Japanese as the greatest hero in their history. Kamakura was the seat of actual government until about A.D. 1600. In the time of the Jesuits, when Yedo had succeeded to the distinction, the population still numbered 20,000.

The Minamoto line came to an end in A.D. 1219, the Hōjō family of rulers succeeding at Kamakura. About 1281 Japan was summoned to pay tribute to

China, and a large military force was sent to enforce the demand, but the "invincible armada" of the Mongols was scattered by a storm, 30,000 men drowned, or slain after reaching the shore, and the ambassadors of Kublai Khan beheaded.

The Hōjō rulers held power until 1333, when they were overthrown by a popular hero, Nitta Yoshisada, and for two years, the Mikado swayed the sceptre alone without a shō-gun. From 1336 there was civil war between two rival claimants for the throne, the "northern" and the "southern" dynasties carrying on "the war of the chrysanthemums." Ultimately, the "northern," or "false" emperors yielded, the "southern" line being legitimized in Japanese history. From 1336 to 1573, a line of shō-guns of the Ashikaga family held court at Kamakura or Kioto, but nearly the whole period is one of civil war. It was while this period was drawing to a close that Christianity, fire-arms, and Western civilization were introduced into Japan.

The freedom allowed to the first Jesuit missionaries is partly explained by the distracted condition of the Empire at that time. The central power was too weak to assert any particular authority, and the rival factions too seriously engaged to notice an innovation, in which they probably saw no danger. It was not until about 1570 that the chief, Nobunanga, succeeded in establishing his power, and thus restoring some degree of order. He was joined by Iyēyas, still a young man, but already noted for his great administrative abilities. Nobunanga first commenced a crusade against the Buddhist priests, who were equally power-





HIDEYOSHI IN EARLY LIFE.



ful and arrogant. He took from them the great castle of Osaka, which had been one of their principal temples, and for a time encouraged the Jesuits for his own purposes. He overthrew the power of many families, and made his will supreme throughout the Empire, although he was never the actual ruler.

By the year 1582, Nobunanga had subjugated nearly the whole of Japan, but when in the fulness of his power was attacked and killed by the soldiers of a noble whom he had insulted. He was forty-nine years of age at his death. Hidéyoshi, who succeeded to the power, and Iyéyas, already governor of eight provinces, were his two generals. The former was a man of low birth, who had risen by his native daring of character and great military talent. Iyéyas, who was his superior in talent, and possibly in influence, was one of those men who never undertake to hasten what they feel to be their ultimate destiny. He only resisted Hidéyoshi's pretensions sufficiently to make himself properly respected, and then acquiesced in the cunning upstart's plans.

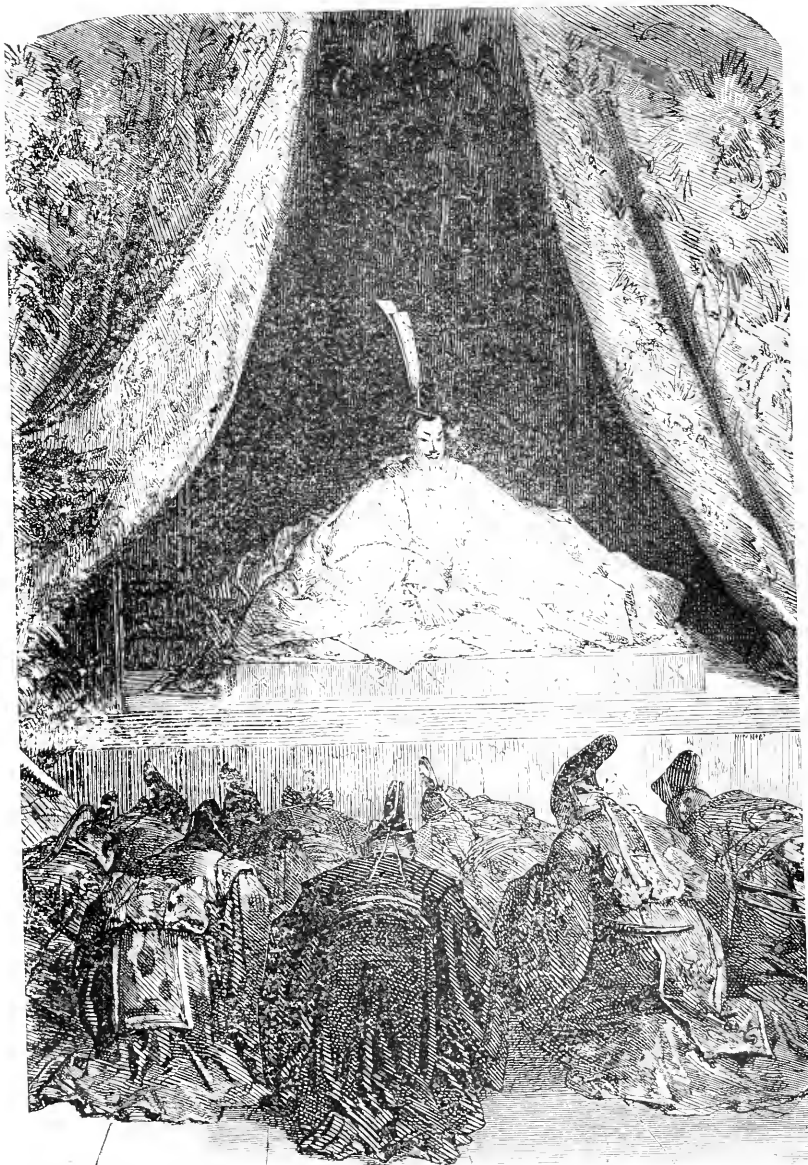
Hidéyoshi's rule, which lasted until 1598, is notable chiefly for an invasion of Corea, at first successful, but with no final result, and for his course toward the Christians, both native and foreign. He at first encouraged the latter, following the policy of his predecessor; but when the Buddhist temples were burned, the priests assailed, and the new sect showed itself as haughty and intolerant as the old, he began to adopt measures of repression. The five Franciscan monks, whom he ordered to be executed at Nagasaki in 1587, had repeatedly violated his commands and

defied his authority; the Jesuit writers themselves attribute to the Franciscans the responsibility of the persecution of the Japanese Christians.

The same policy seems to have influenced Iyéyas, who succeeded Hidéyoshi. He was a leader of remarkable military genius, who very rarely knew what it was to be defeated. Every revolt against his authority was suppressed, and he remained for eighteen years supreme ruler of Japan. The fact that the Christians took sides against him in the great rebellion of 1600 goes far to account for his later severity toward them. Nevertheless, even the Jesuit writers give Iyéyas credit for the moderation and sagacity with which he exercised his power. He pardoned as frequently as he punished; his great aim seems to have been to establish a central authority strong enough to control the semi-independent provinces, and thereby both strengthen the power and favor the development of the Japanese race.

Iyéyas, like all previous shō-guns, claimed descent from the Minamotos. In 1604 he received from the Emperor in Kioto the coveted title, and being the founder of Yedo, he made this town a great city and the seat of government of the Mikado's lieutenant. Yedo was situated in what was then considered a remote part of the empire, the inhabitants of which were looked upon as rude and unpolished. When Iyéyas first took possession of the castle, Yedo consisted only of one street. It increased very much in size under his care, and through the residence of the court, the daimios, and their wives and families; and in no long time became a city of great commercial importance.





THE MIKADO RECEIVING THE SHŌGUN'S HOMAGE.

The Jesuit writers, in 1607, state that 300,000 workmen were then employed upon the imperial castle in Yedo.

When Iyéyas died, he left his son Hidétada as his successor. Very valuable is the "Legacy" or code of laws, or rather rules of political action, attributed to him. This code, which is partly drawn from the works of Confucius and Mencius, is characterized by great shrewdness and knowledge of human nature. Many of the one hundred rules apply to existing institutions or habits of society, and have therefore only a local importance; but there are some of a general nature, which might be profitably adopted by all nations.

The document further records that Iyéyas had fought ninety battles, and had had eighteen narrow escapes from death—wherefore he erected eighteen splendid temples, in different parts of the empire. From his rules concerning intercourse with foreigners, we quote the following passages:—

1. "If any representative of a foreign nation comes to the country, the officers must take care that everything is in good order; that horses and horse-furniture be good, the houses and roads clean. If they are dirty, it can be seen at a glance whether the nation is prosperous or the reverse."

2. "If a foreign vessel should be wrecked on the shore of Japan, the officers of Government are to be immediately informed, and an interpreter is to be sent to ask what they require. Sometimes the officer may be required to be strict and severe, at other times hospitable and kind. The vessel is to be watched and no trading allowed."

Iyéyas really accomplished the great ends he had in view—that of establishing his own family in power, and preserving the internal peace of the empire. In the year 1806 a grand national festival was held in Japan, when the nobles and people congratulated the Emperor on the remarkable fact—to which there are few parallels in the history of any other nation—that the empire had enjoyed an unbroken peace for nearly two hundred years. During this time the internal resources of the country had been developed ; Yedo had grown to be one of the great cities of the world ; the isolation of Japan had been scrupulously respected by more civilized nations ; and the restrictions imposed upon the people had grown, by inheritance, to be a natural accompaniment of their lives.

Except a rebellion, in 1838, of people charged with the crime of being Christians, the Japanese annals record nothing of much more interest than fires, earthquakes, or showers of meteoric stones, until the commencement of intercourse with foreign nations, in our day. From this time the history of Japan will be associated with that of the nations of Christendom.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE OPENING OF JAPAN

**A**FTER the expulsion of the Portuguese and the confinement of the Dutch to the little island of Déshima, in the harbor of Nagasaki, no serious attempt was made, for two hundred years, by any great commercial nation, to enter into relations with Japan.

A small embassy, sent from Okhotsk in 1793, by order of the Empress Catherine II., was repelled, though in a courteous manner. Several English vessels made separate attempts to trade, about the same time, with similar results, the Japanese exhibiting the greatest decision and firmness in their policy, yet being careful to avoid giving cause for retaliation. Even in their imprisonment of the Russian Captain Golownin and his men, in 1812 and 1813, they seem to have avoided all wanton harshness. Their conduct, in short, gave rise to a general belief in the great strength of their nation and its defences, and undoubtedly contributed to postpone the enforcement of a nearer intercourse, until the progress of steam navigation and the use of heavier artillery furnished other countries with the means of supporting their representatives by adequate physical power.

For two centuries Japan was "Paradise Lost" to Christendom. The efforts of Portuguese, English,

Dutch, Americans, and Russians to open the closed doors were in vain. The history of the American attempts to open trade is given in chapter xxvii. of Griffis's "*Life of Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry.*" The American flag was first carried around the world in 1784, and was seen at Nagasaki in 1797. It was seen again in 1799 and 1807, and while the Dutch flag was driven from the ocean, while the Netherlands was under French dominion, the annual ships from Batavia to *Déshima* sailed under the seventeen-starred flag of the United States of America. In 1832 Mr. Edmund Roberts was commissioned by President Jackson to present a letter to the Japanese Emperor respecting trade, but died at Macao. The rise of the whaling industry in the Pacific, after the treaty with Russia, was the cause of many American sailors suffering shipwreck on the shores of Japan; while on the other hand, Japanese sailors blown into the *Kuro Shiwo* drifted to the coasts of America. To return these waifs to their native land was the cause of the famous visits of the American ships, *Morrison* in 1837, and of the *Mercator* in 1845. The former was fired at and driven away, but the latter was pleasantly received at *Uraga*, in the Bay of *Yedo*. In the latter year, a resolution was introduced in Congress recommending commercial arrangements with Japan and *Corea*. When, however, on July 20, 1845, Commodore *Biddle* entered the Bay of *Yedo* with the ship of the line *Columbus*, 90 guns, and the sloop-of-war *Vincennes*, the request for trade, made in due form, was met with positive refusal. During the eight days of their anchorage off *Uraga*, the



American ships were constantly surrounded by four hundred Japanese guard-boats, filled with soldiers. No one was allowed to land, and the Shō-gun's answer to the President's letter consisted of the single sentence: "No trade can be allowed with any country except Holland."

The visit of the brig *Preble*, in 1849, was of a different character. Information had reached the Government of the United States that sixteen American seamen, who had been shipwrecked on the Japanese coast, were kept as prisoners in the country, and Lieutenant Glynn, of the Chinese squadron, was sent to Nagasaki with the *Preble*, a ten-gun brig, to demand their release. On entering the harbor, a number of large boats attempted to prevent the vessel's further advance; but she sailed boldly through them to a good anchorage. The hills around soon swarmed with soldiers, and sixty cannon, in batteries, were trained to bear on the *Preble's* decks. The tone of the Japanese authorities was haughty and defiant, but Lieutenant Glynn met them with a determined spirit, demanding the immediate release of the prisoners. At the end of two days the latter were sent on board, and the brig returned to China.

Early in 1852, the Government of the United States determined to make a formal application to that of Japan to establish intercourse between the two nations, and to despatch it by a fleet sufficiently large and well-appointed to insure a proper reception. Twelve vessels, including supply ships, were designated for the service, and Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, brother of the hero of Lake Erie, was

appointed to the command, with the necessary diplomatic powers. His flag-ship, the *Mississippi*, was ready to sail from Norfolk November 3, 1852, on the very day on which the present Japanese Mikado or Emperor, Mutsuhito, was born. The squadron was organized on the coast of China in the spring of 1853. After a visit to the Riu Kiu and Bonin Islands, Commodore Perry reached the bay of Yedo with four vessels, July 7th. He had an interview with two commissioners appointed by the Shō-gun, at the town of Kurihama, on the 14th of that month.

Commodore Matthew Perry adopted, at the outset, the only policy which could have been successful, combining firmness and courtesy with an assertion of dignity which the Japanese understood through their own customs. No interference with the vessels was permitted; the preliminary discussions were all conducted by naval officers of lower rank, the Commodore only making his appearance at the interview with the two princes; and the declarations of the power and importance of the American nation were skilfully coupled with expressions of friendship and respect for the Japanese. The point gained by this first visit was a courteous reception of the President's letter, and the establishment of pleasant personal relations with some of the chief Japanese officials.

The Government having demanded time for preparing an answer to the application, the fleet, after having visited the upper part of the bay, returned to China. The second visit was made in February, 1854, with the entire squadron. After rather tedious negotiations, it was agreed that the further confer-

ences should be held at Yokohama, and Commodore Perry landed there, the second time in Japan, on the 8th of March. The discussion with the commissioner appointed by the Shō-gun continued until the 23d, when a treaty was finally agreed upon, which was signed on the 31st. This treaty opened the ports of Shimoda, in Idzu, and Hakodaté, in Yezo, to American vessels, permitting all necessary commerce, and the freedom of the country for a distance of about seven Japanese miles from those ports. It was also stipulated that the United States should appoint consuls to reside in both places.

The success of the United States was immediately shared by England and Russia, whose expeditions reached Japan within a year after the acceptance of the American treaty. The conditions granted were similar, and the same advantages were, of course, extended by the Japanese Government to the Dutch, who had of late years sustained the trade at Désshima on sentimental considerations without profit, for the honor of their flag. Indeed, the King of Holland had heartily recommended the Shō-gun to make a treaty with the Americans. Thus the isolation of the Empire from intercourse with the civilized world, which had lasted two hundred and fourteen years, was finally given up, and the long quiet of Japan was broken.

The Americans quickly followed their first peaceful conquest, and President Pierce appointed, July 31, 1855, the Honorable Townsend Harris Consul-General of the United States, to reside at Shimoda. Stopping on his way to make a treaty with Siam,

Mr. Harris, on the U. S. steamship *San Jacinto*, arrived at Shimoda August 22, 1856. On the afternoon of September 3d the stars and stripes floated from the flag-staff before the American legation at Kakisaki, or Oyster Point, near the town. The *San Jacinto* sailed away, leaving Mr. Harris alone with his secretary, a young Hollander named Hnesken. For eighteen months Mr. Harris heard nothing from home or his Government.

The American envoy had come armed with a letter from the President of the United States, which he was charged to deliver in person to the "Emperor," in Yedo. As matter of fact the only emperor of Japan, the Mikado, lived in Kioto. For ten months the Japanese officers used every imaginable expedient in the power of a cunning race to secure the delivery of the letter at Shimoda, and to have Mr. Harris make his communications to the local authorities. Steadily refusing, and meeting constantly changing falsehoods with unchanging truth and tenacity, Mr. Harris won his point. He communicated on important matters only with the Council of State in Yedo, and finally succeeded. Early in March, 1857, he concluded a convention by which the right of permanent residence of Americans at Shimoda and Hakodaté, with consul at the latter place, was conceded, Nagasaki opened to trade, the currency question settled. Again, after almost incredible excuses, intrigues, and opposition, Mr. Harris was given permission to enter Yedo and present President Pierce's letter to the Shō-gun in person.

The truth, not fully discovered until ten years later, was, that the only real and permanent source of authority in Japan was the Mikado, at Kioto, and that historically the Yedo government was a usurpation. The Shō-gun was only the Mikado's lieutenant, though the actual government of Japan was like an ellipse with two foci. The presence of foreigners on the soil had already begun to destroy the equilibrium of authority. The Shō-gun, or General, was not even a Tycoon or Great Prince, as he had represented himself to the foreign nations in the treaties. In other words, the Yedo Government was a sham, and the Tycoon's ministers knew it, and feared to have a foreign envoy in Yedo, lest he should find out the real truth.

These facts explain the strange state of affairs which the ministers of the treaty powers found in Yedo, especially the espionage, prevarication, falsehood, and constant deceit practised upon them. They also explain the assassinations, incendiarisms, attacks upon the legations, and other acts of violence by the ronin, or irresponsible two-sworded braves. The object of these ultra-patriotic young men, many of whom afterward became officers of the imperial Government and enthusiastic promoters of Western civilization, was to embroil the Tycoon with the foreign powers and thus hasten the fall of the Yedo counterfeit government, in order that the Mikado might be restored to ancient right and undivided power. Their hopes were fulfilled in 1868, when Yedo was named Tokio, or Eastern Capital, and the imperial Government removed thither.

We now extract from the private journals of Consul-General Harris, which have come into our possession, the account of his journey from Shimoda to Yedo. This was the first time since the closing of the country that a foreign envoy was treated with full dignity and honor, and allowed to travel in the interior of Japan.

## CHAPTER IV.

### MR. HARRIS'S JOURNEY TO YEDO

“ Monday, November 23, 1857.

“ **A**T eight this morning I start on my journey to Yedo : I went on horseback ; the morning was very fine, and the idea of the importance of my journey and the success that had crowned my efforts to reach Yedo, gave me a fine flow of spirits. The American flag was borne before me, and I felt an honest pride in displaying it in this hitherto secluded country.

“ At Nakamura, about one mile from my house, I joined the main cavalcade, and we started in the following order : My avant-courier was Kikuna, a military officer with a rank corresponding to captain. He had his horse, and norimono, and the usual bearers and attendants, but before him went three lads, each bearing a wand of bamboo with strips of paper attached to the top ; they cried out, alternately, “ Shitaniro ! ” that is, “ Get down, get down.” They kept some four hundred yards in advance, and their cry sounded quite musical.

“ Next to Kikuna came the American flag guarded by two of my guards ; then I came on horseback with six guards, next my norimono with its twelve bearers, and *their* head-man, bearers of my shoes, etc. :

then Mr. Huesken on horseback with two guards, then his *norimono*, bearers, etc. Next followed a boy-retinne bearing packages containing my bedding, chairs, food, trunks, and packages containing presents; my cook and *his* following. The Vice-Governor of Shimoda followed, with his train; then the Mayor of Kakizaki; and lastly, the Private Secretary of the Governor of Shimoda. A Dutch interpreter was carried in a kago, in Mr. Huesken's rear. The whole train numbered some 350 persons.

"All the bearers of luggage, etc., were changed every *ri*, or about five [ $2\frac{1}{2}$ ] miles, and I was glad to see that these men were all paid for their labor.

"My 'standard bearer' was clothed in a long gown made of brown and white calico, of a particular pattern, and open at the sides like a herald's coat, from the hip downward. My guards were clothed in silk dresses, and had the arms of the United States on the right and left breast of their upper garment. Each man wore two swords. The *norimono* of Japan appears to have been made after the model of the iron cages said to have been invented by Cardinal Balne in the reign of Louis XI. of France. They are so low that you cannot stand upright in them, and so short that you cannot lie down at full length. To one who has not been accustomed to sit with his legs folded under him, and the whole weight of his body pressing on his heels, the position is more painful than can be easily imagined. I previously had a *norimono* made for me, which was six and a half feet long (like the palanquin of India), which enabled me to avoid the torture of the Japanese *norimono*.



"The packages containing my bedding, clothing, etc., were covered with black cotton cloth with the arms of the United States neatly put on them. The other packages were neatly put up, and had a little pennon with the United States arms flying from a short bamboo which was placed upright on each package.

"My *norimono* bearers were dressed in dark blue, with the arms of the United States on the back. These were picked men (twelve for me, and eight for Mr. Huesken) and very tall for Japanese. My men wore a peculiar ornament [the *kami-shimo*] which is prohibited to any below the bearers of princes. It is made of cotton cloth, gummed very stiffly, and folded back and forth in folds about three inches wide ; it is about thirty inches long, and has one end stuck in the girdle, at an angle below the right shoulder, with the upper end projecting a little beyond the right side of the body. Across the upper end two white stripes run diagonally across all the folds. The motion of the body causes the folds to open and close, something like the action of a fan, and is considered as being very beautiful by the Japanese.

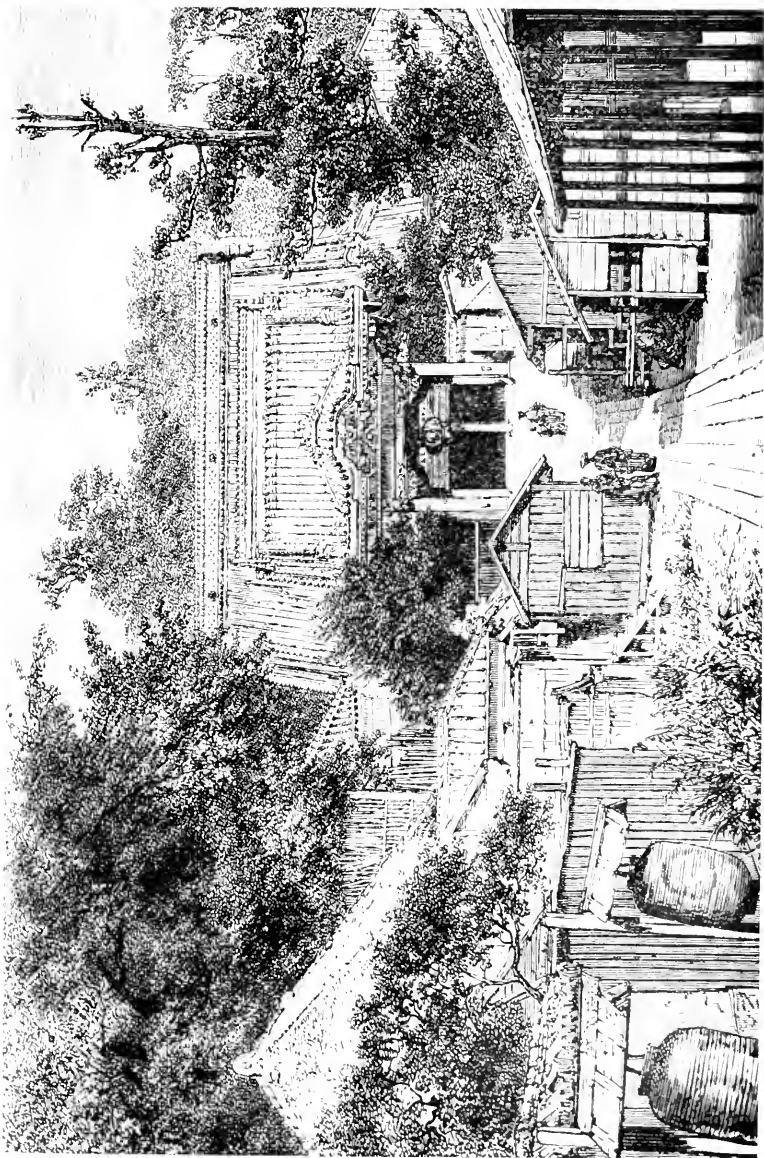
"My route to-day was only fifteen miles ; it continued along the river of Shimoda, the ground gradually rising, and the river diminishing to a mere thread of water, until we crossed a hill some four hundred feet high, which separates the watershed of Shimoda from the valley of Nashimoto. Our mid-day halt was at Mitsukushi. The last part of the ride gave us the sight of some noble cypress and camphor trees ; one

of the latter was of enormous bulk, and the Japanese said it was many hundred years old. Nashimoto is a small village of about one hundred houses, very prettily situated. My quarters for the night were in a temple which commanded a most beautiful view of the hills and valley, and of the village which lay some one hundred and fifty feet abruptly below us.

"I have remarked that, throughout the Catholic and Pagan world, the most picturesque positions are always selected for churches and temples. I found that much attention had been paid to the path (for it cannot be called a road) over which I passed to-day. Bridges had been built over every stream, the pathway mended, and all the bushes cut away so as to leave the path clear. At the temple I found that a bath-room had been built for my special use, and every attention paid to my comfort.

"Tuesday, November 24, 1857.

"Started at 8 A.M. Our route to-day was over the Mountain Amagi, which is some three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The path was very difficult—so much so, that I was compelled to leave my horse and enter my norimono; and it was no easy matter to carry that, even with eight men bearing it, as the road was sometimes at an angle of thirty-five degrees, while the zig-zags were some of them not so long as the pole or bearer of my norimono, which is twenty-two feet long. Amagi is clothed with noble trees, consisting of cypress, pine, camphor, and others of the laurel family, besides many of whose names I am ignorant. The *orchidæ*



BUDDHIST TEMPLE.



were numerous, and offer a rich harvest to the experienced botanist. We halted on the top of Amagi, whence we had a fine view of Shinoda, O-shima and its volcano, with the Bay of Suruga, the Gulf of Yedo, etc. The descent is not quite as abrupt as the ascent was, and about two-thirds of the way down I mounted my horse once more. As I descended, the valley opened and gave some beautiful views. On the south side of Amagi I saw a very pretty cascade. Passing through a village, I saw some camellias which were already in full bloom, both white and red, but the flowers were all single.

“Passing through the village of Yugashima to go to my quarters at a temple, I turned to the right from the road, and in a few moments I had my first view of the Mountain Fuji. It is grand beyond description; viewed from this place, the mountain is entirely isolated, and appears to shoot up in a perfect and glorious cone, some ten thousand feet high; while its actual height is exaggerated by the absence of any neighboring hills by which to contrast its altitude. It was covered with snow, and in the bright sun (about 4 P.M.) it appeared like frosted silver. In its majestic solitude it appeared even more striking to me than the celebrated Dhawalaghiri of the Himalayas, which I saw in January, 1855. I found the temple at Yugashima prepared for me in the same manner as that at Nashimoto.

“Wednesday, November 25, 1857.

“Left Yugashima at 8 A.M., and as our road lay over a plain, I mounted on horseback. As I pro-

ceeded the plain widened, until in many places it was three miles across. The scene was very pleasing; the plain was covered with a heavy crop of rice, of which the harvest had just commenced, and it reminded me of the golden wheat-fields of old Ontario. The houses of the people, the mode of cultivation, the dress of the people, and all minor particulars were exactly like Shimoda. We halted at noon at a hamlet called Ogiso; and when I mounted my horse I pressed on, in company with Kikina and Mr. Huesken, more rapidly than my attendants could do. This brought me to the town of Mishima at 3 P.M. This town is on the Tokaido, or great road of Japan, and is the route travelled by the Dutch when they go to Yedo. I may here remark that the Dutch have not been to Yedo for the last ten years, their tribute having been delivered at Nagasaki to the Japanese. The Dutch thus avoided the great expense of the journey; but this has not relieved them from the presents they made on the occasion of these visits, as they are regularly demanded, and given at Nagasaki.

“Mishima contains about nine hundred houses, and the description of it by Kämpfer, in 1696, after making due allowance for high coloring, will apply to it now. It had a fine temple, situated in a fine square and surrounded by noble trees, but it was totally destroyed by the great earthquake of December, 1855. I went to see its ruins, and in my walk I was surprised at the numbers of the people, which were apparently far more numerous than the whole population of the place. On asking for an explanation I was told that the time of my arrival was kno

many days ago, and that all those who could procure permission had come to Mishima to see me; that some had come more than one hundred miles. The people were perfectly well behaved; no crowding on me, no shouting, or noise of any kind. As I passed, all knelt and cast their eyes down (as though they were not worthy even to look at me), only those of a certain rank were allowed to salute me, which was done by 'knocking head,' or bringing the forehead actually to the ground. In the temple grounds are some fine tanks swarming with fish. A small pagoda of three stones was so much shaken by the earthquake that it totters to its fall. Even the bridges leading over the small canals of the temple grounds, with the stone wall which surrounded the enclosure, have all been overturned.

"My next place to visit was at a *hon-jin*, or rest-house, for persons of the highest rank, such as the princes, etc. Even the Vice-Governor of Shimoda could not stop here. There are two or three classes of houses of entertainment for persons of rank and government officers, and these are distinct from the public hotels, which are also of various grades; but all are open to those who have money to pay the higher prices. I found myself very comfortable. In the rear was a garden, with dwarf trees, miniature mountains, and other rock work, diminutive bridges over which nothing grosser than a fairy could walk, etc.

"In criticising Kämpfer's description, I must bear in mind the difference there is in the standards of splendor as they existed in 1696 and in 1857. What was splendor, when he left Holland about 1685,

would not be entitled to any adjective of praise in 1857. So, when he speaks of stately castles, noble palaces, and magnificent temples, we should remember what class of buildings elicited those terms of praise some one hundred and seventy years ago. I have had Fuji-yama in view all day, but alas! like many other things in this world, the nearer approach does not add to its beauty or grandeur. It is now connected with a range of hills, one of which, Hakoné, is some four thousand five hundred feet high, which takes away the air of solitary majesty which the view from Yugashima has. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.' To-morrow I have to cross over the mountain Hakoné, and as the road is very bad for horses, I shall proceed in my norimono. Dignity (even if health permitted) forbids my going on foot, which I should prefer to riding in my norimono."

Mr. Harris, firmly maintaining his dignity as envoy of the United States, passed over the Hakoné Mountains, through Odawara, Yokohama, and Kanagawa, resting over Sunday at Kawasaki.

"Monday, November 30, 1857.

"To-day I am to enter Yedo. It will form an important epoch in my life, and a still more important one in the history of Japan. I am the first diplomatic representative that has ever been received in this city, and whether I succeed or fail in my intended negotiations, it is a great fact that will always remain, showing that at last I have forced this singular people to acknowledge the rights of embassy.



I feel no little pride, too, in carrying the American flag through that part of Japan, between the extremity of Cape Idzu and into the very castle of the city of Yedo.

“I left Kawasaki a little before 8 A.M., and was ferried over the river Rokugo, which, even now, is both broad and deep. I proceeded to-day, after much deliberation, in my *norimono*. My wish was to go into Yedo on horseback, and the vice-Governor eagerly encouraged that idea. This excited my suspicions, and after much difficulty, I discovered that none but the ‘Daimios’ or princes of the highest rank can enter Yedo in their *norimono*s; all below that rank enter the city on horseback or on foot. This fact, coupled with the Japanese idea of seclusion and respectability being equivalent terms, determined me very reluctantly to proceed in my *norimono*.

“The distance from Kawasaki to Shinagawa is seven and a half English miles, and the houses form almost a continuous street the whole way. Just before entering Shinagawa, I was shown the execution ground, which is at the water’s edge. Kämpfer describes the sight as a very revolting one as seen by him, with human bodies laying about on the blood-stained ground, while dogs, kites, and crows

‘Held o’er the dead their carnival.’

Nothing of the kind was seen by me, and the only indication of the place was an unusual number of kites and crows; but these congregate in a similar manner about the places for burning the dead in India, Burmah, and Siam.

The hon-jin of Shinagawa was not pleasantly placed ; it was at the bottom of a deep court, and as its garden was surrounded by the blank walls of buildings we had no prospect whatever. I was much disappointed, as I expected to have found it on the water side. We remained at Shinagawa more than an hour, and at last started on the final stage of our journey.

Shinagawa is defended by seven batteries, four on the land and three built up on shoals ; the latter are placed at three hundred to eight hundred yards from the shore. I am led to think that the guns of these batteries are not of heavy calibres. From here I again saw the steamer ; she was about five miles in an E.S.E. direction from Shinagawa. The channel after passing Kanagawa gradually trends to N.N.E., to N.E., and by N., so that a ship of large burden cannot approach either Kawasaki or Shinagawa nearer than about five miles—as the flats extend full that distance from the shore. This renders the batteries of Shinagawa of no avail, as their guns cannot reach to the channel. When they were first erected the channel was near Shinagawa, and Kawasaki was a port of entry ; but at present large ships cannot proceed with any advantage above Kanagawa, as that is the last harbor up the bay. Had the boats of Commodore Perry sounded the bay two miles farther up, they would have struck the flat that may be said to fill up the whole upper part of the bay, and thus prevents the approach of large vessels nearer than some six miles to Yedo.

“ I did not discover the ‘ noble palaces ’ or ‘ stately

castles' of Shinagawa mentioned by Kämpfer. The buildings form one continuous street from Shinagawa to Yedo, and no one can tell where the former ends and the latter begins, unless it be specially pointed out to him.

"At Shinagawa our procession was reformed. The vice-Governor now led the way, and all my coolies, etc., were kept in line, and the whole cavalcade was nearly half a mile long. We proceeded with a slow and stately step along an unpaved street, some forty to fifty feet wide and bordered with wooden houses, none more than two stories high, and mostly covered with tiles. Every Japanese town is divided into streets of one hundred and twenty yards long, and this district is responsible for the conduct of all in it. It has a captain called the 'Otono,' and he has policemen under him. From Shinagawa I found that these divisions were marked in an unmistakable manner. A strong stockade is erected, each one hundred and twenty yards across the street, and has a pair of wide, strong gates. These gates are shut at a certain hour in the evening, and a wicket, of some two feet square, is opened for the passage of those who have the right to pass after the closing of the main gates. At many places in Yedo this stockade is double; that is, a second one is erected some fifteen yards from the regular one. When both the stockades are closed it makes quite a strong defence against anything but artillery, and is admirably calculated to stop the advance of a mob, or secure the arrest of criminals. Again, Yedo has between eight thousand and nine thousand of these streets, so that, after a

certain hour, it is cut up into that number of little forts. From Shinagawa the people no longer knelt, nor did they avert their eyes. The authorities made their prostrations as before, but the people remained standing. As the authorities were changed every one hundred and twenty yards, there was a constant 'knocking of heads.' A large proportion of the assemblage wore two swords, showing they were of some rank, and almost all had on the 'kami-shimo,' or dress of ceremony. The number admitted into the streets through which I passed formed a rank of five deep on each side of the way. Every cross-street had its stockade closed to prevent too great a crowd, and as I looked up and down those streets they seemed a solid mass of men and women. The most perfect order was maintained from Shinagawa to my lodgings, a distance of over seven miles; not a shout or cry was heard. The silence of such a vast multitude had something appalling in it. Lord Byron called a silent woman '*sleeping thunder*.' I calculated the number of persons that lined the street from Shinagawa to my residence at one hundred and eighty-five thousand (I called the distance seven miles); that each person occupied two feet of front in his line, and that the lines were five deep on each side of the way. This calculation excludes all those who were in the cross-streets, or on the tops of the houses. In front of the lines of the spectators, stood men about ten feet apart and armed with a long white staff like the marshall's staff in the courts at New York. These men wore clothes of various colors, some green, some blue, black, gray, etc., while the coats of arms were



SAMURAI AND SERVANT.



so various that it easily appeared that they were the retainers of persons of rank, who 'kept the ground' in the vicinity of his residence. The people all appeared clean, well clad, and well fed; indeed, I have never seen a case of squalid misery since I have been in Japan.

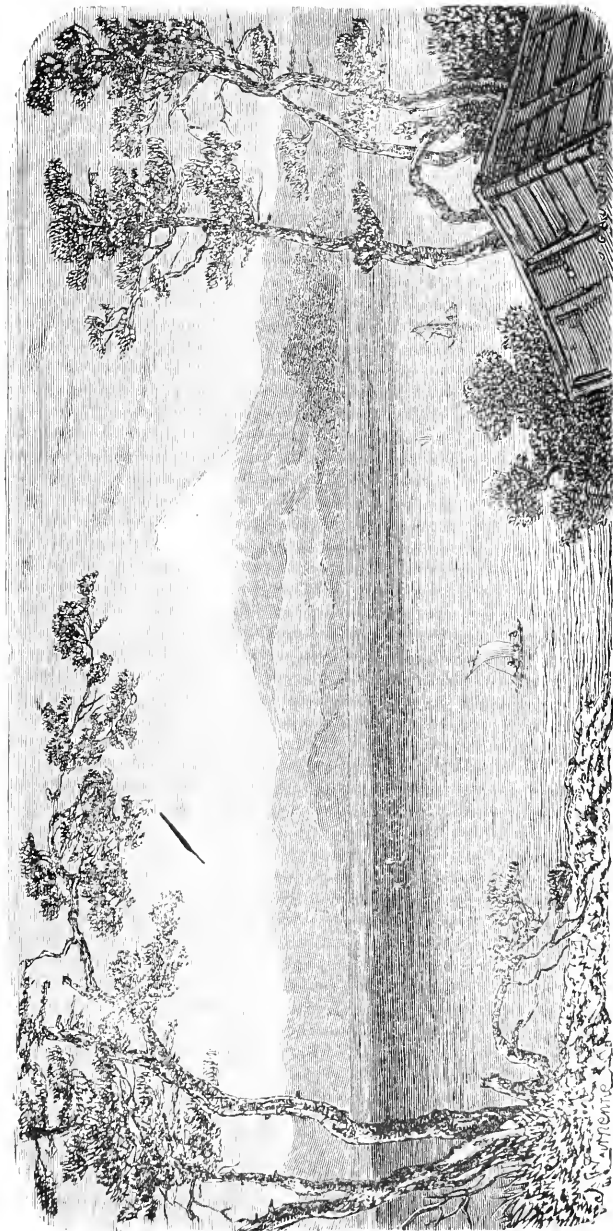
"A large number of officers of police attended the procession. In addition to his two swords, each one bore an iron truncheon about two feet long and one inch in diameter—a savage and dangerous weapon in the hands of a passionate or violent man; but there was no use for them, nor any apparent need of the constant cry of 'Satu,' 'satu'—'Keep back, keep back,' which was constantly shouted forth by the street keepers.

"In this manner I went on, passing over seven bridges; the fifth was the Nippon Bashi, or bridge of Japan. It is from this bridge that all distances are reckoned in this country. After passing the bridge some few hundred yards, we went on in a nearly north-northwest direction, and after a while we reached a broad moat on the opposite side of which rose a stone wall, varying from twenty to forty feet high according to the make of the ground. The road followed the ditch for more than a mile, when my bearers started on a full run, rushed through a gateway across a court, and ended by bearing me into the house. This was doing the matter in the most honorable Japanese manner. Mr. Huesken had to leave his norimono at the outer gate. As I got out of mine, I was warmly welcomed by my old friend, the Prince of Shinano, who conducted me to my

rooms and pointed out the arrangements made for my comfort. It will sound queerly when I say that those consisted of a bedstead, some chairs and tables ; but the Japanese never use one of these articles. Their rooms are destitute of a single article that we would call furniture. The universal mat serves as chair, couch, table, and bed. Their food is served on stands or trays from three to ten inches high, and is contained chiefly in wooden bowls, lacquered. Porcelain is only used for drinking tea and saké from. The bath-room was close to my sleeping apartment. I had set apart for my special use a bed-room, sitting-room, and dining-room. Mr. Huesken's rooms adjoined mine and consisted of a bed- and sitting-room. In addition to this, I was shown my reception-rooms, which could be increased to any size by merely removing the sliding doors. In fact, every Japanese house may in a short time be converted into a single room by this simple and expeditious process. The building is very large. It is Government property, and was formerly used as a college. It is situated within what is called 'the Castle ;' that is, it is the outer one of four circles (rather irregular ones), the centre one of which is the residence of the Tycoon. It is the 'court' part of the city, and none but persons of rank reside in it. This over, the Prince informed me that the Government had been in a fever of anxiety all day for fear of some accident ; that the people were wild with curiosity to see my entry ; and that, had not the Government used the most stringent measures, the people would have rushed to Yedo 'by millions' (those are *his* numbers) to see me ; and,







FUJI SAN FROM SURUGA BAY.

finally, the whole of the inner gates of the city had been closed ever since the previous night to keep away the crowd, and thus prevent accidents. That they were all much rejoiced at my safe arrival, etc.

“He then informed me that, as I came as the representative of so great a nation, the Government had appointed eight persons of distinguished rank as ‘Commissioners of the Voyage of the American Ambassador to Yedo.’ I did not exactly understand what was meant by this move. I was assured that it was solely in honor of me, and that nothing connected with their duties could give me any umbrage, etc. I told him that with this explanation I had no objection to make at present.”

The “Prince,” as Mr. Harris calls the daimio, then gave him a list of the eight commissioners, among whom were the daimios of Tamba and Iizen, an officer of the Revenue Department, and, more important than any of these figure-heads, the famous and learned Professor Hayashi, who made the treaty with Commodore Perry.

## CHAPTER V.

### MR. ALCOCK'S ASCENT OF FUJI-YAMA

IN accordance with the English treaty, Mr. Rutherford Alcock arrived in Yedo, in H. M. S. Sampson, duly accredited as Her Britannic Majesty's Envoy with full powers. The British Legation was established at Tozenji, a commodious Buddhist temple. After a few months' residence, Mr. Alcock set out to ascend the great extinct volcano, Fuji-yama, and to visit the spas of Atami. The two following chapters are compiled from his entertaining work, in two volumes, entitled, "The Capital of the Tycoon." Sir Rutherford Alcock afterward became British Minister to China, and is, at this date, February, 1892, still living in London.

The party consisted of eight Europeans and nearly a hundred Japanese, with thirty horses. For the first fifty miles the road skirts the shore of the bay, crossing several peninsulas. As far as the town of Yoshiwara, it is the Tokaido, or East Sea Road, connecting Yedo with the principal cities of Hondo. By this road all the southern daimios, or princes, used to travel to and from the court, generally with a retinue of several thousand retainers. They made, each day, from fifteen to twenty miles, halting at certain towns where there were large houses of entertainment built especially to accommodate them and the

officers of the Tycoon. These houses were spacious, clean, and empty; the matted floor supplying at once a seat, a couch, and a table. Wadded counterpanes, and even mosquito-nets, could generally be procured by the travellers.

“Immediately after arrival,” says Sir Rutherford, “the landlord appears in full costume, and prostrating himself with his head to the ground, felicitates himself on the honor of receiving so distinguished a guest, begs to receive your orders, and that you will be pleased to accept a humble offering at his hands—generally a little fruit, a few grapes or oranges, occasionally a rope of eggs, that is to say, a row of them, curiously twisted and plaited into a fine rope of straw. Due thanks having been given, he disappears, and you see no more of him or his servants—if, as usually happens, the guests bring their own and do not require help—until the foot is in the stirrup; when he makes another formal salutation, with parting thanks and good wishes. These details apply to the whole journey; the house or garden may be a little larger or smaller, the paper on the walls which divide the rooms a little fresher or dingier, but all the essential features are stereotyped, and exactly reproduced from one end of the kingdom to the other.”

During the first few days the road lay over a succession of hills, of no great height, but from which fine views were obtained over the cultivated valleys on either side, with a background of mountains to the westward, among which Fuji-yama soared aloft in lonely grandeur.

As this was the first foreign trip from Yedo, made so far into the interior, it occasioned a great excitement in all the towns along the road. "As each roadside village, and even the larger towns, generally consist of one long and seemingly endless street, the news of our approach spread as rapidly and unerringly as the message of an electric telegraph, turning out the whole population as if by a simultaneous shock; men, women, and children—clothed and nude—dogs, poultry, and cats! I think at Odawara no living thing could have been left inside. Such a waving sea of heads seemed to bar our passage, that I began to congratulate myself that my unknown friend, the Daimio, had so courteously provided me with an escort. I felt some curiosity as to the mode they would take to open a way through the dense mass of swaying bodies and excited heads, which looked all the more formidable the nearer we approached. My guides, however, seemed perfectly unembarrassed, and well they might be—for when within a few steps of the foremost ranks, there was a wave of the fan and a single word of command issued, '*Shitaniro!*' (Kneel down!) when, as if by magic, a wide path was opened and every head dropped; the body disappearing in some marvellous way behind the legs and knees of its owner."

After striking the foot of the Hakoné Mountains, which rise to a height of six thousand feet above the sea, the road became a broad avenue of smooth gravel, winding through a succession of fertile plains and valleys, where the millet, buckwheat, and rice gave promise of rich harvests. The famous Hakoné passes

extend for a distance of twenty miles, and are so rough as to be nearly impassable. The travellers were obliged to dismount, while the grooms led the horses over slippery bowlders, and up the channels torn by mountain torrents. The heights were covered with forests, principally of pine, inclosing fresh green valleys, beautifully cultivated, and watered by swift, clear streams. Here the *cryptomeria*, or Japanese cypress, grows to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, the hydrangea is a wild shrub, and the bamboo is found beside the oak and fir. Nothing can exceed the size, beauty, and variety of the vegetation.

After a long ascent, the party reached the little village of Yumoto, where there are hot saline springs, much frequented by the Japanese. A further journey of four hours through a furious rain brought the travellers to the lake and village of Hakoné. Here there was a séki, or Government barrier, strictly guarded, both to prevent arms from being carried toward the capital, or any wife or female child of the daimios from travelling away from it—the latter remaining as hostages while the princes visited their territories. The Lake of Hakoné, which is a fine sheet of water, surrounded by hills—apparently the crater of an extinct volcano—is 6,250 feet above the sea.

Beyond this lake there is a second barrier, at the highest point on the road, which then descends through a rich and populous country to the town of Mishima, where the travellers passed the night. The next day brought them to Yoshiwara, near the head of the deep Gulf of Idzu, where they were obliged

to leave the Tokaido, or high-road. A furious tempest detained them at Yoshiwara for a day, during which time a messenger arrived from the Superior of the Buddhist monastery at Omio, high up on the side of Fuji-yama, offering the hospitality of his retreat. The next afternoon they paid a short visit of ceremony, reserving a longer stay for the return, and pushed on before night to Mariyama, the highest inhabited spot on the mountain.

By this time all traces of the storm had vanished. The weather was pronounced favorable for the ascent by the Japanese, and the party started at daybreak, with three priests as guides and several strong mountain-men as porters. At first the way lay through waving fields of grain, succeeded by a belt of high, rank grass; but soon they entered the mazes of the wood, which clings round the base and creeps high up the sides of the mountain, clothing the shoulders of the towering peak like the shaggy mane of a lion, with increased majesty. "At first," says Sir Rutherford, "we found trees of large growth—good trunks of the oak, the pine, and the beech—and came upon many traces of the fury with which the typhoon had swept across. Large trees had been broken short off, and others uprooted. One of these broken off had been thrown right across our path, and compelled us either to scramble over or creep under its massive trunk. At Hakimondo we left the horses, and the last trace of permanent habitation or the haunts of men. Soon after the wood became thinner and more stunted in growth, while the beech and birch took the place of the oak and pine.



“We speedily lost all traces of life, vegetable or animal; a solitary sparrow or two alone flitted occasionally across our path. In the winding ascent over the rubble and scoriæ of the mountain—which alone is seen after ascending about half-way—little huts or caves, as these resting-places are called, partly dug out and roofed over to give refuge to the pilgrims, appeared. There are, I think, eleven from Hakimondo to the summit, and they are generally about a couple of miles asunder. In one of these we took up our quarters for the night, and laid down our rugs, too tired to be very delicate. Nevertheless the cold, and the *occupants* we found former pilgrims had left, precluded much sleep. Daylight was rather a relief, and after a cup of hot coffee and a biscuit, we commenced the upper half of the ascent. The first part, after we left the horses, had occupied about four hours’ steady work, and we reached our sleeping-station a little before sunset, lava and scoriæ everywhere around us. The clouds were sailing far below our feet, and a vast panorama of hill and plain bounded by the sea, stretched far away. We looked down on the summits of the Hakoné range, being evidently far above their level, and we could distinctly see the lake lying in one of the hollows. The last half of the ascent is by far the most arduous, growing more steep as each station is passed.

“The first rays of the sun just touched, with a line of light, the broad waters of the Pacific as they wash the coast, when we made our start. The first station seemed very near, and was reached within the hour; but each step now became more difficult. The

path, if such may be called the zig-zag which our guides took, often led directly over fragments of out-jutting rocks, while the loose scoriæ prevented firm footing, and added much to the fatigue. The air became more rarefied, and perceptibly affected the breathing. At last the third station was passed, and a strong effort carried us to the fourth, the whole party by this time straggling at long intervals. This was now the last between us and the summit. It did not seem so far, until a few figures on the edge of the crater furnished a means of measurement, and they looked painfully diminutive.

“The last stage, more rough and precipitous than the preceding, had this farther disadvantage, that it came after the fatigue of all the others. More than an hour’s toil, with frequent stoppages for breath and rest to aching legs and spine, were needed; and more than one of our number felt very near the end of his strength before the last step placed the happy pilgrim on the topmost stone and enabled him to look down the yawning crater. This is a great oval opening, with jagged lips, estimated by Lieutenant Robinson, with such means of measurements as he could command, at about one thousand yards in length, with a mean width of six hundred, and is probably about three hundred and fifty yards in depth. Looking down on the other side, which had a northern aspect, there seemed a total absence of vegetation, even on the lower levels, and the rich country we had left was completely hid by a canopy of clouds drifting far below. The estimated height of the edge of the crater above the level of the



CLIMBING THE CONE OF FUJI-YAMA.



sea was 13,997 feet ; and the highest peak, 14,177 feet.

“ The Japanese, who perform this pilgrimage from religious motives, are generally dressed in white garments, which they are careful to have stamped with various mystic characters and idols' images by the bonzes located there during the season for that purpose. On the sleeves of many of the pilgrims scallop-shells appear—a strange coincidence, which I have never been able to explain. The origin of the pilgrimage is traced back to an ancient date, when a holy man, the founder of the Shinto religion—the oldest in Japan—took up his residence on the mountain. Since his death, his spirit is still believed to have influence to bestow health and various other blessings on those who make the pilgrimage in honor of his memory.

“ The volcano has long been extinct ; the latest eruption recorded was in 1707. The tradition is that the mountain itself appeared in a single night from the bowels of the earth, a lake of equal dimensions making its appearance near Kioto at the same hour. The time actually spent in climbing up to the summit was about eight hours, but the descent occupied little more than three. We slept two nights on the mountain, and had greatly to congratulate ourselves on the weather, having fallen upon the only two fine days out of six. As we descended on the last morning there was a thick Scotch mist, which soon changed into a drenching rain. We only found patches of snow here and there near the summit, but on our return to Yedo, three weeks later, it was completely covered.”

On their return, the travellers spent the night at the monastery of Omio, where they were treated with the greatest hospitality, the monks having even attempted to furnish seats in the European fashion, by nailing pieces of board over the tops of small tubs. The next day they retraced their road as far as the town of Mishima, after fording a river so swollen by the rains as to be very dangerous. Here they turned aside from the main highway, in order to visit the mineral springs of Atami, on the shore of the promontory of Idzu. The country was very beautiful, diversified with clumps of trees, hedge-rows, and winding rivulets. Nothing could be richer than the soil, or the variety of its productions. Snug-looking hamlets and homesteads were nestled among the trees, or under the hills, and here and there were park walls, or splendid avenues of cryptomeria, leading to the residences of the native princes. The people had a happy, contented, and prosperous air, quite disproving the accounts of the oppression and exaction imposed upon them by their local rulers. The principal crop was rice, but there were also many fields of tobacco and cotton, arum and sweet potato, with orchards of persimmon and orange trees. In passing through these mountain districts, the travellers frequently came upon groups of peasantry, collected from all the surrounding hamlets for the purpose of seeing the strangers—perhaps the greatest novelty of their lives. They sat upon some knoll, or small hillock by the roadside, or kneeling on their mats, patiently waiting the uncertain hour when the foreigners should appear.

In the afternoon Atami was reached, lying in a narrow gorge close to the shore, with the steam from its hot springs rising above the houses. The principal bathing establishment, reserved for the use of the daimios, had been prepared for the Minister's reception, and the accommodations, though simple, were found to be very comfortable. Atami has an agricultural and fishing population of only about one thousand four hundred. The people cultivate their fields of rice and millet, and a few vegetables; the bay provides them with mackerel, lobsters, and various kinds of fish peculiar to the coast. They use some of the hot springs for cooking, the water being saline, with a very slight trace of sulphur. The natives make use of the baths adjoining the spring, for rheumatism and for diseases of the skin and eyes.

The return journey from Atami to Kanagawa, after three weeks spent at Atami, near Yedo, was made in three days, without any adventure worth noting.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ALCOCK'S OVERLAND JOURNEY FROM NAGASAKI TO YEDO

IN the spring of 1861, returning from a visit to China, Sir Rutherford Alcock, on reaching Nagasaki, determined to make the journey from that place overland to Yedo, in the company of M. de Wit, the Dutch Minister. The English consul and an artist also joined the party, making five Europeans.

They left Nagasaki on June 1st, attended by a long retinue of guards, grooms, interpreters, and servants. The rain was pouring in torrents, and the commencement of the journey was as uncomfortable as it could well be. After leaving the last tea-houses in the suburbs of the city, the fields of grain and rice bordered the road, the former already ripened, while men and women, up to their knees in liquid mud, were busy in planting the latter. Sweet potatoes grew on terraces, supported by walls built along the faces of the hills; the hedges were overrun with honeysuckles and azaleas, while the pine, palm, bamboo, and cryptomeria grew side by side. The soil, although not naturally very fertile, was made, by careful cultivation, to yield a large return for labor.

The island of Kiushiu, through which the travelers journeyed northward, toward the Straits of



Shimonoséki, which separate it from Hondo, is one of the three largest Japanese islands. "During this nine days' journey," says Sir Rutherford, "there was a combination of every kind of scenery. Well-cultivated valleys, winding among the hills, were graced with terraces stretching far up toward their summits, wherever a scanty soil could be found or *carried*, with a favorable aspect for the crops. We traversed some wild-looking passes, too, where hill and rock seemed tumbled in chaotic confusion from their volcanic beds. Frequent glimpses were caught of the sea-coast and bays, from which the road seldom strays very far inland. Pretty hamlets and clumps of fine trees were rarely wanting; and if the villages looked poor, and the peasant's home (bare of furniture at all times) more than usually void of comfort, yet all the people looked as if they had not only a roof to cover them, but rice to eat, which is more than can always be said of our populations in Europe. As groups of women and children crowded around the doors of the cottages, the whole interior of which the eye could easily take in at a glance, it would sometimes appear a problem how so many living beings could find sleeping room, or what provision there could be for the commonest requirements of decency, much less comfort. They must of necessity herd together very much like cattle; but neither is that, unfortunately, peculiar to Japan.

"At Uréshino in the morning, and Takéiwa in the evening of the third day, we found some hot sulphur baths. The first we visited was open to the street, with merely a shed roof to shelter the bathers from

the sun. As we approached, an elderly matron stepped out on the margin, leaving half a dozen of the other sex behind her to continue their soaking process. The freedom of the lady from all self-consciousness or embarrassment was perfect of its kind. The springs are close to the bank of a river, shaded by some noble trees; and the scene is both lively and picturesque, with groups of votaries, nude and undraped, crowding around the various reservoirs, and enjoying alternately the medicinal virtues of the waters and the cool shade of the trees."

On the third day the party passed a coal mine, belonging to the Prince of Iizen. It lay within a hundred yards of the main road, and a cross-road led directly to it, but the way was stopped by a newly-erected barrier of bamboo. The English and Dutch ministers, wishing to make a nearer inspection, passed this barrier, in spite of the ontcries and protestations of the guards, who made every effort short of personal violence to prevent them. There was simply a horizontal shaft into the side of the hill, with some heaps of inferior coal about its mouth. This appears to be the coal which is brought to Nagasaki, and sold to foreign steamers. The Prince of Iizen, it is said, ordered through the Dutch a steam-engine to aid in the better working of his mines; but after it arrived, and was conveyed to the spot, he changed his mind, declaring that it would take the bread out of his workmen's mouths. The attempt of the foreign ministers to examine the mines, was reported at Yedo afterward, with many exaggerations, and made the subject of a complaint.

“On our way to Ushino, on the seventh day,” says Sir Rutherford, “we passed through many scenes worthy of the artist’s pencil ; indeed, the number of tempting pictures was truly tantalizing, since it was clearly impossible to take even the slightest sketch of all. A little wayside shrine, embosomed in trees, was approached over a ravine, across which nature or art had flung a great boulder of granite. The scene, with a group of Japanese seated in the foreground, proved altogether irresistible. Again, as we descended through a rocky pass into the valley below, and caught the first glimpse of the cultivated fields and terraced hills, with another range of mountains towering beyond, picturesque Japanese figures filling up the foreground, it was difficult to pass and take no note.

“On the eighth day, our way to Koya-no-sé lay chiefly along the banks of a river, on a high causeway raised some twenty feet above the level of the water. We passed several depots of coal, evidently placed there for embarkation in some large flat-bottomed boats—a novel sight on the sand-choked rivers of Japan, certainly in Kinshiu, where boats are to be seen only as exceptions. Kokura, the fortified capital of the provinces of Buzen, and one of the keys to the strait between Kinshiu and Hondo, we reached early next morning, fortunately, for the sun beat hot upon our heads and shoulders long before ten o’clock. The roads were sheets of mud, and in places all but impassable with the heavy rains that had recently fallen ; and, though the scenery was as beautiful as ever, it was difficult under such

conditions to enjoy it. Pleasant country houses, each surrounded by its garden and clumps of trees or orchards, line the road which leads to the provincial capital, for more than a mile. It was holiday time, and all the inhabitants were at their windows, dressed in their best, or grouped on the door-steps to watch the *cortège* pass.

“The entrance of Kokura is by a gateway, guarded by a considerable force of armed retainers. The walls were high, and seemed well capable of defence against anything but artillery. After a short halt, we embarked on board a junk, in the state cabin of which we had only the choice of squatting, or lying down between the ceiling and the floor. At the opposite side of the straits, after a two hours’ pull, we found H. M. S. Ringdove waiting our arrival, and we left the shores of Kinshin, not sorry to have ended this much of our journey; for, despite all the attractions, novelty, and great beauty could lend, it was both fatiguing and tedious. Some seven or eight leagues a day on miserable ponies, led at a snail’s pace over indifferent roads when at their best, and at this season often little better than a series of pitfalls, was rather trying to the patience. From all I had seen, I drew the conclusion, that although the fertility of the soil is great, and turned to the best account by a plentiful supply of the cheapest labor, yet little superfluity is left to those who have to live by the cultivation of the land.”

The party arrived at Shimonoséki, the town on the Hondo shore of the strait, on the ninth day after leaving Nagasaki. At this port they decided to em-



THE TOWN AND STRAITS OF SHIMONOSEKI.



bark for Hiogo, at the farther end of the Inland Sea, instead of taking the rugged land-route along the sea-coast, which it would have required nearly three weeks to traverse. The distance from Shimonoséki to Hiogo, which is near the large city of Osaka, is about two hundred and fifty miles by water.

Shimonoséki is a town of about ten thousand inhabitants, extending in one straggling street for a mile and a half along the shore. The name means Lower Barrier. The dwellings are mostly of wood, but the warehouses for goods are covered with a sort of white cement, or stucco, which is fire-proof. Sugar, rice, iron, and oil, are the principal articles which are exported in junks to other parts of Japan. Among the curiosities of the place are two swords, said to have belonged to the Hide'yoshi, and an ancient temple, in which there is a picture representing the famous naval battle of A.D. 1184 in which the Gen or Minamoto annihilated the Héi or Taira clan.

The party embarked in three large native junks, which were taken in tow by the British steamer, and were carried smoothly and slowly along through the Inland Sea, lying at anchor every night. The shores of the surrounding islands are so lofty that the water, protected from the severe storms and swells of the Pacific, resembles rather that of an inland lake. The villages along the shores are mostly poor fishing hamlets, with a barren country around them. The scenery of the voyage, nevertheless, from the height and variety of form of the mountain isles, is very beautiful.

At noon on the fourth day, the junks arrived at

Hiogo, which is a town of about twenty thousand inhabitants, pleasantly situated along the edge of a sandy shore, with a range of wooded hills and mountains rising with a gentle slope behind. It is the shipping port of the great city of Osaka, which lies upon a river, some thirty miles inland. The harbor of Hiogo (or of Osaka, as it is sometimes called) is one of the best in Japan, hence the opening of this port to foreign commerce, with the condition of free access to the greater city, was a very important concession. Nevertheless, on this first visit, the shops were closed and the streets deserted, until the protestations of the ministers forced the Japanese officials to remove the restriction.

At Hiogo, other difficulties awaited the party. One of the Governors of Foreign Affairs had been sent from Yedo expressly to dissuade the ministers from continuing their journey by land. He declared that the country was in a disturbed state; that ronins, or bravos, were known to be ranging abroad, and that there was trouble between the Tycoon and the Mikado. It seemed to the ministers, however, that the main object of the mission was to prevent them from going to Kioto, the capital of Japan, and the residence of the Mikado; for, when they had offered to give up this part of their plan, no serious objection was made to the overland journey to Yedo. In reality the ministers actually incurred a greater danger than they suspected at the time.

The distance from Hiogo to Osaka by land is about thirty miles. Nearly the whole way lies through the slopes and valleys intervening between the sea and



the mountain range, trending inland. There are a great many rivers to be crossed ; some over plank bridges almost too fragile for horses ; others in boats, and others must be forded. The plain, which is sandy, is devoted to the cultivation of grain, cotton, and beans. Osaka is first seen at the distance of a league, with the castle on a wooded eminence, commanding a view of the river. This is the ancient stronghold which Nobunaga took from the Buddhists, and which became the residence of Hidéyoshi's son during the reign of Iyéyas. Sir Rutherford Alcock gives the following description of his arrival at Osaka :

“ We were nearly an hour in traversing the suburbs of this vast city, before we seemed to gain the great thoroughfare, filled to overflowing with an immense, but very orderly, crowd. There was pushing and squeezing, and from time to time a desperate descent was made by the police on some luckless wights in the front rank. Blows on the bare head were dealt furiously on all ; but the weapon was a fan, and although in their hands a very effective one, it could hardly do much mischief. We came at last to the main river, spanned by a bridge three hundred yards long, well and solidly built, below which there is an island, covered with houses, in the midst of the stream, something like the island of St. Louis in the Seine. Not a trace of hostile feeling was to be seen anywhere, though the curiosity was great to see the foreign ministers. Here, indeed, as might be noticed at a glance, was a vast population, with whom trade was the chief occupation ; and at every step evidences of the greatest

activity were visible. Piled up near the bridge I noticed glazed tiles for drains, and large earthen jars for coffins—the Japanese being buried as he lives, with his heels tucked up under him in a sitting posture—an arrangement which has at least the advantage of saving space in the cemeteries, still further economized by burning the bodies of the poorer classes, and merely burying their ashes in a jar of small dimensions. The Japanese have some strange superstitions about either sleeping or being buried with the head to the north. In every sleeping-room at the resting-places we found the points of the compass marked on the ceiling; and my Japanese servant would on no account let my bed be made up in any but the right direction.”

The travellers were lodged in a large temple, with some pretensions to architectural beauty. The first day they devoted to shopping and the theatre, reserving a second day to be spent in traversing the city by water, as in Venice—by means of the river-arms which divide it—and in visiting the larger temples and the Tycoon’s castle. They visited some silk shops so large that from fifty to one hundred attendants were constantly employed. Bronzes were also very beautiful and cheap; but lacquer-ware was astonishingly dear, and from forty to fifty dollars apiece were demanded for small, ugly, pug-nosed, goggle-eyed dogs, called *chin*. By slipping away from their Japanese attendants, the travellers succeeded in obtaining some very rare and beautiful specimens of porcelain. As soon as the attendants rejoined them, the price of every article immediately advanced fifty per cent.

The day devoted to the exploration of the city by water was one of great interest. There are thirteen rivers and canals, and at least a hundred bridges, many of them of enormous width and costly structure, span these streams in all directions. The banks of the main river were then lined for two or three miles with the residences of daimios, with broad flights of granite steps descending to the water's edge. Thousands of boats, filled with merchandise or passengers, covered the broad surface of the waters; and every bridge was crowded to an alarming extent by the population, eager to see the foreigners. Later in the day the latter made an effort to visit some of the older and more celebrated temples; but they were foiled by the cunning of the Japanese attendants, who, after dragging them about for an hour or two in the hot sun, took them finally to some ruined walls. In the same manner they were prevented from seeing the castle. The friendly and confiding manner of the inhabitants toward them contrasted strongly with the jealousy and meddlesome interference of the officials, and they were satisfied that the opposition to intercourse with foreigners in Japan is not founded on anything in the character of the people.

Leaving for Yedo on June 19th, they passed many large villages on the plain around Osaka. The population, for the first time during the journey, was noisy and troublesome, crying out, "Chinese hucksters!" as they passed through. Beyond the plain, there is a mountain range, about four thousand feet in height, which the road crosses into a beautiful valley beyond. Here the unfriendly manifestations

ceased ; the Tokaido, or high road, had been swept clean for the passage of some native princes, and small boys, with brooms, ran along in advance of the foreign ministers, shouting, "Down on your knees!" to all the natives they met.

On the third day the road entered a very picturesque country. "We rode through defiles of mountains, amidst a very chaos of hills and ravines, the former tumbled wildly together, looking like a troubled sea of billows suddenly petrified. It must have been the theatre of some long extinct volcanic action ; for miles, half-filled craters were the leading feature. This was the circuitous route adopted, in order to leave Kioto to the left, compelling us to take a cross-road only some five or six feet in width, winding around the bases of the hills."

The Japanese officials accompanying the party insisted on halting for the night at a little village instead of the larger town which had been selected in advance as the resting-place. They asserted that the houses for travellers were undergoing repair, and the change of programme was accompanied with so much inconvenience to themselves, that the ministers finally agreed to it. But, on reaching Uyéno, the following morning, they were surprised to find it a stately, well-built place, the houses all in perfect order, but every door and window hermetically closed, and not a living face to be seen. Even the residence of the Daimio—the same Tōdō, Idzumi no Kami, who was one of the first commissioners to meet Commodore Perry at Kurihama in 1853—was masked by screens of cotton cloth. It was, of course, impossible

to obtain from the Japanese any explanation of this extraordinary proceeding ; but it must be attributed to an assertion of defiant independence of the Tycoon's authority, on the part of the Idzumi no Kami. This disposition on the part of those daimios who are hostile to foreign intercourse, to disregard the treaties made by the Government, was later more strikingly illustrated in the case of the Daimios of Satsuma, and Choshu.

"Our way lay for many days," the author continues, "through mountain scenery and fertile valleys, the hills generally clothed to the very summit with trees, chiefly of the pine family. The same sandy character of the soil, and the formation of the hills already noticed, continued until we approached within sight of Fuji-yama, when it was exchanged for the dark rich mould which alone is to be seen within a hundred miles of Yedo. On the fourth day we had struck into the ordinary route, and had the advantage of the fine sanded roads and park-like avenues of the Tokaido. And now each day we met one or more *cortéges* of daimios coming from the capital. As a general rule, we had nothing to complain of ; if some of the principal officers and armed retainers scowled at us, and seemed to think our presence on the high roads an offence, the greater number passed on their way, as we did on ours, without any manifestation of feeling or opinion. In one case only, I was amused by a somewhat characteristic trait. Mr. De Wit and I were riding abreast and without any escort, having left them far behind, when, seeing a rather large *cor-tége* filling up the road as we turned an angle, we

drew to one side and went in single file. No sooner did the leading officer observe the movement than he instantly began to swagger, and motioned all the train to spread themselves over the whole road ; so that all we gained by our consideration and courtesy was to run the risk of being pushed into the ditch by an insolent subordinate.

“As we advanced through the country, both men and women were busily employed in planting out their rice. This was the first time I had seen any but isolated cases of women being engaged in field labor in Japan ; for the Japanese appear to me to be honorably distinguished among nations of a higher civilization, in that they leave their women to the lighter work of the house, and perform themselves the harder out-door labor. Indeed, I was at first in some doubt here, for it was by no means easy to distinguish the women from the men at a little distance. To guard the legs probably from leeches, as they paddled in the mud, they all wore gaiters up to the knees and short cotton trousers. When the neck was covered, there was no very distinguishing difference between the sexes, as the men never have any hair about the face. The wheat in Japan never appears to be sown broadcast. All that I have seen has been drilled and planted in rows, much as the rice is, a few stalks together. Labor is cheap, and it is to be presumed they find this the more profitable way.

“As we approached Miya, on the bay of Owari, we passed another great castle. And yet this term is very likely, I fear, to mislead the reader. What constitutes a daimio's castle, then, in Japan, is first a

moat surrounded by a wall, generally built of mud intersected with layers of tiles, and plastered over; sometimes with parapets, and loopholed for musketry; a large gateway, with massive overhanging roof; a straggling group of ignoble-looking lath and plaster houses inside, rarely more than one story high, and sometimes, if the owner is a daimio of very great pretensions, his walls will be flanked with turrets. In his grounds, something like a two- or three-storied pagoda will rise above the dead level of the other roofs, and look picturesque through the clumps of fine timber with which the grounds of the owners are always graced, whatever else may be wanting."

The travellers were six hours in crossing the bay of Owari, to reach Miya, where the Tokaido recommences, on the opposite side, the distance being about twenty miles. From this place to the next large town of Okasaki, the road led through a beautiful open country, with mountains on the horizon. Villages and towns follow in quick succession; and rarely at a greater interval than one or two leagues at farthest, along the whole route from Nagasaki to Yedo. At a place called Arai there was another bay to cross, a distance of about three miles; but a broad canal, for the passage of boats, was cut through the shallows and sand-bars.

More than half the distance between Osaka and Yedo had now been traversed, and the annoying interference of the Japanese authorities began to diminish. Immediately after leaving Hamamatsu, the half-way town, the travellers were obliged to make their way across a plain, traversed in all direc-

tions by floods and water - courses, swelled by the rains, which had broken the bridges and damaged all the roads. One of the villages through which they passed was devoted entirely to the plaiting of straw-shoes. At another place, called Kakégawa, the people are celebrated for weaving a kind of linen from the bark of a creeper. Rain coats are made of the same bark, unwoven, and only slightly plaited, or of straw, and they are highly esteemed as both light and impervious.

After crossing another high range of mountains, with very wild and grand scenery, the road descended to the river Oigawa, which was so swollen by rain that the party was obliged to wait until the next morning before they were able to cross. The ministers were carried across in the *norimonos*, or native palanquins of Japan, carried upon the shoulders of the ferrymen. The poorer natives, men and women, bestride the latter's shoulders, holding their garments up to the waist while crossing the deeper parts.

From the banks of this river the first view of Fuji-yama, on this journey, was obtained. This was a welcome proof to the weary travellers that the journey was drawing to an end. On the thirty-second day after leaving Nagasaki, the party reached the small foreign settlement at Kanagawa.

Sir Rutherford Alcock returned to the British legation at Yedo on July 4th, and on the night of the 5th the murderous attack was made, in which Mr. Laurence Oliphant, the Secretary of Legation, and Mr. Morrison, British Consul at Nagasaki, were severely wounded.



## CHAPTER VII.

### M. HUMBERT'S VOYAGE FROM NAGASAKI TO YEDO

M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, appointed by the Swiss Government in 1862 an Envoy Extraordinary for the purpose of making a commercial treaty with Japan, remained some years in the latter country, and employed his leisure time to excellent purpose in studying the history, the laws, manners, and customs of the Japanese. His work was published in 1870, in two large quarto volumes, with nearly five hundred admirable illustrations, mostly from photographs taken on the spot, or from a native illustrated gazetteer of Yedo, made by pupils of the famous Hokusai.

Reaching Nagasaki in April, 1863, M. Humbert was hospitably received by the Dutch agent, M. De Wit, and took up his residence, temporarily, on the island of Déshima. He found that the Japanese city of Nagasaki was entirely free to Europeans, who were permitted to wander through its streets at their pleasure. He was charmed with the situation of the town, and the beauty of its environs. The native place contained about eighty thousand inhabitants. The houses were all built of wood, but there was a staircase of granite connecting the lower city with the upper, and a massive stone bridge across the princi-

pal of the mountain torrents which divide the streets. Preparations were already made for the construction of a foreign quarter upon the mainland, opposite the island of Déshima, which is much too small for the necessities of the commerce of all nations.

After a stay of twelve days, M. Humbert took passage on the Dutch frigate *Koopman* for the bay of Yedo, by way of the Suwonada, or Inland Sea.

The frigate anchored, the second evening, in the Straits of Van der Capellen, in front of the town of Shimonoséki. The water, next morning, was covered with native boats, filled with fishermen, traders, or the families of respectable citizens, eager for a nearer view of the strange vessel. But, after a visit from some of the authorities, the voyage was resumed. The day, however, was foggy, and the Japanese pilots on board kept the centre of the strait until they reached the broader waters of the Inner Sea. When the weather became clear, the multitude of islands always in sight, with their constantly changing forms, gave a new interest to the voyage. Some were arid, of a brown or black tint, shooting up like cones, pyramids, or jagged fangs, out of the water; others were fertile, their sides laboriously wrought into terraces for grain and vegetables, with little villages of farmers and fishermen in the sheltered coves.

In entering the basin of Bingo, the large town of Imabari, on the coast of the island of Shikoku came into view. On a sandy bar, stretching from one of the suburbs, there appeared to be a grand fair, or market, judging from the crowds of people. Beyond

the town were fertile plains, swelling into hills in the distance, where mountain-peaks, from three to five thousand feet in height, closed the view. Around Imabari, there were some low batteries, from which flags were flying, groups of soldiers stood upon the ramparts. Shortly afterward, a large Japanese steamer passed the frigate. The pilots declared that it belonged to the Prince of Tosa, one of the eighteen chief Daimios of the empire, whose possessions are in the southern part of Shikoku, and one of the four, Satsuma, Choshu, Hizen, and Tosa, who led the movement which, in 1868, overthrew the Tycoon's government, and restored the Mikado to supreme rule in Tokio.

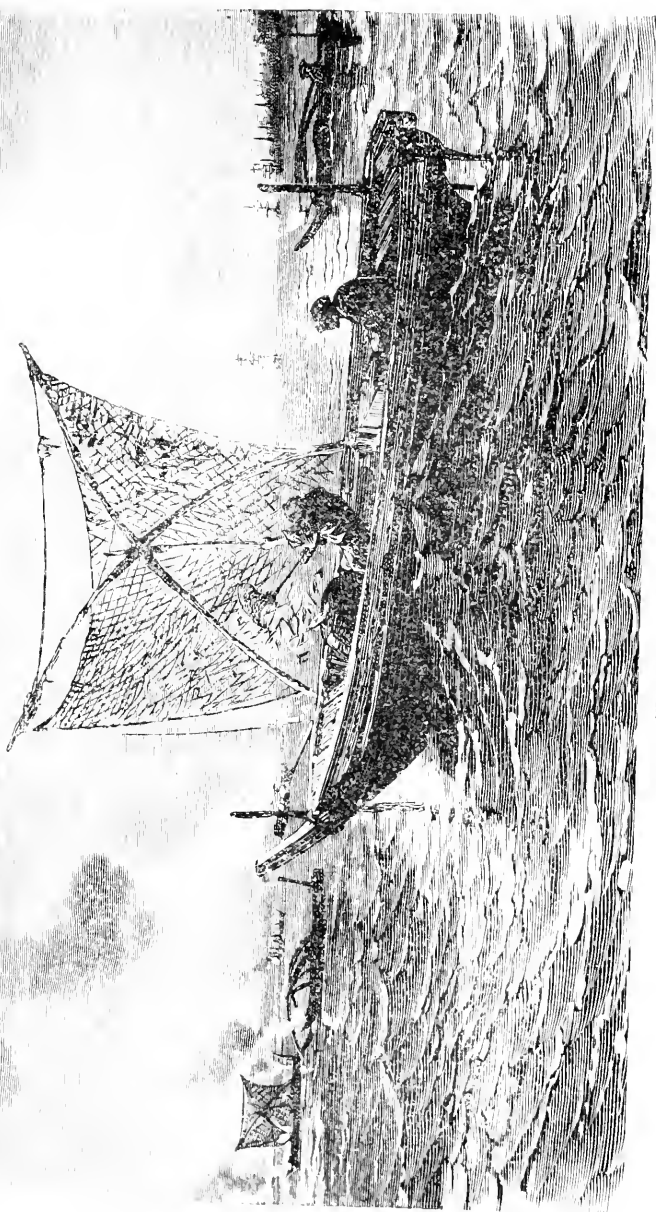
The second night after leaving Shimonoséki, was passed in one of those broader basins of the Inner Sea, called the Arima Nada. It is almost completely closed, on the east, by the large island of Awaji, which shuts out the ocean for a space of thirty miles, between Shikoku and Hondo. This island was the fabled residence of the earlier gods, the cradle of the national mythology, and the navel of Japan. The lowlands at its northern extremity are covered with a superb vegetation, toward the south it rises gradually into hills, still beautifully cultivated, and is finally crowned by a mountain range.

The steamers which traverse the Inner Sea generally take the northern passage, between Awaji and Hondo, partly in order to touch at Iliogo, and partly because the southern passage, between Awaji and Shikoku is considered dangerous for vessels of deep draught. The captain of the frigate, neverthe-

less, determined to try the latter. Leaving Awaji on the left, he steered down the narrowing strait, between finely cultivated shores, bordered with rocky islets crowned with pine-trees. The water in front presented the appearance of a bar of breakers; yet the weather was calm, and the open ocean, in the distance, did not show a speck of foam. It was evident that the agitation of the water was occasioned by the violence of conflicting currents. Millions of sea-birds filled the air, drifting around the rocks like clouds, or dashing down to the sea, with continual cries. There were many fishing-boats in the calmer channels between the islands or the coves of the shores, but none of them ventured into the raging flood which filled the strait. The breadth of the main channel was estimated at eight hundred yards, with a length of nearly two miles. After passing safely through, the frigate entered a broad strait beyond, where the swells of the Pacific were already felt. The Inner Sea was left behind.

After having doubled the cape of Idzumo, the southern promontory of Hondo, the frigate took advantage of the *Kuro-shiwo* (black current), or Asiatic gulf stream, which flows northward past the eastern shores of Japan, at the rate of thirty-five to forty miles per day. Its maximum temperature there is about 85°. It is the same warm current which carries fog and rain to Alaska, and many Japanese waifs to America and Hawaii. After a day of tranquil navigation they made, at sunrise, the promontory of Idzu, in a bight of which is the town of Shimoda, one of the ports opened to American vessels in 1854.

FISHING BY NIGHT.





After the great earthquake, the following year, in which the Russian frigate *Diana* was dashed to pieces, and which so changed the harbor as to injure its value for commerce, Shimoda was given up, and the more important town of Yokohama substituted for it, by the American treaty of 1858.

When the outer bay of Sagami had been passed, and the frigate entered the broad strait of Uraga, which opens into the Bay of Yedo, M. Humbert thus recalls the memorable event of ten years before: "On the chart which they have made of the Bay of Yedo, the Americans have consecrated the souvenirs of their glorious enterprise by a series of denominations of places, which the geographers and navigators have already ratified. In front of the town of Uraga is *Reception Bay*, and beyond it, the bar which forms Cape Kamisaki is *Rubicon Point*; the bight which opens on the left is *Susquehanna Bay*; above its limpid waters rise *Perry Island*, and *Webster Island*; on the right, from the other shore, extends *Cape Saratoga*; and this side of Yokohama *Mississippi Bay* stretches to the end of *Treaty Point*. It is thus that on these waters and along these shores of one of the most charming countries of the world, unknown until our day, the names of the New World and of our cosmopolitan age are wedded to the names of more than twenty centuries of the Empire of the Rising Sun."

As they passed up the bay, the solitary cone of Fuji-yama came out in all its snowy splendor; then, doubling Treaty Point, the harbor of Yokohama suddenly opened, with its foreign shipping, its white

foreign houses, and consular residences, with the flags of their respective nations.

And not quite ten years had elapsed since the first foreign vessels had ever ploughed those waters—since Commodore Matthew Perry, coming after the failures of two centuries, knocked loudly at the door of the great empire, and it was opened to him !



## CHAPTER VIII.

### RESIDENCE AT YOKOHAMA

M. HUMBERT first took up his residence in the house of the Dutch Consul-General, in the Japanese quarter of Yokohama, known under the name of Benten. The house was built by the Japanese, and was an attempt to combine native and European ideas in its architecture and arrangement. It was a parallelogram, partly of brick and partly of wood, with a spacious veranda on the eastern, western, and northern sides. All the occupied rooms opened upon this veranda by double glass doors, which took the place of windows. The greater part of the main edifice was used for store-rooms, baths, stables, and the residence of the native servants, of whom there were a large number. In the rear there was a garden surrounded with palisades, and with a porter's lodge.

The porter was a respectable, married Japanese, who exercised a sort of patriarchal authority over the other domestics. His lodge, where there were always a tea-machine, a little furnace, pipes and tobacco, was the rendezvous of a crowd of native idlers and gossips; but his services, nevertheless, were always rendered punctually and correctly. He was not only required to keep a general watch, to open or

close the doors which he had in charge, but also to sound the hours of day and night by striking with a mallet upon a gong, and to announce in the same way the character of the visitor—one stroke signifying a merchant or plain citizen, two strokes an officer or interpreter, three a consul or Japanese governor, and four a minister or admiral. He was also responsible for the night-watch, which must visit every part of the building half-hourly during the night.

Along the southern palisade were the stables and laundry, and opposite to them the residences of the *betto*s, or grooms. Every horse in Japan has his separate *betto*, who always accompanies him when ridden out, running in advance or at the side of the horseman. These robust fellows form, in Japan, a corporation or guild which has its own separate government, the chief officer of which enjoys the right of wearing a sword. They are of medium stature, but strong and well proportioned. Their lives were spent in a state of almost complete nudity; though they generally wore sandals, a loin-cloth, and a short jacket when accompanying their masters abroad.

M. Humbert had as valet a little Japanese boy, by the name of Tô. He was a fellow of quick intelligence, but with an air of gravity and prudence much beyond his years. "It was from Tô," says the minister, "that I took my first Japanese lesson. He gave me the key to conversation in three words, and the philosophical character of the method he employed will at once be appreciated. The operations of the mind resolve themselves into three forms—doubt,



JAPANESE BETTOS.



negation, and affirmation. As soon as one knows how to express these three operations, the rest is only a matter of the Vocabulary—a charging of the memory with a certain number of the usual words. Thus we will commence with doubt, and say in Japanese, *Arimaska?* which signifies, ‘Is there?’ Then we pass to negation, *Arimasen*, ‘There is not,’ and finish with *Arimas*, ‘There is.’ After that the Vocabulary will furnish us with the words which we most need, as *Nippon*, Japan, Japanese; *chi*, fire; *cha*, tea; *ma*, a horse; *midzu*, water, etc. Add a little mimicry, and we shall be able to comprehend many things without the aid of an interpreter. Thus, coming home after a long ride, I order Tô to bring me tea: ‘*Cha arimaska?*’ He answers, ‘*Arimas*,’ and soon the refreshing beverage is on my table. By the same process, I tell him to put the water on the fire, or in the tea, to call the betto and have the horse saddled, etc.

At first the native population seemed somewhat reserved, not with any evidence of unfriendly feeling, but apparently waiting until the strangers should make the first advances. “Little by little,” says M. Humbert, “neighborly relations were established between our residence and the quarter of the guards. In Japan, as elsewhere, little presents create friendly feelings. Some packages of white sugar and Java coffee, sent to those families where we learned that there were recent births, or invalids, were gratefully received.

“One day, when I was entirely alone, between four and five in the afternoon, the porter announced to me

the arrival of a deputation of native ladies, and asked whether they should be received. These ladies had received from their husbands permission to return their thanks for the presents, but they also wished to examine our European mode of living. I ordered the porter to admit them, and took upon myself the duty of receiving them with all due honor.

“I soon heard the sound of wooden shoes on the gravel of the garden-alleys, and saw, at the foot of the steps leading to the veranda, a group of smiling faces, among whom were four married women, two marriageable girls, and children of various ages. The first could be distinguished by the plainness of their toilets, having no ornaments in their hair, nothing fine or brilliantly colored in their clothing, no rouge on the face, but the teeth black as ebony, in accordance with Japanese usage; the young girls, on the contrary, increase the natural whiteness of the teeth by a coat of carmine on the lips, rouge their cheeks, braid bands of scarlet crape among their black hair, and wear a broad girdle of brilliant colors. As to the children, their costume consisted of gay plaid robes and girdles; their heads were shaved, but, according to age or sex, several tufts of greater or less length were left, some loose, some bound together in a sort of *chignon*.

“After the usual salutations and bows, the orators of the deputation—for there were two or three who spoke at once—made me many handsome compliments in Japanese, to which I replied in French, inviting them to enter the *salon*. Certainly I had been understood; for I heard expressions of thanks which



JAPANESE LADIES GOING TO PAY A VISIT.





I had already learned ; and yet, instead of ascending the steps, they appeared to ask some further, unintelligible explanation. Finally the graceful company perceived my ignorance ; adding gesture to words, they asked : ‘ Shall we take off our shoes in the garden, or will it answer to do so on the veranda ? ’ I decided in favor of the latter ; whereupon they mounted the steps, took off and arranged their sandals, and joyously trod the carpets of the *salon*, the children with bare feet, the grown persons with cotton stockings, divided at the end by a *thumb* for the great toe.

“ Their first impression was a naïve admiration of what they saw, followed immediately by a general hilarity, for the tall pier-glasses, descending to the floor, reflected and repeated their forms from head to foot, behind as well as in front. While the younger visitors continued to contemplate this phenomenon, so new and attractive to them, the married women asked me to explain the meaning of the pictures on the walls. I stated that they represented the Tycoon of Holland and wife, together with several great daimios of the reigning family. They respectfully bowed ; but one of them, whose curiosity was not satisfied, timidly expressed the opinion that the portrait of the *betto* of his Dutch Majesty had been included in the royal company. I did not enlighten her, for she could never have comprehended the noble fashion of representing a prince on foot, beside his saddle-horse, and even holding the bridle, like a Japanese groom ! Others, after having carefully examined the velvet of the chairs and sofas, came to

me for the decision of a question which had arisen among them, concerning the use of those pieces of furniture. They agreed that the chairs were made to be sat upon ; but the sofas ? Did we not crouch upon them, with crossed legs, when the meals were served ? They heartily commiserated the ladies and gentlemen of the West, who were obliged to use such an inconvenient piece of furniture, always sitting with their feet painfully resting on the floor.

“ My bedroom, opening from the *salon*, was next invaded. I cannot describe all the subjects of astonishment discovered by the curious troop. Being Japanese, they were none the less daughters of Eve ; and the forbidden fruit which tempted them the most was an assortment of uniform buttons with the Swiss cross upon them, according to the military usage of my country. I was obliged to give them a few, although it was impossible to conjecture what use they would make of them, since all Japanese garments, male or female, are simply bound with silk cords. The gift of some articles of Parisian perfumery was well appreciated ; but I could not make them understand the merits of *eau de Cologne*, for the cambric handkerchief is unknown to Japanese ladies. They informed me that the poorest girl would never degrade herself by carrying in her pocket an article with which she had wiped her nose. The little squares of paper which they carry for the purpose are not likely, therefore, to be easily supplanted.

“ To restore the balance, I exhibited to them a case containing an assortment of sewing-thread, pins, and needles, and asked them to make use of it.

They were unanimous in recognizing the imperfection of all their native implements for sewing. The needle by no means occupies the same place in their native society as in our family circles at home. Sewing, for example, is never seen during the visits and the long gossips of the Japanese women; even as men, in Europe, have recourse to the cigar, they employ only the pipe to season their hours of conversation. I gave to the children some small pictures of Swiss landscapes and costumes, and showed to the grown persons an album of family photographs, which they examined with an interest, an expression of feeling, truly touching."

M. Humbert united with many American residents of Yokohama, in testifying to the kind and friendly character of the common people. The fishing population of Benten always accosted him with a pleasant greeting; the children brought him shells, and the women were always ready to show and explain, as best they could, the edible qualities of the various marine monsters which they collected in their baskets. In walking about the country, he was often invited by the peasants to enter their dwellings, and was never allowed to leave without being offered a rice cake and a cup of tea. They took pleasure in showing their garden-flowers, often plucking a few choice specimens for a bouquet, for which they invariably refused to accept any money.

Among the country population, settled in the fertile valleys which border on the Bay of Yedo, one often meets with men of a more vigorous race, whose appearance, although friendly, seems to denote a cer-

tain independence of character, or of habits. They are the mountain Japanese—the inhabitants of the Hakoné range and of the sides of Fuji-yama. The business which calls them to the plains is of different natures: some arrange for the sale and delivery of lumber for ship-building; others for their stores of charcoal; others are concerned in transporting goods on pack-horses to the remoter regions; others, again, are employed as canal-boatmen, or enlist in a company of hunters. The Japanese of the plains relate wonderful stories of the industry and skill of the distant mountaineers: of their bridges, aqueducts, and roads, of the daring with which they scale almost inaccessible heights, and transport themselves in swinging baskets over the most frightful depths.

The country around Yokohama is thoroughly cultivated, and covered with dwellings. The isolated houses are built near the roads, and even those which line the highway are usually entirely open, and free to light and air. In order to enjoy the fresh breezes, the inhabitants shove to the right and left the movable screens which inclose their dwellings, and thus completely expose their domestic arrangements to the view of those who pass. It is therefore not difficult to observe their manner of living, as well as the distinctive characteristics of the different classes of society.

The Japanese are of medium stature, and have not much resemblance to the Chinese, either in face, form, or complexion. The only European race which they sometimes suggest in their appearance, is the Portuguese. There is more difference in the relative



MOUNTAINIER CROSSING A GORGE.



height of the sexes than in Europe. According to the observations made by Dr. Mohnike, at Déshima, the medium stature of the men is five Paris feet, one or two inches, and of the women, four feet, one to three inches. Men of six feet, however, are not uncommon. They all have straight, thick, jet-black hair; the men have beards, but the custom of shaving was until April, 1868, nearly universal. The color of their skin varies, according to the classes of society, from the dark, coppery-brown of the Malays to the dead-white or tawny of Southern Europe. The prevailing tint is a dark olive, which has no affinity to the yellow of the Chinese. Unlike the Europeans, their faces and hands are generally lighter colored than their bodies. Children, youths, and girls often have a fresh rosy color, with a red on their cheeks like that of the fairer races. The women sometimes appear perfectly white; in fact, a uniform, dead-white complexion is considered a sign of aristocratic blood.

The national Japanese costume is the *kimono*, a sort of open dressing-gown, which is made a little longer and fuller for the women than for the men. It is crossed in front, and held in its place by a girdle, for which the men use a silk scarf, and the women a broad band, highly ornamented, and fastened upon the back. They wear no linen, but bathe every day; the women, alone, sometimes have a chemise of red crape. In summer, the peasants, fishers, bettos, porters, and other laboring classes used to go nude, except a narrow girdle around the loins; and the bathing-houses of the people were as freely open to the public as their dwellings.

In winter, the common people wear a close-fitting jacket and trousers of blue cotton cloth, under the *kimono*, and the women one or more wadded mantles. The men of the better class, and the nobles, never go abroad without the jacket and trousers; the principal difference of costume between the classes is only in the material, the nobles alone having the right to wear silk. They only dress very richly when they go to court, or make visits of ceremony. All classes have the same covering for the feet, cotton socks and straw sandals, or wooden soles, fastened by a strap passing inside the great toe or thumb of the foot. When the roads are very muddy, they use pattens, very simply constructed of three pieces of wood. Everyone, on entering his own or a neighbor's house, leaves his sandals at the door.





LABORER IN WINTER COSTUME.



## CHAPTER IX.

### EXCURSION TO KAMAKURA

**D**URING the Japanese summer there is rarely a long succession of fine days. During the months of June and July there is an alternation of sultry heats and furious rains, as in tropical countries. Thunder-storms generally arise in the direction of Fuji-yama, descend to the bay, and finally pass away to spend their greatest violence on the ocean ; the islands are not often visited with the furious typhoons of the Chinese Sea.

During this season M. Humbert, weary of his quiet life at Benten, and of nightly battles with the mosquitoes, projected, in company with some of the other foreign residents, an excursion to Kamakura, the former residence of the Mikado's lieutenants before Yedo was built. It is situated on the sea-shore, at the head of the deep bay of Sagami, and not more than twenty miles in a direct line from Yokohama. After much consultation the travellers, three in number, decided to go down the bay in a boat as far as the village of Kanasawa, whence it was but a land journey of five miles to Kamakura.

“It was nine o'clock in the evening when we embarked,” M. Humbert writes. “Two Japanese sentinels on the shore, armed with a musket without

bayonet, saluted us with a peaceable 'good evening!' From all the barques moored to the quay, arose, like a rhythmical moaning, the monotonous prayer of the fishermen to the supreme intercessor and patron of souls: 'Amida, have mercy upon us!' The efficacy of this prayer depends on the number of minutes uninterruptedly devoted to it, according to the direction of the bonzes or priests.

"Our crew was composed of five boatmen, the constable, two valets, and a Chinese *comprador* (steward). They were all ready on the quarter-deck of the junk, leaving the cabin at our disposition. We arranged three sleeping-places out of sacks, boxes, and such coverings as we had brought with us, and then mounted to the deck to enjoy the night. The boatmen, who were obliged to row across that part of the harbor occupied by the fleet, stood on their feet, two on each side, leaning on their long, plunging oars, to which they gave a sort of rotary movement in rowing, like the Venetian gondoliers. The fifth stood upon the stern and managed the rudder. The effect of this manner of rowing was like that of a screw-engine.

"Afterward, a light breeze having arisen, our boatmen drew in their oars and hoisted sail. We were soon on the open water, losing sight of the shores, and all place of embarkation; the sky was covered with floating vapors, and the moon gave but a misty light. But when we went below to sleep we found, to our horror, that the mosquitoes were there before us. There was nothing to do but to return to the deck, order our Chinaman to prepare tea, and

pass the rest of the night crouched around the fire in his brazier.

“In the early dawn the boatmen hauled down the sail and resumed their oars. We began to distinguish, on our right, a steep, picturesque promontory, clothed with beautiful groups of trees, and, directly in front of us, the domes of foliage which crown Webster Island. Skirting its shores, we entered by a narrow channel into the harbor of Kanazawa, passing a number of fishing-boats which were silently pushing out to their day’s labor. At the entrance of the port a little temple, surrounded with fruit-trees, occupies the centre of a low island, connected with the market-place by a jetty; further, on a massive pile of rocks, overlooking some sacred buildings, there is a tea-house with an observatory commanding a panorama of the entire bay.

“The Japanese have a lively feeling for the beauty of their country. There is no picturesque point to which they do not call public attention, by building there a chapel, a tea-house, a pavilion, or some sort of an edifice inviting repose. Nowhere is the traveller so frequently invited to delay his journey, and relieve himself of fatigue under some hospitable roof, or cool shade, with a lovely landscape before his eyes.

“We entered an hostelry near the port. A spacious gallery, above the level of the street, was put at our disposal. Some planks laid upon trestles, two benches, and empty boxes enable us to seat ourselves at table in the European manner. We breakfasted on our own provisions, to which the hostess added

tea, saké, rice, fried fish, and soy. She was assisted by two young servant-girls, neatly dressed, and *coiffées* with even an air of elegance. Toward the close of our meal the children of the house timidly mounted the steps leading to our room; but, on my beckoning the youngest, he set up a loud cry. I drew from my pocket some pictured labels which I was in the habit of carrying about with me, and very soon he came to beg one of me. Then followed his mother, the girls of the inn, and the women of the neighborhood, with their children. An old grandmother expressed a wish to taste some white sugar, for the raw brown sugar brought from Riu Kin is the only kind known in Japan. We succeeded finally in making them understand that we needed rest; whereupon they withdrew as gently and noiselessly as if we were already slumbering.

“A sleeping-place was improvised by using a number of double screens, in order to divide the room into a number of separate retreats. I say separate, rather than inclosed, for the paper screens were not without holes; and after I was stretched upon the matting, with my head on a travelling cushion, I more than once saw a enrious eye sparkling through the apertures. Finally I slept, but not for a long time. The matting of these Japanese houses serves as a retreat for multitudes of those insects which Toepffer has designated by the name of ‘domestic kangaroos.’ My comrades had the same experience, and we very soon returned to the open gallery.”

The day, which turned out to be rainy, was spent, perforce, in the tea-house. A dinner of fish, which

the travellers were allowed to select from the tank in which they swam, was served by the hostess, with the usual rice-cakes, and a dessert of fruit. In the afternoon they had a visit from a female professor of music, a performer on the *samishen*, a rude stringed instrument, somewhat resembling a guitar. One of the company had a music-box, which played several French airs ; and they were all astonished at the skill with which the Japanese musician caught them up and repeated them on her instrument.

After another uncomfortable night, the greater part of the company (some of whom had arrived by land), who had intended making an excursion to the remarkable volcanic island of Enoshima, decided to return to Yokohama. M. Humbert and two others, with the constable, set out on foot for Kamakura. "It was four o'clock in the morning," he writes, "when we left the tea-house. We traversed the deserted streets of Kanazawa in a southern direction, to the last of the chain of hills against which the village leans. There, some constructions of a peculiar style announce a seignorial residence. Strong walls surround and support garden terraces ; a portal, formed of two pillars and a cross-piece of massive oak, covered with black varnish and adorned with ornaments of copper, gives access to a spacious court-yard. Therein we distinguish a guard-house and other buildings, behind which there are great trees, which give an antique character to the residence.

"Further on, after having crossed a bridge over a rapid river flowing to the west, we approach that chain of wooded mountains which divides the penin-

sula of Sagami into two opposite slopes. Around us the soil is cultivated ; fields of beans have replaced the wheat harvested in June ; the rice still rolls in green waves, but already in head. The paths which lead through the fields are so narrow that there is only space to put one foot before the other. Even on the road we followed, two horses could scarcely go abreast ; yet upon it we encountered a singular obstacle. An old man and his wife had chosen it as an economical lodging-place for the night, and were sleeping upon two bamboo mats which were probably also their travelling cloaks. A little heap of smoking ashes indicated that they had made a fire of reeds to drive away the mosquitoes from their rural couch.

“ Rising from the foot of the hills, the road winds among rocks of sandstone, sometimes sharply pointed, often pierced with grottoes in which we discover little idols, altars, or votive offerings. On the summit of the ridge there is a cabin of planks and mats, built against a wall of rock, and containing some benches, a hearth, and utensils for preparing tea and rice. At this early morning hour it is uninhabited, and its furniture is intrusted to the honesty of the public. The descent on the other side is rapid. A beautiful golden pheasant looks at us from the border of a grove ; one of my companions cannot resist the temptation of discharging his revolver. But the bird, untouched, does not seem to be much concerned by the attempt ; and only after some reflection, does he judge it prudent to remove to the top of a tall tree, out of reach.

“ Half-way down the slope we passed a village



charmingly situated among trees and flowers, on the borders of a torrent which was dammed to feed some rice-mills. The natives were busy, in and around their houses; and a woman, on seeing us, hastened to summon her children from the pool where they were washing themselves. Little by little the road became filled with pack-horses and foot-travellers. The beautiful undulations of the country around us fell by degrees to the sea; over the rounded azure gulf shone the steep cliffs of the isle of Enoshima. The white summit of Fuji-yama rose, in the distance, against the misty background of the landscape. Everywhere there was cultivation; everywhere fields dotted with groves, and threaded by leaping waters, which were spanned by arched bridges. Rustic huts, and houses of fine appearance, freshly varnished, and with blooming flower-gardens, are thickly scattered along the highway or on the declivities of the hills; and there are also frequent chapels, granite idols, and funeral monuments.

“The approach to Kamakura is like that to a great city; but the great city no longer exists. A vigorous vegetation shows the traces of a soil, slowly overcoming the disturbance of ruins, overthrown walls, and choked canals. Ancient avenues of trees terminate in waste, briery tracts, where they once led to palaces, of which no trace remains. Even palaces, in Japan, are constructed almost wholly of wood, and therefore leave no permanent ruins behind them. It was here that the Shō-guns established their residence. By this name were designated the generals-in-chief, the temporal vice-gerents of the theocratic

empire, who have governed Japan, under the supremacy of the Mikado, from the end of the twelfth to the beginning of the seventeenth century—from the time of Minamoto Yoritomo, the founder of their power, to that of Iyeyas. The latter made Yedo the political centre of Japan, and created a new dynasty, of which only the last representatives, commencing in the year 1854, have assumed the title of Tycoon.

“Still in our days, Kamakura is the pantheon of the ancient glories of Japan. It is composed of a majestic collection of sacred edifices, which have been constantly respected during the fury of the civil wars. They are all placed under the protection of Hachiman, one of the great national *kamis*. Hachiman belongs to the heroic times of the empire of the Mikados. His mother was the Empress Jingu, who made the conquest of the three kingdoms of Corea, and to whom, also, divine honors are paid. Nearly all the large cities have a temple to Hachiman; but that of Kamakura is distinguished above all others by its special treasures. Two large buildings are devoted to the display of relics, among which, it is said, are the spoils of Corea and the Mongol invasions, together with the objects plundered from the Portuguese and the native Christians at the time of the expulsion of the former. On our approach to the temple, it was easy to see that our appearance had been signalled in advance, for the bonzes ran with all speed through the courts to close the buildings containing the relics.

“The temple of Hachiman is approached by long alleys of those grand cypresses which form the noblest decoration of the Japanese places of worship.

As we drew nearer in coming from Kanazawa, the chapels and commemorative stones on the sacred hills increased in number. After crossing a river on a fine wooden bridge, we found ourselves in the principal avenue, leading directly to the great square in front of the terraces, stairways, and buildings of the temple. Around the first court are the houses of the bonzes, thrust behind each other like the side-scenes of a theatre, among trees planted around the wall of enclosure; while two great ponds, of oval shape, occupy the centre of the square. These latter are connected by a broad canal, which is crossed by parallel bridges, each remarkable in its appearance. The one on the right is built of hewn stones of whitish granite, and is so nearly a perfect semi-circle in its form, that one involuntarily wonders what gymnastic exercises were intended to be performed on it; but I take it to be the bridge of honor reserved for the gods and other good spirits, when they visit the temple. The bridge on the left is level, constructed of wood, covered with red lacquer, and with old copper ornaments on the railings. One pond is filled with the magnificent blossoms of the white lotus; the other is splendid with the red lotus. Gold and crimson fish, and others with pearly fins, swim in the crystal water between the leaves and flowers, and the black tortoise basks on the leaves.

“We now reach the second court, elevated above the first, and only to be entered by passing through the lodge appropriated to the divine guardians of the sanctuary. This building, facing the bridges, shelters under its high, peaked roof two monstrous idols,

one on each side. They are sculptured of wood, and coated with vermilion lacquer from head to foot. Their grimacing faces and enormous bodies are spotted with innumerable balls of chewed paper, which the native visitors throw at them in passing, with no more scruple than a band of mischievous school-boys. Nevertheless, this is a very serious act on the part of the pilgrims, for it assures them that the prayer written on the piece of paper which they chew, will probably reach its destination. In order to be entirely certain, they are required to purchase and suspend to the grating around the statues a pair of straw sandals large enough for the feet of the latter. Thousands of such sandals are constantly offered, and are allowed to hang on the grating until they drop to pieces from rottenness.

“A high terrace, surmounted by a grand staircase, towers over the second court. It is supported by a wall of cyclopean construction, and supports the principal temple, with the habitations of the chief bonzes. The ornamentation of these buildings lacks neither taste nor proportion. It is chiefly applied to the portals, and to the brackets and cornices on which the roofs rest. The beautiful brown tint of the timber, which is almost the only material employed, is relieved by carvings, painted red or a brilliant green. To complete the effect of the picture, one must add its frame of immemorial trees and the incomparable brilliancy of the sky.

“The general view of the entire temple from the terrace almost inspired us with regret for the lost times, when the whole people were wont to unite,

with their magistrates and ministers of worship, in a common act of religious adoration and patriotic enthusiasm. Even as the tribes of Israel in dedicating the Temple, the tribes of Nippon and the neighboring isles formerly filled all these courts and avenues, under the eyes of the chiefs of the nations, grouped on the esplanade of the sanctuary. The view thence reaches to the sea, over the roofs and bridges, and the three portals dividing the grand avenue. With such a crowd surrounding these edifices, these pillars, these natural columns formed by the trunks of the cypresses, all the space, from the high terrace to the sea, would constitute but a single immense temple, sparkling with color and light, under the dome of the sky.

“Nothing could offer a ruder contrast to the sublime character of this picture, than the avenue to which we were conducted in leaving the avenue of Hachiman. It has been built, it is true, in an admirable situation, on the summit of a promontory which commands a view of the whole bay of Kamakura; but it is all the more saddening to find, amid such lovely scenery, a pretending sanctuary which only produces an impression of disgust. The principal building seemed at first to offer nothing remarkable; there are only some insignificant gilded idols on the chief altar. In a lateral chapel one sees the god of wealth, armed with a miner’s hammer. The bonzes, however, conducted us behind the altar, and there, in an obscure cage, like a prison, and as high as a tower, they lighted two lanterns and hoisted them slowly up a kind of mast. Then by the waver-

ing light, almost lost in the shadows of the roof, we found ourselves face to face with an enormous idol of gilded wood, thirty-five feet in height, holding in the right hand a sceptre, in the left a lotus, and wearing a triple tiara, composed of the heads of inferior deities. This is one of the means by which the bonzes excite the superstitious imagination of the people, and keep them in a state of perpetual imbecility.

“The monument dedicated to Dai Butsu, that is, Great Buddha, may be considered as the most complete work of the Japanese genius, in regard both to art and to the religious sentiment. The temple of Hachiman has already given us an example of the profit which native art has learned to draw from nature, in easily producing that impression of religious majesty which we associate at home with Gothic architecture. The temple of Dai Butsu has, in many respects, a very different character. In place of grand and broad dimensions, of that unbounded space which sinks from gateway to gateway to the sea, a solitary, mysterious retreat was sought, such as might dispose the spirit to expect some supernatural revelation. The road, avoiding all habitations, directs itself toward the mountains; it winds, at first, between hedges of tall shrubs; then we see nothing before us but a straight path, ascending through foliage and flowers; then it turns, as if seeking some remote goals, and all at once appears at the bottom of the alley, a gigantic seated divinity of bronze, with folded hands, and head gently inclined in an attitude of contemplative ecstacy.

“The involuntary shock which one feels, on the first appearance of this grand figure, soon gives place to admiration. There is an irresistible charm in the posture of Dai Butsu, in the harmony of his bodily proportions, in the noble simplicity of his drapery, and in the calmness and serenity of his countenance. A dense belt of foliage, over which tower a few beautiful groups of trees, is the only inclosure of the sacred place, the silence and solitude of which is undisturbed. We hardly distinguish the modest hermitage of the officiating priest, concealed in the foliage. The altar, where a little incense burns at the foot of the divinity, consists of a table of bronze, with two lotus vases of the same metal, and of admirable workmanship. The azure of the sky, the grand gloom of the statue, the austere tint of the bronze, the brilliancy of the flowers, and the varied verdure of the hedges and thickets, fill this retreat with the richest effects of light and colors.

“The figure of Dai Butsu with the base upon which it rests, is a little more than sixty-five feet high. It does not equal in elevation the statue of San Carlo Borromeo, near Arona, on Lake Maggiore; but the latter leaves the spectator as cold as if it were merely a trigonometric signal. The interiors of both colossal statues have been utilized more or less skillfully. The European tourists seat themselves in the nose of the cardinal; the Japanese descend by a staircase into the foundation of their Dai Butsu, where they find a quiet oratory, the altar of which receives a ray of the sun through an opening in the folds of the god's bronze mantle.”

In a chapter on the bonzes who officiate in these temples, M. Humbert gives the following views in regard to the modification which the original Buddhist religion has undergone in Japan :

“Buddhism is a flexible, conciliating, insinuating faith, accommodating itself to the genius and the usages of the most diverse races. From their very first entrance into Japan, the bonzes succeeded in obtaining the charge of the ancient relics and even of the chapels of the saints, and preserving them within the bounds of their own sanctuaries. They speedily added to their ceremonies symbols borrowed from the ancient national worship ; and finally, in order more thoroughly to confound the two religions, they introduced into their temples both Japanese saints clothed with the titles and attributes of Hindoo divinities, and the Hindoo divinities transformed into Japanese saints.” Owing to this combination, which is known under the name of *Riyobu-Shinto*, Buddhism became the dominant religion of Japan.

“At first it was the great Buddha of India, to whom colossal statues—of which the *Dai Butsu* of Kamakura furnishes the best type—were erected. Afterward the Japanese idea of a supreme divinity was personified in the fantastic image of Amida, who is represented under nine different forms, symbolizing his incarnation and his essential perfections—one of the latter being expressed in the emblem of a dog’s head. Among the auxiliary gods who serve as mediators between men and the supreme Being, the favor of the Japanese people is principally bestowed upon Kuanon, who possesses the most frequented



temple in Yedo, and in Kioto the famous temple of the Thirty-three Thousand Three Hundred and Thirty-three Genii. This divinity rests on a lotus-flower, the left leg doubled under the body ; the head is covered with a veil which falls on the shoulders. The idol has no less than forty-six arms, bearing all sorts of attributes which attest his power.”

## CHAPTER X.

### THE HIGHWAY TO YEDO

THE Tokaido, or great highway of Japan, passes near Yokohama, and strikes the coast at Kanagawa, on the opposite side of the harbor. "We crossed to Kanagawa," says M. Humbert, "where our horses awaited us. The highway was filled with two interminable files of travellers, on foot, on horseback, in palanquins, and Kakgos; those going to the capital taking like us the right side of the road, and those returning from it taking the left.

"A halt was made at the tea-house of Maneia, all open; both the main building and the wings, to a crowd of comers and goers. The matting was entirely hidden by the groups of picturesque feasters; the rear wall was taken up with furnaces, steaming boilers, shelves of utensils, and provisions; rapid waiters circulated on all sides, distributing with grace the lacquered plates laden with tea, cups of saké, fried fish, cakes, and the fruits of the season. Before the door, seated on the broad and short benches of the inn, mechanics and coolies refreshed themselves with fans, and women lighted their pipes at the common brazier. All at once a movement of horror takes place among the guests and the waiters; a detachment of police officers, escorting a criminal, arrive to

take refreshments. With all haste the two-sworded gentlemen are supplied with boiling tea, or tepid saké, while the coolies who carry the prisoner in a basket of woven bamboo without any apparent opening, deposit their burden on the ground, and with a long piece of crape begin to dry the sweat which trickles down their shoulder-blades. As to the prisoner, who may be espied doubled up within, with haggard eye, and unkempt beard and hair, he will be shut up and tortured in the prisons of Yedo, to answer for the crimes of which he is accused in a placard suspended from the basket.

“At about twelve miles from Kanagawa, the pleasant suburb of Kawasaki [River Point] extends along the right bank of the Rokugo to the long bars formed by the deposits of this muddy stream. They may be distinguished in the bay for a long distance, as a line of demarkation between the anchorage of Kanagawa and that of Yedo. Kawasaki has several temples, among which that of Dai Shi Sama seems to me to be one of the purest specimens of Buddhist architecture in Japan. [Its full name means Hall of the Pestilence-averting Great Teacher.] I have heard different accounts of the worship to which it is consecrated; among others a marvellous legend concerning the saint who is the special object of veneration. He attained the virtue of contemplation to such a degree that he did not perceive that a charcoal fire, in a pan before him, had destroyed his hands while he was abstracted in his devotions.

“The passage of the Rokugo was effected in the large flat boats which are freighted, pell-mell, with

travellers and horses. Our guards awaited us on the opposite shore. After the usual indispensable compliments, each one mounted his horse, and we set out at a rapid trot, in a complete confusion, which, nevertheless, gradually gave way to a regular order of march.

“Although the Tokaido, in general, does not fall below any of the great roads of Europe, and has the advantage, throughout its whole extent, of being bordered with sidewalks shaded by avenues of splendid trees, it is most neglected in the neighborhood of Yedo. A day of rain converts into pools of mud the streets of the numerous villages which are traversed after leaving Kanagawa. In this respect, as in many others, the Japanese manifest at the same time a very remarkable intelligence in the works of civilization, and, when they come to apply it, a careless disregard of details none the less remarkable.

“At last we reach the limits of the municipality of Yedo. A short halt at the door of one of the numerous tea-houses of the village of Omori introduces us to a gay society of good citizens of the capital, accompanied by their wives and children. Except the costume, it is a repetition of one of our own suburban scenes. Other groups, not less noisy, besiege a great storehouse of articles made of rushes, straw, and bamboo, which is announced afar off by a confused symphony of flageolets, trumpets, and Pan’s pipes, given to childish amateurs for trial. An infinite variety of children’s toys, fancy hats, animals made of plaited straw, painted and varnished, are displayed. We see among them the bear of Yezo,

the monkey of Hondo, the domesticated buffalo, and the centenary turtle, trailing after him the tufts of marine herbs which grow upon his shell.

“ But time presses, and the sight of the anchorage, covered with white sails, excites our impatience. Soon we skirt the shore of the bay. The highway rests on strong foundations of sunken stones ; but the waves which formerly broke upon them, now die among the reeds and sea-weed. On our left extends a grove of pine and cypress, above which flocks of ravens are wheeling, and our guides point out to us a distant clearing as the place for capital executions, at least for the southern part of the city, there being a second for the northern part. Nothing can equal the gloomy aspect of these places. Even if one is fortunate enough to avoid seeing the exposed heads or the bodies abandoned to dogs and birds, one cannot perceive without horror the recent earth which covers the remains of the victims ; the pillar of granite with some unknown dismal inscription ; the plank shed which serves as a shelter for the officers who are present at the execution ; and, towering over all, the gigantic statue of Buddha, sad symbol of implacable expiation and unconsolated death.

“ After passing this spot, we enter that suburb of Yedo which has the worst fame—Shinagawa, which commences two miles to the southward of the city proper, with which it unites at the gate of the Takanawa quarter. The Japanese Government has adopted the strict rule that foreigners who come to Yedo, or who reside in that city, shall not pass through Shinagawa except by daylight and under a

strong escort. It is not because the permanent population of the suburb is not entirely inoffensive ; for it is chiefly composed of boatmen, fishers, and laborers. But these latter inhabit the cabins along the strand, while both sides of the Tokaido are bordered, without interruption, with the very worst kind of tea-houses. You find there the same scum of society as in the great cities of Europe and America, and besides, a very dangerous class of men, vagabonds, peculiar to Japan. These are the ronins, or wave-men, unemployed officers belonging to the caste of the Samurai, who have therefore the privilege of carrying two sabres. Some are the sons of good families, who have been turned out of their homes by their dissipated lives ; others have lost by bad conduct their former places in the service of the Tycoon or in the military household of some daimio ; and others, again, have been discharged by some chief who has been forced to reduce his expenses by diminishing the number of his suite.

“The ronin, deprived of the pay upon which he lives, and knowing nothing beyond the trade of arms, has generally no other resource, while awaiting a new service, than to betake himself to the retreats of vice, and perform some ignoble office or other in return for the hospitality. The custom which he attracts adds new elements of danger to those with which the suburb abounds. He establishes an organization, even a sort of discipline, in the midst of disorder and crime. There are chiefs of ronins whom bands of miserable wretches follow with a blind obedience. To such the mysterious agents who offer themselves

to be the instruments of vengeance for family or political hate, among the Japanese nobility, address themselves in carrying out their bloody plans. Like certain streets in the neighborhood of the Tower of London, the suburb of Shinagawa is abandoned by the police during the greater part of the night. Even the women sally out upon the Tokaido, and assail the belated travellers, in order to force them into the houses where they serve. The ronins are so entirely conscious of the abject condition in which they live, that when they issue from their lairs, they usually take the precaution of concealing the face under a large hat with depressed brim, or by means of a piece of crape in which they envelop the head, so that nothing but the eyes can be seen. In the immediate neighborhood of this class, on the higher parts of the Takanawa quarter, the Japanese Government has established the foreign legations."

## CHAPTER XI.

### LIFE IN YEDO

“**A**CCORDING to a Japanese proverb,” says M. Humbert, “one must live in Yedo in order to be happy.

“If this be true, happiness is not easily attained by Europeans living in Japan. At the time of my visit, only the diplomatic agents enjoyed the right of residing in the capital of the Tycoon; and two or three years’ experience of the conditions attached to the exercise of this privilege had led all of them to decide to transfer their real domiciles to Yokohama. They gave the impression of having been treated at Yedo very much like prisoners of distinction, free to go and come within a certain radius, and watched by day and by night with the most unwearied solicitude. Nevertheless, in spite of the annoyances of this repellant policy of the Japanese authorities, it must be remarked in its favor that its effect was to excite the spirit of investigation to the highest point, by adding the attraction of mystery, the spur of difficulties to be overcome, to the interest of the field of study.

“The southern part of the city, in which the foreign legations are established, contains eight wards, occupying all the space comprised between the suburb of Shinagawa on the south, the bay on the east, the



outer moat of the Tycoon's castle on the north, and the fields of the province of Musashi, on the west. All these southern quarters of Yedo are essentially plebeian. They even contain a large agricultural population, occupied with the cultivation of kitchen-gardens, rice-fields, and all the arable lands which the habitations have not yet covered. The latter are a multitude of miserable dwellings, tenanted by fishers, laborers, mechanics, retail merchants, officers of the lowest rank, and the proprietors of the commonest eating-houses.

"A few seigniorial residences interrupt the uniformity of the wooden buildings by the monotonous lines of their long, whitewashed walls. The temples and dwellings of the bonzes are scattered everywhere, except in the two bay-quarters; Takanawa, alone, has more than thirty of them. But the devotional spirit must have emigrated to the northern part of the city; for the Government has conveniently selected all the buildings necessary for the reception of embassies and the residence of foreign legations, from among the temples of the southern quarter.

"Since 1858, the embassies which the Tycoon has received have generally reached his capital by sea. One must not suppose, however, that such an event is marked by discharges of artillery, or any other imposing features; if the foreign representatives desired the like, it is doubtful whether they could succeed. They are forced to pass from one deception to another.

"In the first place, the voyage from Yokohama to Yedo suffices to banish all preconceived ideas of the

approach to a sea-port which has merely two millions of inhabitants. The distance is about fifteen nautical miles. One would expect to pass through an uninterrupted fleet of junks going to, or coming from, the great city, on its only maritime highway ; but there is no such fleet. After leaving the anchorage at Kanagawa, the bay is almost deserted, and even the fishing-boats do not appear until after passing the sand-bars of Kawasaki. In Japan there is almost a complete absence of commerce by sea. A few junks are engaged in the coasting trade in the Bay of Yedo, but they scarcely pass the limits of the first line of customs: they stop at Uraga, whence their cargoes are sent to the capital on pack-horses. The Tokaido and other highroads of secondary importance, are the main arteries which supply Yedo, and they appear all the more animated from their contrast with the abandoned watery ways.

“No unvalled city presents a more inhospitable appearance than Yedo, when seen from the bay. It resembles an immense park, the entrance to which is prohibited. The richly wooded hills are dotted with *châteaux* and old temples with enormous roofs; at their feet extend long streets of wooden houses and some buildings with white walls; but along the whole great extent of the are of shore, from Shinagawa to the landing-place, nothing can be distinguished which answers to our notions of quays, port, or embarkation. Everywhere there are walls, boarded inclosures, palisades; no jetties, steps, or anything whatever which seems to invite a landing. Even the place of entrance to the city is concealed behind a

palisade of large piles, and consists only of a few old planks laid on supports, and connecting with a terrace in front of the custom-house.

“Here the officials of the Japanese Government welcome the representatives of foreign nations, and beg them to accept the services of the guard of honor which the Tycoon has appointed for their protection. These formalities over, the principal personages of the two nations mount their horses or palanquins, and the procession, properly organized, issues from its prison by the gate opening on the Tokaido. After marching for fifteen or twenty minutes between two crowds of the curious of both sexes, gathered from the shops, the tea-houses, and the baths of the neighborhood, in a *négligé* which is doubtless very picturesque, but which does not add to the dignity of the spectacle, the hills of Takanawa are ascended, the procession enters the solitary alleys of this cloistered region, and soon reaches the threshold of the other privileged prison which bears the name of ‘Legation.’

“The structures of the temples of Joöji, seat of the Dutch Legation, had been put at my disposal by the representative of Holland in Japan. As they were then unoccupied, they served as a residence to the members of the Swiss Legation, not only for excursions to the capital, but also for a prolonged sojourn there. If the peace of His Tyconal Majesty’s Government had not been so gravely troubled thereby, I should have willingly passed several of the summer months in the Joöji. The little deserted temple is surrounded, on all sides, with other

sacred places which are almost equally solitary, and there the quiet of the country may be enjoyed, in proximity to the animation of the great streets of the city.

“The principal façade of the formerly sacred buildings is half concealed behind clumps of ever-green trees. On approaching the portico, I found it occupied by a group of Japanese officers. One of them saluted me in Dutch, announcing that he had been charged by his Government to offer me his services as interpreter; he then presented to me the captain of the guard, who, he informed me, was one of the aides-de-camp of the Tycoon. The latter had established himself in one of the ancient sanctuaries opening on the portico, and declared that he should pass his nights there.

“At one of the extremities of the mass of buildings, we established the kitchen and a little studio for the use of the skilful photographer Beato, who had recently arrived in Yokohama from India and China; and we reserved a long gallery for the exposition of such objects of art and industry as might be brought to us for examination. The other extremity, which formed a semicircular inclosure in the rear of the temple, contained three adjoining rooms: the *salon*, my bed-room, and the dining-room, all three surrounded by an open gallery. This was the quietest and most agreeable portion of the *bon-zerie*. A pond bordered with iris and water-lilies, occupied the centre of the inclosure; it was fed by a spring which issued from a neighboring grotto, draped with climbing plants. Beside this grotto, in



COOK RETURNING FROM MARKET.



a niche surrounded with foliage, there was an ancient idol of sandstone, with its own little altar still remaining. A rustic bridge across the brook led to a path which wound among the trees and the rocks up to the highest palisades of the inclosure. There, under a shelter of pines and laurels, was a rock-hewn place of rest, whence the eye overlooked the gardens and buildings of the Joōji, and the forts and anchorage in the distance.

“At the hour of sunset, this little picture was full of beauty. The sky and the bay were enlivened by the richest colors; the foliage of the hills gleamed in a sudden illumination, and the pond below was tinted with purple. Then the shadows invaded the verdant inclosure, and by degrees mounted to the summits of the trees which surrounded it. The birds from the strand came in great numbers to roost there. Soon the tufted tops of the foliage were darkly cut against the silvery sky, and the pond reflected, like a mirror, the trembling rays of the stars.

“Then the night-guard began to visit, in silence, all the hidden nooks and corners of the place. A sentinel, furnished with a lantern of colored paper, was posted at intervals. The Japanese guards squatted down quietly, with these lanterns at their feet. One was at the angle of the portico of the *salon*; another at the resting-place on the height; a third, near the bridge over the brook; others, again, behind the temple, at the door of my bed-room, and near the dining-room. The patrols were promptly made. When they approached, the sentinels rose

and cried '*Daréda ?*' The reply was the pass-word for the night. The captain of the guard gave it to me regularly in writing, in Japanese and Dutch.

"The spectacle of this military array followed me even to my bed. Across the paper screens of my rooms I could see the lanterns of the sentinels shining in the garden and on the portico ; and that which ought to have given me the highest sense of security was, that no obstacle intervened between my guards and myself, for all our doors were movable and quite free of locks. With the exception of the Joöji, I cannot speak, from experience, of the interiors of the foreign legations. At the time of my visit they were closed, the members of the diplomatic corps having retired to Yokohama. I have reason to believe that, with some slight variations, they offer to their hosts conditions of life very analogous to those which I have here outlined.

"The most ancient of the foreign residences at Yedo is that of Akabané, situated in the quarter of that name. The Japanese Government designed it, in 1858, for a caravanserai of all ambassadors. They were there furnished with quarters, without furniture, or any other comforts than matting and the native screens. One after the other, M. Donker-Curtius (Holland), Admiral Poutiatine (Russia), Baron Gros (France), and Count Enlenburg (Prussia), lodged there. Since 1861, however, the Akabané has not been occupied. The American Legation occupies the sanctuary of Jempukuji, in the vicinity. When I visited it, there remained only the temple, the belfry, and some outhouses ; all the rest of the



structures had been levelled to the earth by a fire, accompanied with works of demolition and salvage, the efficacy of which I could appreciate from the circumstance that the books saved from the flames had been thrown into the tank for preservation !

“The Tozenji, the seat of the British Legation, is the most beautiful and spacious of all the foreign residences. This ancient sanctuary, the property of Prince Sendai, was put at the disposition of Lord Elgin, by the Government of the Tycoon, in 1858. It is more than half a mile to the southward of the Joōji, and is bordered by hills, adorned with avenues and groves, where the bamboo, the palm, the azalea, the weeping-willow, and the chestnut, are grouped with pines from fifty to one hundred feet in height. But there is scarcely a nook of this charming residence which does not recall some gloomy memory. The foot of the flag-staff has been dyed by the blood of the Japanese interpreter Denkichichi ; the steps of the portico, the courtyard, the temple, the first story of the legation, became, in the nocturnal attack of July 5, 1861, the scene of a frightful struggle, which left five dead and eighteen wounded on the field ; and finally, on the veranda, toward the garden, a year later, two English marines fell, after having mortally wounded one of their assassins.

“The diplomatic agents of the powers which have concluded treaties with Japan have not remained inactive, one may well believe, in view of the situation thus created for them in Yedo. After maturely deliberating upon the course which they should take, they exacted and obtained from the Tycoon the concession

of a locality where it would be possible to unite the forces of all the legations, to put them in a state of defence, and secure their communications with the vessels of war at the anchorage.

“There was then, at the southern extremity of the quarter of Takanawa, a very spacious public garden called Goten-yama, on a cluster of hills commanding the Tokaido, the anchorage, and the battery of Odaiba. It was agreed that this place offered all the desirable advantages, and, without further delay, the axe was laid to the orchards of blossoming peach-trees and the groves of cedars, where the citizens of Yedo were wont to come with their families to contemplate the view of the bay, to take their tea, drink their *saké*, and enjoy the musical or saltatory performances of the beauties of the neighborhood. When all had been well destroyed, graded, levelled ; when the new Britannic Legation, displaying its imposing façade, its elegant galleries, and its immense roofs, had given to the nobles and peasants of Yedo a foretaste of the magnificence which the future quarter of the Ministers of the West promised to their city, all at once, on a fine winter night, the anchorage was made splendid by an immense bonfire kindled on the Goten-yama. As soon as it had been completed, the first European palace erected in the capital of the Tycoon burned from top to bottom. The others remain, either as foundations only or as plans on paper, and the representatives of the powers friendly to Japan still reside at Yokohama.”

## CHAPTER XII.

### WALKS IN YEDO

“**T**HROUGH the southern suburbs, which stretched toward the country to the southwest of our residence, we discovered but one respectable and well-kept road, that which led to the principal temple of Méguro. Nearly all the Europeans who have lived in Yedo know Méguro, as this antique sanctuary and the graceful tea-houses around it are vulgarly called. A little beyond, a hill cut into the shape of Fuji-yama attracts, at certain seasons of the year, especially at the time when the orchards blossom, a crowd of native promenaders, belonging to the lower classes of Yedo society.

“The dwellings of the *petite noblesse*, that is, the subalterns in the Tycoon’s service, are scattered in great numbers through the district, and there are also two race-courses for the exercises of the officers in horsemanship. In this neighborhood, however, we found neither palaces nor large temples. Two other adjoining quarters exhibited a few rustic dwellings of the bonzes, and some ancient monuments shaded by great cedar-trees ; but we were impatient to discover the most interesting parts of the city, and finally determined to examine the northern districts. After having carefully traced out a route on the excellent

Japanese map of Yedo, we announced to our guards, one fine day, that we were going to make an excursion on foot in the direction of the Castle.

“This information did not especially please them; for, greatly as they delight in escorting their foreign hosts on horseback, and in trotting with them rapidly through the long streets of the capital, it is equally disagreeable to them to take part in pedestrian excursions during which their vigilance is constantly racked by the curiosity of the Occidentals.

“Two of the officials of the legation, who had gained the good graces of the principal officers of the guard, hit upon the idea of furnishing them with a subject of distraction, for the route. They persuaded them to profit by the occasion, and learn to keep step in walking. All the guards, one after the other, set themselves to work to follow conscientiously the recommendation and example of their instructors. The citizens of Yedo stopped to observe the unusual movement, and even the officers could not refrain from occasionally looking down and watching their feet. Sometimes, even, delicately lifting their broad silk petticoat-pantaloons, they presented a superb array of naked calves, blue cotton socks, and straw sandals.

“As our march was further prolonged, their head-dresses, also, suffered an ingenious modification. The guards took off their heavy lacquered hats, and suspended them at their girdles like bucklers; after which, seizing a fan, which they always carry behind the neck, under the collar of their jacket, they converted it into a visor by thrusting the end under the

knob of hair which surmounts their shaven foreheads. The tableau would not be complete, if I did not add that we ourselves, in regard to costume, were very nearly in harmony with our surroundings. Yedo is perhaps the only city of the world where the European succeeds in liberating himself from the despotism of fashion. It is impossible to resist the example of such an immense population, which, except at court and during solemn festivals, knows no other rule in relation to garments but that of dressing as one pleases and undressing at will, leaving to one's neighbor the fullest liberty of doing the same thing.

“Thus the appearance of our party, which would have occasioned a mob in any densely populated part of Europe, did not cause the least sensation in the capital of the Tycoon. People looked at us, of course, with a very legitimate curiosity ; but fingers were only occasionally pointed at our cigars, or at the revolvers in our belts.

“From morning until night the low streets and quays of Takanawa are crowded with people. The stable population of the quarter seemed to me to have no other industry except to raise, in one manner or another, a light tribute from those arriving and departing. Here tobacco is cut and sold ; there, rice is hulled and made into biscuits ; everywhere saké is sold, tea, dried fish, water-melons, an infinite variety of cheap fruits and other comestibles spread on tables in the open air, or under sheds, and on the shelves of innumerable restaurants. In all directions coolies, boatmen, and bearers of cargoes offer their services. In some lateral streets stalls may be hired

for pack-horses, and stables for the buffaloes which bring to market the products of the surrounding country. They are harnessed to small rustic carts, the only wheeled vehicles which one meets in Yedo.

“The singers, the dancers, the wandering jugglers who come to try their success in the capital, make their first appearance at the doors of the tea-houses of Takanawa. Among the singers there are those who form a privileged class, but subjected to a certain supervision by the police. They may be known by their large, flat hats, thrown back from the temples; they always go in pairs, or in fours when two dancers accompany the two singers.

“In the deafening sounds of all these diversions in the spaces filled by the public, there was frequently mixed the noise of the cymbals and bells of the mendicant brotherhood. I saw, for the first time, some whose heads were not tonsured, and inquired what the order was to which they belonged. Our interpreter answered that they were laymen, simple citizens of Yedo, making a business of devotion. Although they were all similarly clad in white, in token of mourning or penitence, those who carried a bell, a long stick, some books in a basket, and wore a large white hat with a picture of Fuji-yama on the side, were returning from a pilgrimage to the holy mountain, made by public charity; while the others, with a cymbal at the girdle, an immense black and yellow hat, and a heavy box on the back, were probably small ruined merchants who had become colporteurs and exhibitors of idols in the pay of some monastery.

“On the heights above the landing-place, a long street leaves the Tokaido, cuts obliquely through the chain of hills where the legations are situated, and traverses in a straight line, from south to north, the northern part of Takanawa. We followed this street to the end, and passed, successively, through three very distinct zones of the social life of Yedo. The first, with its motley crowd of people living in the open air, I have already described.

“Behind our monastic hills we found a population entirely sedentary, occupied, within their dwellings, in various manual labors. The work-shops were announced, at a distance, by significant signs—sometimes a board cut in the form of a sandal, sometimes an enormous umbrella of waxed paper, spread open like an awning over the shop; or a quantity of straw hats of all sizes, dangling from the peak of the roof down to the door.

“Little by little the road which we are following becomes deserted. We enter the vast solitude of a collection of seignorial residences. On our right extend the magnificent shades of the park of the Prince of Satsuma; on our left the wall of inclosure of a palace of the Prince of Arima. When we had turned the northwestern angle of this wall, we found ourselves before the principal front of the building, opposite to which there was a plantation of trees, bathed by the waters of a limpid river which separates the quarter of Takanawa from that of Atakosta.

“Mr. Beato set to work to procure a photograph of this peaceful picture, when two officers of the prince hastily approached him, and insisted that he should

desist from the operation. M. Metman begged them to go first and ascertain the commands of their master. The officers went to deliver the message; returning in a few minutes, they declared that the prince absolutely refused to permit that any view whatever of his palace should be taken. Beato bowed respectfully, and ordered the porters to carry away the instrument. The officers withdrew, satisfied, without suspecting that the artist had had time to take two negatives during their brief absence.

“The guards of our escort, impassive witnesses of the scene, were unanimous in applauding the success of the stratagem. But when the artist announced his intention of also taking, in the neighborhood, a photograph of the cemetery of the Tycoons, it became their turn to oppose a resistance to the plan, which no arguments could bend. We were even obliged to give up the idea of entering the sepulchral grounds, although we could very distinctly see the high red pagoda and the sombre clumps of cypress.”

From the top of Atago-yama to which they rode, and up the steps to which they climbed, they had a grand view of the whole city. The young waitresses attached to the place hastened to serve the travellers with refreshments, and they took a moment's rest before visiting the pavilions, which at the two extremities of the terrace rose freely against the sky.

“At last the moment comes when the whole city is revealed to the view. We will begin with the southern pavilion: at first the eyes are dazzled with the extent and brilliancy of the picture. The sun sinks to the horizon in a cloudless sky; the trans-



parency of the atmosphere allows us to distinguish the forts on the luminous surface of the bay. But over all the space extending from the anchorage to the foot of the hill upon which we stand, the vision knows not where to linger : there is a veritable ocean of long streets, of white walls, and gray roofs. Nothing interrupts the monotony of the panorama, except, here and there, the dark foliage of clumps of trees, or some temple, the gable of which towers like a wave over the undulating lines of the dwellings. In the nearer neighborhood, a broad cavity drawn across the streets, as if a hurricane had passed that way, marks the course of a recent conflagration, and, still farther off, the sombre mass of the hills consecrated to the sepulchres of the Tycoons presents the appearance of a solitary island rising out of a raging sea.

“The panorama furnished by the northern pavilion is still more uniform, if possible. It embraces the quarters specially inhabited by the nobility, and the ramparts and leafy parks of the Imperial Castle bound the view on the horizon. The daimios’ yashikis, or seignorial residences, to which we improperly give the name of palaces, only differ from each other in their extent and dimensions. The most opulent and the most modest present the same type of architecture, the same simple character. The external circuit consists of ranges of buildings reserved for the servants and men-at-arms of the prince ; they are but a single story in height, and form a long square which is always surrounded by a ditch. A single roof covers them all, with no other break in it than the front of a portal, generally inserted in the centre

of one of the sides of the parallelogram. There is not often any other exit through the outer wall than through this portal. The windows in the buildings are very numerous, low and broad, regularly set in two parallel rows, and usually closed with wooden gratings.

“In the interior, a number, more or less considerable, of low houses, divided into regular compartments, like the barracks of the guards at Benten, are arranged diagonally all around, or, at least, along the longer sides of the inclosing buildings. Here the seigniorial troops encamp. An open space leads to the inner inclosure, which is the residence proper. The dependencies of the palace face the military quarter. The principal parts of the dwelling and the veranda open upon an interior court and the garden, which has always a pond surrounded with fresh foliage. Such is the silent, inviolate asylum, where the haughty daimio withdraws in the bosom of his family during the six months of the year which the laws of the Empire oblige him to spend at the capital.

“The panorama from Atago-yama only disclosed to us about one-fourth part of the great capital. Toward the north, our view was obstructed by the walls surrounding the castle of the Tycoon. We therefore resolved to devote another day to the quarters in that direction, which form, with the castle itself, the central part of Yedo. The walls appeared to us as two concentric circles, drawn by the blue lines of broad canals, communicating with each other and with the bay by means of numerous arms. We carried out the plan in a walk of four hours, during which there

unfolded before our steps, like the windings of a mysterious labyrinth of stone, the ramparts, the towers, and the palaces within which the power of the Tycoons has found a shelter for more than two hundred years.

“It is an imposing spectacle, but it leaves a chilly impression on the mind. The political order of things instituted in Japan by the usurper Iyéyas vaguely recalls the régime of the Venetian Republic under the rule of the Council of Ten. If it has not the same grandeur, it possesses at least the same terrors—the sombre majesty of the Chief of State, the impenetrable mystery of his government, the concealed and continuous action of a system of espionage officially arranged in all branches of the administration, and drawing after it, in the shadow, proscriptions, assassinations, secret executions.

“But we must not further extend the comparison with Venice. In Yedo one seeks in vain, over all the vast extent of the glacis of the castle, some monument which deserves to be mentioned beside the marvellous edifices of the Place of San Marco or the Riva dei Schiavoni. Artistic taste is completely wanting at the court of the Tycoons. It is left to the people, with poetry, religion, social life, with all superfluous things which only embarrass the movement of the political machine. From one end to the other of the administrative hierarchy, each official being flanked by a secretly appointed controller, the talents of the employés are exhausted in learning how to do nothing, and say nothing, which might furnish material for damaging reports. As to their private

life, it is concealed, like that of the Japanese nobles, behind the walls of their domestic fortresses. While the streets inhabited by the common people, with all their dwellings open to the public view, are constantly animated with crowds of comers and goers of all ages and both sexes, in the aristocratic quarters one sees neither women nor children, unless in glimpses, through the grating of the windows, in the houses of the retainers.

“There are thus in Yedo two coexisting forms of society, one of which, armed and endowed with privileges, lives as if imprisoned in a vast citadel; and the other, disarmed, subject to the domination of the former, apparently enjoys all the advantages of liberty. But in reality a rod of iron is laid upon the people of Yedo. Out of five heads of families, one is always established by the Government as an authority over the other four. The iniquitous laws punish a whole family, a district even, for the crime of one of the members. Neither the property nor the lives of the citizens are guarded by any legal protection. The extortions and the brutal acts of the two-sworded class remain, for the most part, unpunished. But the burgher turns for compensation to the charms which his good city offers him. If the rule of the Tycoons sometimes appears hard to him, he remembers that the Mikados have not always been good-natured—that one of them, in ancient times, loved to display his skill as an archer in bringing down with his shafts the peasants whom he forced to climb trees as game.

“In countries fashioned by despotism it is an embarrassing thing for the poor people to ascertain the

proper limits of their patience. In a republic they become exacting, because the government opens to them the prospect of a continuous social amelioration, because every republican government falls short of the task imposed upon it by its own nature. But under the rule of individual will, on the contrary, the despot gets credit for not doing all the evil in his power. A Japanese emperor, who was born under the constellation of the Dog, ordered that all dogs should be respected as sacred animals, that they must not be killed, and must receive honorable sepulture when they died. A subject, whose dog had died, set to work to bury the body properly upon one of the sepulchral mounds. While on the way, and weary with the weight of the dead dog, he ventured to say to a neighbor that the Emperor's order seemed ridiculous to him. 'Beware how you complain,' the neighbor replied; 'our Emperor might just as well have been born under the sign of the Horse.'

"The great line of defence of the castle is surrounded with water, except on the western side, where it communicates with the adjoining quarter of the city by the parade-ground belonging to the Tycoon. Ten arched wooden bridges are thrown across the broad moats; a strong detachment of the Tycoon's troops occupied the guard-house attached to the one which we crossed. The common soldiers are mountaineers of Hakoné, who are allowed to return to their homes after a service of two or three years. Their uniform of blue cotton consists of close-fitting pantaloons, and a shirt something like that of the Garibaldians. They wear cotton socks and leathern

sandals, and a large sabre with a lacquered scabbard is thrust through the girdle. The cartridge-box and bayonet are worn suspended on the right side. A pointed hat of lacquered paper completes their accoutrement, but they only put it on when mounting guard, or in going to drill.

“As to the muskets used in the Japanese army, although they all have percussion locks, they vary in calibre and construction. I saw four different kinds in the workshop of the barracks of Benten, where a samurai introduced me. He showed me a Dutch model, then an arm of an inferior quality, from a workshop in Yedo, then an American musket, and finally a Minié rifle, the use of which a young officer was then teaching to a squad of soldiers in the courtyard. I noticed that the latter gave the words of command in Dutch. He held a ramrod in his right hand, and the grace of his movements, as well as the sweetness of his voice, made him resemble, at a little distance, a dancing-master directing the steps of his pupils with a fiddle-bow.

“Notwithstanding their prompt intelligence of the great progress in the art of war realized by the Western nations, the Japanese have not yet been able to abolish the heavy military apparel of their feudal times. The helmet, the coat of mail, the halberd, the two-handed sword are still employed in their reviews and grand manœuvres. Bodies of archers still flank infantry columns equipped in the European manner, and chevaliers worthy of the times of the Crusades make their appearance in the dust of artillery trains.

“All the young officers are daily exercised, from an early age, in face-to-face combats, with the lance and two-handed sword, the rapier, and the knife. The quarter which we traversed possessed two race-courses and several buildings destined for exercise in equitation and fencing. We saw the masters passing, accompanied by their pupils and followed by servants who bore lances and sabres of wood, as well as gloves, masks, and breast-plates, such as are used in the fencing-halls of the German universities. The joust-ers, still hot from their encounters, had thrown their silk mantles over one shoulder, and opened their close jackets upon the breast. Thus relieved, they walked along at their ease, silent and dignified, as is the manner of gentlemen.

“I was several times present at the fencing-matches of the samurái. The champions salute each other before the attack; sometimes he who is on the defensive drops one knee upon the earth, in order the better to cross weapons and parry with more force the blows of his adversary. Each pass is accompanied with theatrical poses and expressive gestures; each blow provokes passionate exclamations from one or the other; then the judges intervene and emphatically pronounce their verdict, until finally a cup of tea appears as the interlude. There is even a variety of fencing for the Japanese ladies. Their arm is a lance with a curved blade, something like that of the Polish scythemen. They hold it with the point directed toward the earth, and wield it according to rule in a series of attitudes, poses, and cadenced movements, which would furnish charming subjects

for a ballet. I was not allowed to see much of this graceful display, which I happened to get sight of in passing before a half-open courtyard. My guards closed the gate, assuring me that the customs of the country do not allow witnesses to see these feminine feats of arms.

“In their weapons the Japanese nobles exhibit the greatest luxury, and take the most pride. Especially their sabres, the temper of which is unrivalled, are generally enriched, at the hilt and on the scabbard, with metal ornaments, graven and cut with great skill. But the principal value of their arms consists in their antiquity and celebrity. Each sword in the old families of the daimios, has its history and traditions, the glory of which is measured by the blood which it has shed. A new sword must not long remain virgin in the hands of him who buys it; until an occasion is offered for baptizing it in human blood, the young brave who becomes its owner tries its quality on living animals, or, better still, on the corpses of criminals. When the executioner delivers to him the body, in accordance with higher authority, he fastens it to a cross, or upon trestles, in the court of his dwelling, and sets to work to cut, slash, and pierce, until he has acquired enough strength and skill to divide two bodies, one laid upon the other, at a single blow.

“We may easily imagine the aversion which these Japanese gentlemen, for whom the sabre is at once an emblem of their value and of their titles of nobility, feel for the firearms of the Western nations. The Tycoon formerly sent some of the young samu-



rai to Nagasaki, to learn the musketry drill from the Dutch officers there ; but when they returned to the capital and were distributed among the barracks in order to drill the new Japanese infantry, their former comrades cried ‘ Treason ! ’ and assailed them with arms in their hands. Nevertheless, the sabre is surely destined to become obsolete. In spite of the traditional prestige with which the privileged caste endeavors to surround it, in spite of the contempt which they affect for the military innovations of a government which they hate, the democratic weapon, the musket, is introduced into Japan, and with it, undoubtedly, a social revolution, which is already predicted in the instinctive but fruitless resistance of the representatives of the feudal spirit.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE RESIDENCE OF THE TYCOON

“BY following the road which skirts the terraces of the Regent's palace, we finally reach a plateau on the northeastern side of the castle, the most elevated point being nearly on a level with the top of the interior glacis of the latter. The residence of the Tycoon appears to us to be seated on the southwestern extremity of the long chain of hills and plateaus which constitute the southern, western, and northern quarters of the capital.

“The undulating outlines of Yedo, from the southern side, present the image of a vast amphitheatre, the grades of which descend toward the bay. Hollows formed by the windings of three rivers may be traced through it in the distance, the southernmost between Shinagawa and Takanawa; the second, between the latter quarter and those of Asabon and Atakosta; the nearest and most considerable between Atakosta and Sakurada, the same which fills the moats of the castle and the navigable canals of the commercial city, between the castle and the sea. Toward the east we see no summits; the city extends in a continuous plain to the great river Ogawa, beyond which the populous quarters of Honjo are gradually lost in the mists of the horizon. All that part

of Yedo to the eastward of the castle was entirely unknown to us, and, far as the view extended, we could not discover its end.

“The immensity of the Japanese capital produces a strange impression. The imagination, as well as the vision, is fatigued in hovering over that boundless agglomeration of human dwellings, all of which, great or little, are marked by the same stamp of uniformity. Each one of our old European cities has its distinctive physiognomy, strongly indicated by the monuments of different ages, and uniting to grand artistic effects the austere charm of ancient memories. But at Yedo, all things are of the same epoch, and in the same style; everything rests on a single fact, on a single political circumstance—the foundation of the dynasty of the Tycoons. Yedo is a wholly modern city, which seems to be waiting for its history and its monuments.

“Even the residence of the Tycoon, viewed from a distance, offers nothing remarkable except its dimensions, its vast circuit of terraces, supported by enormous walls of granite, its parks of magnificent shade, and its moats resembling quiet lakes, where flocks of aquatic birds freely sport in the water. That which chiefly strikes the senses, within the enclosures, is the grand scale to which everything is conformed: walls, avenues of trees, canals, portals, guard-houses, and dwellings of the retainers. The exquisite neatness of the squares and avenues, the profound silence which reigns around the buildings, the noble simplicity of these constructions of cedar upon marble basements—all combine to produce a

solemn effect, and to provoke those impressions of majesty, mystery, and fear which despotism needs in order to support its prestige.

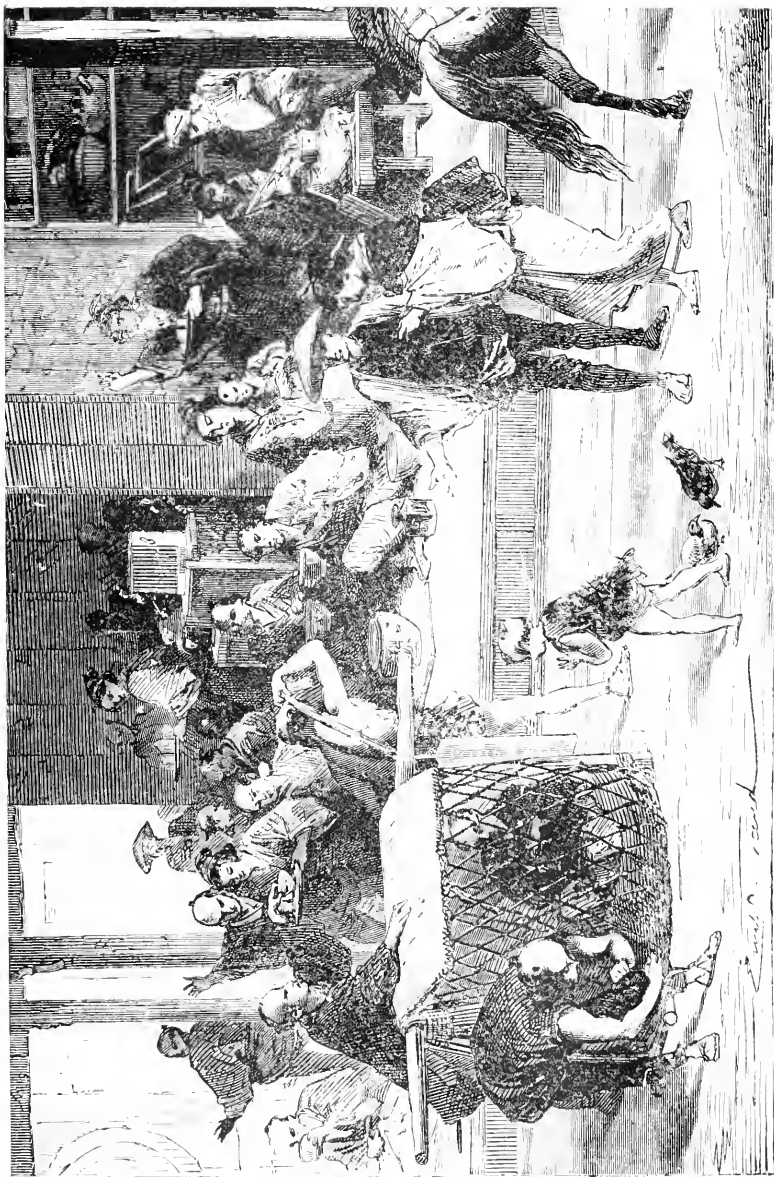
“Here, as in the Japanese temples, one cannot but admire the simplicity of the means employed by the native architects in realizing their boldest conceptions. They always borrow the most effective of their resources directly from nature. The Tycoon’s hall of audience possesses neither columns, nor statues, nor furniture of any kind. It consists of a succession of vast and very lofty chambers separated one from the other by movable screens which reach to the ceiling. They are so disposed as to give an effect of perspective, like the side-scenes of a theatre, and the end of the vista opens upon broad lawns and avenues of trees.”

Concerning the old methods of the administration of justice, which have now given way to more civilized procedures based upon the codes and methods of Christendom, M. Humbert wrote :

“We are far from being able to sound the mysteries of this Venice of the extreme East, and it must be difficult, even for the Japanese, to form a correct idea of it. But no one in Yedo is ignorant that the gloomy prisons in the Daimio-koji, the outside of which only we see, contain their torture-chambers, their dungeons, their places for secret executions.

“In Japan the simplest repression of common offences is marked with ferocity, from beginning to end ; the bloodhound of the police falls upon an accused person like a vulture on his prey. The bamboo is the necessary accompaniment of the examinations ;





PRISONER IN KAGO.

Emil. 1868

the indictment is presented at length to the prisoner, and if he does not reply as the judge desires a rain of blows falls upon his shoulders. Woe to him if he be suspected of lying, or of screening himself by denials! In such a case he is made to kneel upon pieces of hard wood, and in this position stone weights are piled upon his thighs until the blood gushes from the skin.

“In the eyes of a Japanese judge the accused is always held to be guilty. The tribunal desires victims, and the police agents are its purveyors. Twenty to thirty prisoners are brought into the hall of justice at the same time; all wear the same costume—a large mantle of blue cotton, and no other article of dress. As they are not allowed to shave or comb their hair, a few days are enough to give them the appearance of filthy creatures, for whom one would feel a sentiment of contempt or disgust. They sleep crouched upon the flag-stones with which the prison is paved; yet those who are able to pay may obtain from the jailer one or more mats and a wadded covering. Rice is their only food. The most absolute silence is imposed upon them, and this rule is only broken when one of their number has been condemned to death, and the soldiers come to carry him away. His companions are then allowed to utter, together, and with all the strength of their voices, one long, despairing cry; after which the silence becomes more horrible than ever.

“The punishments provided by the Japanese law are only imprisonment accompanied with corporeal inflictions, or death. Banishment is reserved for the

grandees of the empire, or the bonzes, who are relegated, according to their rank, to one or the other outer islands. It is said that they spend the time of their exile in weaving silk stuffs. As to imprisonment, it is never of long duration, unless before the trial. The sentence generally adds a few weeks or months, as I have seen at Yokohama, where the valet of a European was condemned to a seclusion of three months for stealing. He was shut up with other malefactors in a high cell—four whitewashed walls surmounted with a grating of heavy beams—and received daily for his nourishment a bowl of rice and a *tempo* (about three cents), in exchange for which the jailer furnished him with a little fruit or vegetables.

“The theft of a less sum than forty *bus* (about twenty dollars) is punished by branding. In place of a hot iron, the Japanese make use of a lancet, with which they effect an incision of a certain form on the left arm, and make it indelible with powder. The prisoner thrusts his arm through a hole in the wall, and a surgeon in the next room performs the operation. The branding, in the case of a hardened criminal, may be repeated twenty-four times, but the last marks are then made upon the forehead, and every branding after the third is accompanied with a flogging.

“Every culprit who falls into the hands of justice after having been marked twenty-four times, or who commits a theft of greater amount than forty *bus*, is condemned to death. Ordinarily they wait until there are three or four to be executed, and the sentences are then carried into effect in the courtyard



of the prison, with no other witnesses than the officers of justice. Each culprit is led into their presence, his eyes bandaged, and his *kimono* thrown back upon his shoulders. He is made to kneel; four assistants, two on each side, grasp his hands and feet, and his head falls at a single stroke of the executioner's sword. It is then washed and exposed with the others in one of the market-places of the city, for twenty-four hours. The body is immediately stripped and washed, and put into a straw sack, to be delivered with the others to the gentlemen who wish to practise their noble art as swordsmen.

“Only flagrant criminals, such as incendiaries and assassins, are executed in public. The former are given to the flames; the latter, where there is no aggravating circumstance, are beheaded. I might have seen in Yedo the crucifixion of two parricides, for I received one morning from Tô a paper containing an account of their crime and their approaching execution.

“He had bought it from a colporteur who was crying his copies through the streets, as in the most civilized and Christian cities.

“As in Europe, the ceremonies of public executions are said to be for the purpose of making a salutary impression on the masses. The condemned is placed on horseback, bound to a high wooden saddle, and always has a rosary suspended to his neck. At the head of the procession the officers of justice direct the attention of the people to a large placard, borne by coolies, which relates in emphatic terms the circumstances of the crime.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE CITIZENS' QUARTER

“IT was not long,” says M. Humbert, “before I received a first warning. The Government deigned to inform me that our extensive excursions through the capital might result in danger to ourselves. There was no further time to lose, for they were evidently preparing obstacles to our movements. I calculated that we had already traversed about one-third of the thirty districts into which the city is divided ; a new, and perhaps a final, field of exploration must be immediately selected from the remainder.

“It seemed to me that the greatest number of objects of interest were included within a circle having the chief bridge of the city for its central point. The latter could be speedily reached, either on horseback by the Tokaido, or in a boat, taking advantage of the tide ; and it was but a short distance further to the populous quarters of the commercial city, on the right bank of the Ogawa, or to the industrial city of Honjo, on the left bank.

“I had already made out a programme of our expeditions, when an amusing adventure occurred, which encouraged me in my plans, and at the same time showed me their true value. Two attachés of the Prussian Legation at Yokohama came to visit M. Met-

man, and as they wished to procure both the Almanac of the Mikado's Court, and the official Annual of the Tycoon's Government, the latter gentleman accompanied them to the shop of a bookseller in the city. I begged him to purchase for me at the same time, any literary curiosities or specimens of native art which might fall into his hands.

“When the gentlemen, together with their guards, were installed in the bookstore, the owner at once furnished them with the ‘Almanac of Kioto,’ which was on hand. He stated that the ‘Yedo Annual’ was also to be had, and, pushing aside a screen, entered the next room. One of the guards accompanied him; presently the two returned, the bookseller stammering out that he had no ‘Annals’ to sell. ‘Well,’ said one of the Prussian secretaries, ‘send to another shop for them; we will wait here.’ Thereupon there was a movement among the guards, consultations in the street, and prolonged absence of the bookseller. During this time the three strangers lighted their cigars, and asked an employé of the establishment to bring them boxes to sit upon, and to place before them all the illustrated works in the shop. When the owner returned, he bowed to the ground, and sighed out: ‘The “Annual” cannot be had in the neighborhood, and it is now too late to send to the castle.’

“‘What of that?’ was the reply. ‘Send your boy for it! For our part, we are going to have our dinner brought here; we shall not leave you until we have the “Annual.”’

“M. Metman thereupon wrote a note, which he

sent to the steward of the legation by one of the men of the escort. The bookseller also gave a commission to one of his employés, and the review of illustrated works was continued until the arrival of four coolies, carrying at the extremity of their bamboo poles the lacquered boxes and wicker baskets containing the dinner.

“The meal was spread upon the matting; the guards and the bookseller were invited to take part in it, but they politely declined. Nevertheless, when the sound of champagne corks began to be heard, they drew nearer, and the foaming glasses soon circulated around the shop. ‘Have you anything more to show us by way of dessert?’ asked M. Metman.

“The bookseller answered: ‘You already know the contents of my shop.’ I have nothing more to show except some drawings, sketches on detached sheets, made by two artists of Yedo, lately deceased. It is all which they have left to their families, who have given me the useless legacy for a small supply of rice. Here are still the old sheets on which they tried their pencils. If you like the sketches, take the package along with the books you have bought.’

“M. Metman called the coolies, and ordered them to fill their baskets with the dishes, the packages of books and drawings; but to leave the bottles and the remainder of the dinner for the guards and the people of the house. Then, turning to the bookseller, he said: ‘Will it be necessary, do you think, to order our mattresses and quilts, in order to pass the night here? Now is the time to send for them by the coolies.’

“A general hilarity succeeded this question ; then there were whisperings and goings to and fro, between the shop and the street, where an increasing crowd of curious spectators endeavored to find out what strange drama was being enacted. At last the owner and his employé reappeared, bearing some volumes under their arms. He bowed again, and placed in the hands of the strangers, evidently with the consent of the guards, two perfectly authentic copies of the official ‘*Annual of Yedo.*’

“I passed the night in examining the precious collection. It was composed of thirty illustrated works and a quantity of sheets, loose or sewed together. Here were old encyclopædias, enriched with plates which seemed to have issued from the German workshops of the Middle Ages ; there, albums of sketches in India ink, reproduced on wood, or collections of stories and popular scenes, illustrated with pictures in two tints, produced by a process unknown to us. Numerous paintings on silk and rice paper represented the bridges, the markets, the theatres, all the places of meeting, and all the types of the laboring classes and the burgher society of Yedo. But nothing of all these equalled in importance the posthumous work of the two poor unknown artists, for the latter revealed to me both the favorite subjects and the style of the modern school of Japanese painters. These sketches, inspired by the scenes of the streets and public gardens, were a veritable treasure for the study of the people of Yedo. These dusty and spotted bundles, wherein I found a hundred and two finished pictures and a hundred and thirty rough sketches, devoted ex-

clusively to the class which live outside of the castle, the aristocratic quarters, the barracks, and the monasteries, were a mine to be worked ! Such a collection was for me the surest guide, the most faithful interpreter which I could have consulted, before plunging into the labyrinth of streets, quays, and canals which thread the masses of the dwellings of the *bourgeoise* population, on both sides of the river.

“The district of Nippon-Bashi, or the bridge of Nippon, which is the heart of the city, contains in a space of four square kilometres, five longitudinal, and twenty-two cross-streets, cutting the former at right angles, and forming seventy-eight blocks of houses, each being almost the exact model of the other. Navigable canals surround this long parallelogram on the four sides, and fifteen bridges give it communication with the other parts of the city. Although they have a character so completely homogeneous, these quarters of the city do not leave that impression of fastidious monotony which the mansions belonging to the court or the fendal nobility rarely fail to produce. The houses of the citizens, not less than the palaces, do not vary from the type of architecture which is appropriate to them: they are simple constructions of wood, but two stories in height, the upper one bordered by a gallery looking upon the street, with a low roof covered with slate-colored tiles, and having plaster ornaments at the extremities of the ridge-pole. But if the frame be the same, the pictures which it incloses are delightful in their variety, unexpectedness, and picturesque originality.

“Here at the entrance of a street of Nippon-Bashi, there is a barber’s shop, where three citizens in the simplest apparel, come to make their morning toilette. Seated on stools, they gravely hold up with the left hand the lacquered dish which receives the spoils of the razor or scissors. The artists, on their side, relieved of everything which may restrict the freedom of their movements, bend to the right or left of their customers’ heads, which they traverse with hand or instrument, like ancient sculptors modelling caryatides.

“A few steps further, we find a shoemaker’s shop. It bristles with wooden hooks, from which hang innumerable pairs of straw sandals. The owner, squatted on his counter, reminds me of one of those native idols to which the pilgrims make offerings of shoes. Persons of both sexes stop in front of him, examine the sandals or try them on, exchange some friendly words with him, and lay the proper price at his feet without disturbing him.

“Then follow shops for the sale of sea-weed, several varieties of which are cooked and eaten by the people. There is also, in Yedo, an enormous consumption of shell-fish. Oysters are abundant and fleshy, but not very delicate; the Japanese have no other way of opening them except to break the upper shell with a stone. At Uraga a large species of oyster is dried and exported to all parts of the empire; the trade therein is said to be a royalty of the Tycoon.

“The show of the seed-stores of Yedo is very attractive. The quantity and infinite variety of the products offered, the diversity of their forms and

colors, the art with which they are arranged on the shelves, all combine to attract the attention; but we are filled with surprise and admiration on perceiving that each one of the packages already enveloped in paper, each one of the cones ready for sale, bears, with the name of the seed, a sketch in colors of the plant itself. The illustration is often a little masterpiece, which seems to have been stolen from some charming floral album. We soon discover the artist and his studio—that is, some young workman of the establishment, stretched at full length upon mats sprinkled with flowers and sheets of paper, and in this singular attitude making every touch of his brush produce the true effect.

“As we approach the central bridge of the district the crowd increases, and on both sides of the street the shops give place to popular restaurants, to pastry-shops of rice and millet, and the sale of tea and hot saké. Here we are in the neighborhood of the great fish market. The canal is covered with boats, which land fresh sea-fish and the product of the rivers, the fish of the polar currents and those of the equatorial stream, tortoises of the bay of Nippon, deformed polypi, and fantastic crustacea. Siebold counted, in this market-place, seventy different varieties of fish, crabs, and mollusks, and twenty-six kinds of mussels and other shell-fish.

“The stalls, roughly erected near the landing-place, are besieged by purveyors who come to purchase at the auctions. Amid the tumultuous throngs vigorous arms are seen lifting the heavy baskets and emptying them into the lacquered boxes of the coolies;



from time to time the crowd gives way to let two coolies pass, carrying a porpoise, a dolphin, or a shark, suspended by cords to a bamboo across their shoulders. The Japanese boil the flesh of these animals, they even salt down the blubber of whales.

“Toward the middle of the day, during the hot season, the streets of Yedo become deserted; the shores of the canals are lined with empty boats, fastened to the piles. No clamor, no noise comes up from the depths of the great city. If we still distinguish, here and there, either a traveller or a couple of pilgrims, hurrying along to reach their midday resting-place, they walk in silence, with bowed heads and eyes fatigued with the glare of the road. The rays of the sun make broad luminous zones, whereon are drawn the outlines of the shadows which fall from broad roofs upon the flag-stones of the pavements, or from centenary trees upon the turf of the gardens.

“The population of the streets and canals is withdrawn within the hostelrys or private dwellings, where, in the remote basement rooms, they enjoy the principal meal of the day, and then give two or three hours to sleep. In pursuing our route from street to street, along the shaded sidewalks, the eye looks through the openings between the screens, detects the household interiors, and catches glimpses of picturesque groups of men, women, and children, squatted around their simple dinner.

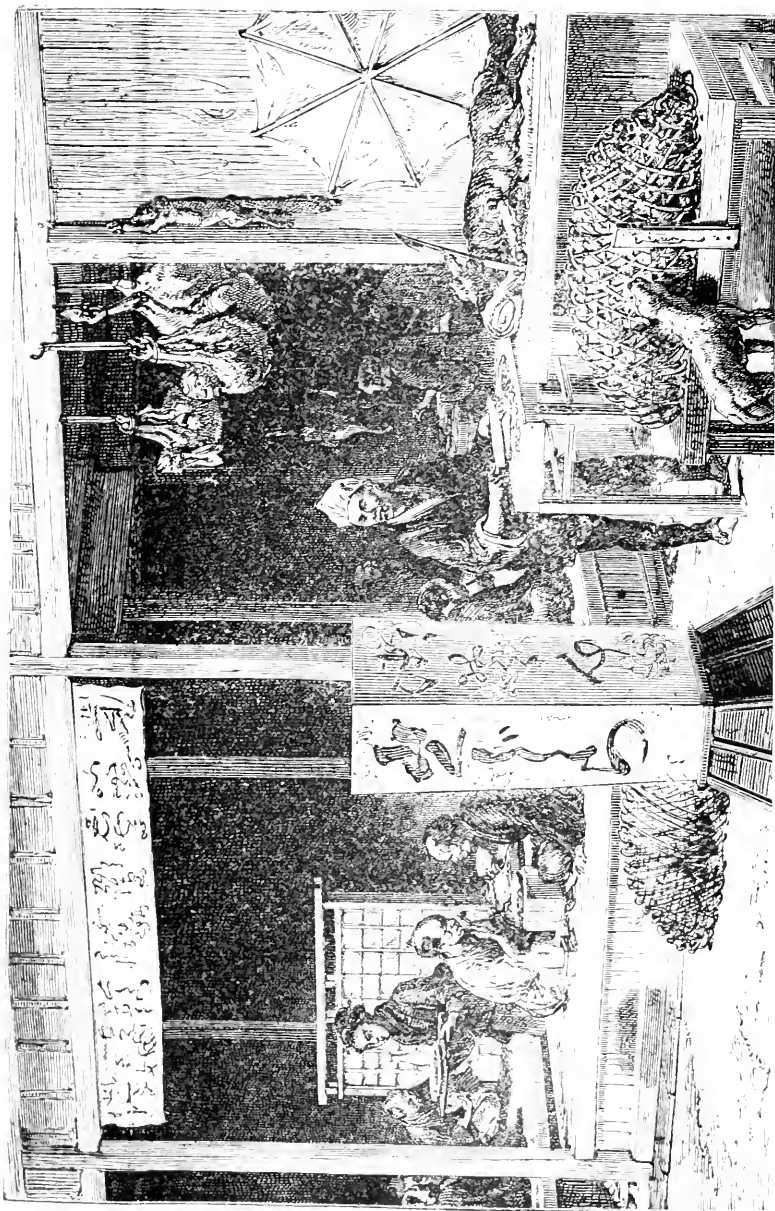
“The table-cloth, made of woven straw, is spread upon the floor matting. In the centre is placed a great bowl of lacquered wood, containing rice, which

is the basis of food with all classes of Japanese society. The usual manner of preparing it, is to place it in a small keg of very light wood, which is then dropped into a kettle of boiling water. Each guest attacks the common supply, taking as much rice as will fill and heap a large porcelain bowl, which he sets to his lips, eating without the use of chop-sticks until the supply is nearly exhausted, when he adds to the rice some pieces of fish, crabs, or fowls, taken from the dish appropriated to animal food. The meats are seasoned with sea-salt, pepper, and soy, a very pungent sauce produced by the fermentation of a variety of black beans. Soft or hard eggs, cooked vegetables, such as turnips, carrots, sweet potatoes, pickles made of sliced bamboo sprouts, and a salad made of the bulbous roots of the lotus, complete the bill of fare of an ordinary Japanese dinner.\*

“Tea and saké are necessary accompaniments, both being generally taken hot and without sugar. I have never examined the beautiful utensils of a Japanese meal—their bowls, cups, saucers, boxes, wooden plates, their porcelain urns, cups, and flagons, their tea-pots

\* In the picture of a Japanese restaurant in Yedo, on the opposite page, the proprietor advertises on the lantern in front of the store *yama-kujira*, or “mountain whale,” *i.e.*, venison. On this, Professor B. H. Chamberlain in his valuable pocket-encyclopædia, entitled “Things Japanese,” remarks: “To Buddhism was due the abandonment of a meat diet, over a thousand years ago, but pious frauds come to the rescue. . . . The logical process is this: A whale is a fish. Fish may be eaten. Therefore, if you call venison ‘mountain-whale,’ you may eat venison.” Despite the introduction of beef, mutton, and pork in Japan, since 1868, the majority of Japan, for economical or religious scruples, still abstain from a regular meat diet.

RESTAURANT IN THE OLD STYLE.





of glazed porous earthenware ; and I have never watched the guests at the table, with the grace of their movements and the dexterity of their small and elegant hands, without fancying them to be a company of large children, playing at housekeeping, and eating for amusement rather than to satisfy their appetites. The diseases resulting from excess at the table or an unwholesome diet are generally unknown ; but the immoderate use of their national drink frequently gives rise to serious disorders. I myself saw more than one case of delirium tremens.

“Notwithstanding the ease with which Yedo might be supplied with excellent water, the people are almost entirely dependent on cisterns. From this cause, and the recklessness with which they eat unripe fruit, the cholera and dysentery make great ravages among them. Their popular hygiene prescribes little except hot baths, which they take every day. This passion for cleanliness, the salubrity of their climate, the excellent character of their aliment, ought to make the Japanese the most healthy and robust people in the world. Nevertheless, there are few races more afflicted with all sorts of cutaneous affections, and certain forms of chronic and incurable disease, the cause of which cannot certainly be found in the natural conditions of their lives.

“There are a great many physicians in Japan, and especially at Yedo. Those attached to the court of the Tycoon belong to the class of small nobles, wearing two sabres, shaving the head, and possessing a rank more or less elevated, according to their official standing. The first, limited in number, comprises

the physicians attached to the house of the sovereign, who have no practice outside of the palace. The fees which they receive, in money or supplies, represent an annual income of from three to four thousand dollars. Those of the second category are the officers of health, attached to the army in time of war, who receive a salary of about two thousand dollars. When they are not in service, they occasionally practise in private families. The members of both classes are appointed by the Government.

“As there are no examinations required for the practice of medicine, each one adopts the profession at will and practises according to his own method. Some retain the routine of the native quacks; others treat their patients according to the rules of Chinese medical art; others, again, acquire a smattering of European ideas, through the Dutch. The wish of the people is to have plenty of physicians in case of need, and to be dosed according to three systems at once, rather than a single good one.

“The Japanese doctors are easily recognized by their severe air, their measured gait, and several curious peculiarities, which they appear to adopt purposely, according to their fancy. I have seen them with the head shaven like a priest, with long locks rounded at the neck, or even with a flowing beard. In this manner they acquire a general consideration among the people, and are often, especially in the houses of the aristocracy, paid rather by external forms of respect than by dollars. Such, indeed, are the conditions of life in most families, that, toward the end of the year, after having met all the indis-

pensable expenses, including family festivals, the theatre, baths, priests, and excursions of pleasure, there remains very little for the doctor. Nevertheless, the latter philosophically accepts the situation. He often exhibits a genuine disinterestedness, and a zeal in the exercise of his profession, which presume a passion for science; and it is not too much to say that the Japanese physicians will probably be among the first to contribute to the progress of civilization in their country.

“The Dutch physicians, within the past fifteen years, have successfully introduced vaccination at Nagasaki, and the use of anatomical models into the medical school at Kioto. In September, 1859, Doctor Van Meerdervort, having obtained the necessary authority from the Tycoon, assembled forty-five Japanese physicians on a promontory of the harbor of Nagasaki, and from eight in the morning until sunset, dissected the body of a culprit who had been executed. There was considerable excitement among the people, but the governor allayed it by issuing the following proclamation: ‘Considering that the body of the malefactor has been of service to medical science, and consequently to the public good, the Government undertakes to provide, within twenty-four hours, honorable burial for the remains of the criminal, with the co-operation of the ministers of religion.’”

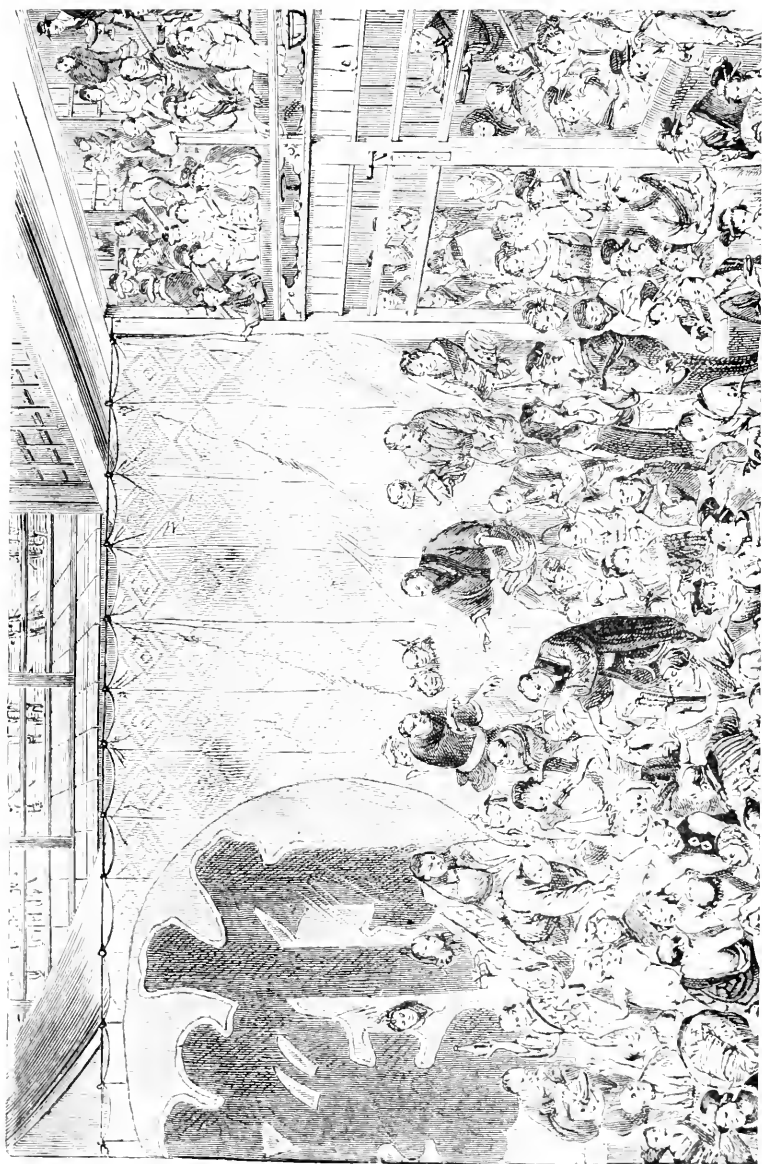
## CHAPTER XV.

### RECREATIONS AND DOMESTIC CUSTOMS

“THE races who possess the Chinese civilization have nothing similar to the beneficent Semitic institution of a day of rest, regularly recurring after a series of days of labor. They have monthly festivals, from which, however, the laboring classes derive but little benefit, and a whole week at the beginning of the year, during which all work is suspended, and the people of both city and country give themselves up to such recreations as they can afford.

“The citizens of Yedo, the artisans, the Japanese merchants and manufacturers, lived under economical conditions of the most exceptional character, until the arrival of Europeans. Only laboring for the internal consumption of a country highly favored by nature, sufficiently large and cultivated to supply all their needs, they enjoyed for centuries the charms of a life at once simple and easy. This state of things is passing away. I have seen the closing days of this age of innocence, in which, with the exception of some chief merchants, who seem to have been veritably pursued by a kindly fortune, people only worked enough to live, and only lived for the sake of enjoying life. Even labor might be classed in the category of en-





JAPANESE THEATRE. — SCENES BEFORE THE CURTAIN.



joyments, for the workman grew enthusiastic over his work, and instead of painfully counting the hours, days, and weeks devoted to it, he tore himself from it with reluctance when he had attained, not wealth, but a satisfactory degree of artistic skill. When surprised by fatigue, he was in the habit of resting at his ease, either alone in his own habitation, or in some place of public recreation in the company of friends.

“There are few Japanese dwellings of the middle class which have not their little private gardens, quiet retreats for sleep, for reading, fishing in the tanks, or indulging in libations of tea and saké. The chains of hills which traverse the quarters to the south and west of the Castle are remarkably rich in rocks, little glens, grottoes, springs, and ponds, which the small proprietors combine in the most ingenious manner, so as to give the features of a varied landscape in a limited space. When there is an entrance from the garden upon the street, a rustic bridge is thrown over the canal before the portal, which is carefully concealed under spreading trees or thick shrubbery. We have hardly crossed the threshold, when we find ourselves apparently in a wild forest, far from all habitation. Masses of rocks, carelessly disposed in the manner of a staircase, invite us to ascend, and from the summit a charming view is suddenly spread out below. An amphitheatre of leaves and flowers incloses a picturesque pond of water, bordered with lotus, iris, and water-lilies; a light wooden bridge is thrown across it; the path which descends to the latter passes by long windings through clumps of bam-

boos, azaleas, dwarf - palms, and camelias, then by groves of small pines and slopes of turf or flowers.

“In their fondness for harmonious effects, for quiet enjoyment and reverie bordering on abstraction, the Japanese show their tendency toward that condition of physical indifference and ideal annihilation which is inculcated by Buddhism. Yet they do not consciously practise it as a system, and many of their hygienic customs seem to conflict with it. Every Japanese, of whatever age, washes regularly in the morning, and takes a bath heated to a temperature of about 120° during the day. They remain from fifteen to thirty minutes in the water, sometimes immersed to the shoulders, sometimes only to the waist, taking the greatest care to prevent their heads from getting wet. It is therefore no wonder that congestion of the brain is frequent.

“A custom so universal soon acquires a conventional character, and thus the exposure of the bath is tacitly considered as something disconnected with public morals, like eating or sleeping. Each wealthy family, it is true, has its own bath-chamber, which is used either successively by the members of the household, or at the same time; but the greater part of the population use the public bathing establishments on account of their cheapness. The latter usually contain two large reservoirs, divided by a low partition, the women and children occupying one and the men the other; but it is also considered quite respectable to use them in common. It is also held to be proper for the bather to step into the street to cool himself, or even to walk home before dressing. It

would be very unjust to judge this custom from the European point of view, and necessarily associate it with a low condition of morals among the Japanese.

“The kneading of the muscles of the body, as a cure for various maladies, is much practised in Japan, but neither by the regular physicians nor those whose business is acupuncture or the application of the moxa. The kneaders are always chosen from among the blind, who form a grand brotherhood throughout the Empire.

“It is very difficult for a stranger in Japan to share to any extent in the domestic life of the people, and hence almost impossible to witness their family festivals and ceremonies. In all the countries of the extreme East, the marriage of a girl is characterized only by the festivities which are held in the house of the bridegroom. But while the Chinaman is proud to invite foreign guests to the wedding of his daughter, in order to impress the former with the display, the Japanese, on the contrary, surrounds the ceremonies of the occasion with the most discreet reserve. He considers it too serious to be witnessed by any other than the nearest relations and friends of the two parties.

“Most of the Japanese marriages are the result of a family arrangement, prepared a long time in advance, and usually characterized by that practical good sense which is one of the national traits. The bride has no dowry, but she receives a very rich and complete *trousseau*. But it is necessary that she should have a spotless reputation, a gentle and amiable character, a proper education, and skill to con-

duct a household. Pecuniary considerations are of secondary importance, and they rarely take the form of money. When a father, who has no male child, gives his only or eldest daughter in marriage, her husband is called the adopted son of the family, takes the same name, and inherits the trade or business of his father-in-law.

“Marriage is preceded by a ceremony of betrothal, at which all the principal members of the two families are present. It often happens that the parties concerned then for the first time are informed of the intentions of their parents with regard to them. From this time they are allowed every possible opportunity of seeing each other, and ascertaining the wisdom of the choice, wherein they were not consulted. Visits, invitations, presents, preparations for furnishing their future home, succeed each other, and the betrothed are soon satisfied with their approaching destiny.

“The wedding generally takes place when the bridegroom has attained his twentieth year, and the bride is in her sixteenth. Early in the morning of the appointed day the *trousseau* of the latter is carried to the bridegroom’s house, and tastefully arranged in the rooms prepared for the festival. The images of the gods and the patron saints of the two families are also suspended there, before a domestic altar adorned with flowers and heaped with offerings. Lacquered tables support dwarf-cedars and figures representing the Japanese Adam and Eve, accompanied by their venerable attributes, the centenary crane and tortoise. Finally, to complete the tablean by a



THE WEDDING CEREMONY.





lesson of morals and patriotism, there are always to be found among the presents a few packages of edible sea-weed, mussels, and dried fish, which suggest to the young couple the primitive nourishment and ancient simplicity of the Japanese people.

“Toward noon, a splendid procession enters the halls thus prepared; the young wife, clothed and veiled in white, advances, escorted by two bridesmaids and followed by a crowd of relations, neighbors, and friends, in festal costumes glittering with brocade, scarlet, gauze, and embroidery. The two bridesmaids perform the honors of the house, arrange the guests, order the courses of the collation, and flutter from one group to another to see that all are served. They are called the male and female butterfly, which insects they are expected to represent in the style and ornament of their garments.

“With the exception of certain Buddhist sects, which admit a nuptial benediction among their rites, a priest never takes part in the celebration of a Japanese marriage. There is nothing similar to a publication of the banns, but the police officer who has given permission for a nuptial festival in the quarter under his guardianship inscribes another couple upon his list. The public knowledge of the act, therefore, is as complete as possible.

“In place of our sacramental *Yes*, they have recourse to an expressive symbol. Among the objects displayed in the middle of the circle of guests, there is a metal vase, shaped like a basin, and furnished with two spouts. This utensil is elegantly adorned with bands of colored paper. At a certain signal,

one of the ladies of honor fills it with saké ; the other takes it by the handle, lifts it as high as the lips of the kneeling bride and bridegroom, and causes them to drink from it alternately, each from the spout on his or her side, until the liquor is exhausted. It is thus that, as husband and wife, they must together drain the cup of conjugal life, each drinking from one side, but both tasting the same ambrosia or the same wormwood.

“The poorer classes—one may say, the masses of the population — are generally free from the social vices which are encouraged among the higher classes by the license allowed to them. The households of the shopkeepers, artisans, laborers, and cultivators of the soil, exact the constant care and toil of the father and mother, the union of their efforts, in order to provide for the needs of their families. There are wedded couples who labor and save heroically for years, in order to pay the expenses of their marriage festival.

“There is one rather amusing custom, however, whereby this expense may be avoided. A couple of respectable people have a daughter, who is acquainted with a good young fellow who would be an excellent husband for her, except that he lacks the necessary means to give her the customary wedding-presents and keep a free table for a week, for the two families. The parents, coming home from the bath one fine evening, do not find their daughter at home. They inquire in the neighborhood ; nobody has seen her, but all the neighbors offer their services in assisting to find her. The parents accept the offer, and the



JAPANESE FEATS AT BALANCING.



procession, constantly increasing in numbers, passes from street to street, until it reaches the dwelling of the lover. The latter, protected by his closed screens, in vain pretends to be deaf; he is at last obliged to yield to the demands of the crowd. He opens the door, and the lost daughter, in tears, throws herself at the feet of her parents, who threaten her with their malediction.

“Then, the tender-hearted neighbors, moved by the scene, intercede; the mother relents; the father remains haughty and inexorable; the intercession of the neighbors increases in eloquence, and the young man promises to be the most faithful of sons-in-law. Finally, the resistance of the father is overcome; he pardons his daughter, pardons the lover, and calls the latter his son. All at once, as if by magic, cups of saké circulate among the crowd; everyone takes his or her place on the matting of the room; the two outlaws are seated in the midst of the circle, drink their bowl of saké together, the marriage is proclaimed in the presence of a sufficient number of witnesses, and the police officer enters it upon his list the next morning.

“Bridal trips are unknown in Japan. Instead of leaving the newly-wedded pair to themselves, every pretext is employed to overwhelm them with visits and invitations, always accompanied with feasts and prolonged libations.

“On the thirtieth day after his birth every citizen of Nippon receives his surname, or rather his *first* name, for he has another at his majority, a third when he marries, a fourth if he assumes any public func-

tion, a fifth when he is promoted in rank, and so on until the last, which is given to him after his death and engraved upon his tomb, as the name by which he will be known to the succeeding generations. The ceremony which corresponds to our baptism is the simple presentation of the new-born child in the temple of his family deity. Except in certain sects, this act is not accompanied by the sprinkling of water or any form of purification. The father gives to the officiating bonze a note containing three names. The latter copies these upon three slips of paper, which he shuffles together, and then, loudly uttering a sacramental invocation, he casts them into the air, and the first slip which touches the floor of the sanctuary indicates the one of the three names which is most agreeable to the divinity. This the bonze writes at once on a sheet of holy paper, which he gives to the father as a talisman for the child.

“The baptism of a child is always an occasion of munificence on the part of the family toward the priests. The latter, of course, enter the child’s name on their books, and never lose sight of it during all the changes of its after-life. The registers of the monasteries have the reputation of being well kept, and they are always open to the examination of the officers of police. At the age of three, the boy begins to wear the girdle, and, if he is noble, at the age of seven the two swords indicative of his caste. The weapons, of course, are only provisional. First, when he is fifteen, he exchanges them for the hereditary weapons belonging to his family.

“Among the citizens, the three epochs are the oc-





TORTOISE CHARMER.



casion of festivals, which are only less important than that of marriage. On the very day when the boy is fifteen years old, he attains his majority, dresses his hair like a mature man, and takes part in the affairs of his paternal household. On the evening before, he is still addressed as a child; then, suddenly, the manner of those about him changes; the ceremonious forms of Japanese civility represent his emancipation to his own eyes; and he on his part endeavors to respond to the congratulations of the others in such a manner as to show that he appreciates the responsibility of his new position. His testimony, in fact, is not confined to hollow assertions, and I do not hesitate to count among the most interesting traits of Japanese society, the care, the patience, and seriousness with which boys of fifteen abandon the sports of childhood and devote themselves to the stronger discipline of practical life.

“Apprenticeship to a branch of manual labor implies a service of ten years. During this time the master furnishes food, lodging, and clothing, but no salary until toward the end of the term, when he gives the apprentice enough pocket-money for his tobacco. He is interested in developing the latter's skill as much as possible, for he offers his name to the guild for membership, when he claims to be elected a master. The distinction cannot be conferred, however, until the workman is twenty-five years old. As soon as it has been obtained he is free, and his former master furnishes him with all the utensils of his trade.

“In all Japanese families, death is the occasion of

a series of domestic solemnities, more or less sumptuous, according to the rank of the deceased, but in every case a heavy expense to the nearest relatives. They must first pay the cost of the religious ceremonies which are performed by the bonzes; then the last sacraments; the watches and prayers which are kept up without interruption in the house of death until the funeral; the closing service before the procession departs; the funeral mass celebrated at the temple, and all the implements connected with the burning and inurning of the body, such as coffin, drapery, wax-candles, flowers, fuel, urn, tomb, and refreshments furnished to the priests. Finally the coolies who wash the body and carry the coffin have their turn, and then the laborers attached to the cemetery. This is not the end, for a pious custom imposes upon all who can afford it the duty of giving alms to all who come as beggars. Last of all, when the procession returns, those who take part in it think themselves wanting in proper respect to the deceased, unless, before taking leave of the afflicted family, they sit down to a banquet prepared for them.

“The head of the corpse is always shaved and the body carefully washed in warm water in the bath-room. When the attendants have finished their work, they lift it up in order to introduce it into the coffin, which is not always easy. The rich Japanese, who prefer inhumation, are put into large jars, made for the purpose by the native potters. It is said that a good deal of energy is necessary, and sometimes an application of blows in order to force the body, and especially the shoulders, into these narrow receptacles.

The poorer people use, instead, a single cask of pine-staves, with bamboo hoops.



Scene from "The Two Brothers of the House of Soga."

(From an engraving in Nen-dai-ki.)

“ The funerals of the poor are attended by a very small number of relatives and friends, who, in confusion and with hurried pace, endeavor to reach by sunset the gloomy valley where bodies are burned under the charge of some inferior priest from a neighboring monastery. The pariahs of Japanese society, who are outside the pale of religious aid, disdain all ceremony. They simply carry the dead bodies of their brethren to some deserted spot, where they collect wood and, lighting the fire with their own hands, reduce the remains to ashes.

“ In a word, the respect for the dead, or the sepulchral worship, which is apparently one of the estimable features of the Buddhist religion, only exists among the privileged classes, and in proportion as the bonzes draw a profit from it. The mode of burial, the form of the coffins, and above all the practice of burning, introduced by the priest Toseo in the year 700, allow the monasteries to divide and subdivide the lots of ground belonging to them. A small inclosure suffices for a family, for a number of generations.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

### JAPANESE FESTIVALS AND THEATRES

“THE religious festivals of the temples in Japan render to the Government of the country a service which would be highly appreciated in Europe: they relieve it of the trouble of amusing its subjects. The latter, moreover, supply from their own means whatever they may find wanting. There are five grand annual festivals, the religious character of which does not in any wise detract from the gayety of the manifestations, for the old Kami creed declares that a joyous heart is always pure.

“The festival of the first day of the first month is naturally one of the most important. It is that of congratulations and presents, which at least consist in two or three fans which the visitor brings in a lacquered box, bound with cords of silk. Nevertheless, whatever be the nature or the value of the present, it must always be accompanied by a paper cone containing a piece of dried fish of the commonest sort, as a souvenir of the frugality of the ancestors. The family which receives the visit furnishes refreshments, consisting of saké, rice-cakes, and mandarin oranges.

“The second, called the Festival of the Dolls, takes place on the third day of the third month. It is de-

voted to the female children. The mothers adorn the chamber of state with blossoming peach-boughs, and arrange therein an exhibition of all the dolls which their daughters have received. They are pretty figures, handsomely costumed, and representing the Mikado, and other personages of the imperial court. A complete banquet is prepared for them by the hands of the children, when they are old enough, and the friends of the family help to consume it in the evening.

“The fifth day of the fifth month is the Festival of the Banners, celebrated in honor of the boys. Let the reader imagine a great city like Tokio, planted with bamboo staffs surmounted with plumes or balls of gilded paper, and supporting long paper pennons of every color floating in the wind; others with fishes of woven straw or varnished paper; but the greater part with lofty banners blazoned with coats-of-arms, family names, patriotic sentences, or heroic figures. It is a charming spectacle, especially when seen from a gallery overlooking one of the principal streets.

“The Feast of Lanterns is the fourth, and occurs on the seventh day of the seventh month. The little girls go in crowds through the illuminated streets of the city, and sing with all their might while swinging with the right hand a paper lantern as large as they can manage. In some of the southern cities, the people visit the sepulchral hills, and pass the night among the tombs.

“The fifth festival takes place on the ninth day of the ninth month, and is called the Feast of

Chrysanthemums. At all the family repasts during the day, the leaves of chrysanthemum flowers are scattered over the cups of tea and saké. It is believed that the libations prepared in this manner have the power of prolonging life. The citizen of Tokio would consider that he was wanting in his duty as a good husband and father, if he should partake sparingly of this specific.

The other festivals, and the religious or symbolical processions, occur very frequently, and present the greatest diversity in their character. There is the festival of the Lion of Corea, of the Foxes, of the patron of the sacred dances, and many others. The procession of the White Elephant, formerly in vogue, had an enormous pasteboard representation of the animal, marching on the feet of men inclosed in each one of the four legs. He was preceded by Tartar music, wherein the sound of flutes and trumpets was mixed with the noise of drums, cymbals, gongs, and tambourines. The men who took part in this festival wore beards, pointed hats, boots, a long robe bound by a girdle, and some of them carried waving banners covered with figures of dragons.

“In order to shorten the time which intervenes between the festivals, the good people of Tokio have made for themselves a thousand other resources for amusement and recreation. There are both temporary and permanent occasions; by night and by day; on the highways, in the temples and their precincts, in special buildings, circuses, or theatres. The means of all classes are consulted; even the *Shibaida*, which corresponds to our Grand Opera, is accessible to the

common people, yet it has never received or solicited the least subsidy from the city or national government.

“The character of the popular diversions varies according to the quarter of the city, as in other great capitals. The aristocracy have their race-courses, their pugilistic exhibitions, and their classic drama, the citizens their genteel comedy, and the common people their jugglers and mountebanks, while there are permanent fairs where all these forms of amusement may be enjoyed at any time. There are circuses, where the riders perform the usual feats upon trained horses, but they are stationary, like the theatres.”

M. Humbert called the fair-ground of Yamashita the Champs-Élysées of Yedo. He thus describes it : “Porters sprinkle with water the macadamized avenues ; the double rows of trees protect with their shade the troops of merry children, some running after a showman with a dancing monkey, others crowding around the sellers of jumping-jacks and artificial butterflies. On the broad sidewalks, shaded with maple-trees, which run parallel with the principal highway, little dealers, squatted in rows, each on his straw mat, exalt their several wares. It is a picturesque collection of signs with colored figures and great Chinese characters. The merchant who sells death to rats has an assortment of his victims around him, their swollen corpses demonstrating the powerful effects of the drug to the spectators. His neighbor exhibits the head and paws of a bear to prove that it is genuine bear’s grease which he sells. Then





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come the mysterious little books of a fortune-teller : a little horned imp answers the conjurer's questions by striking a plate with a hammer.

"The nearer we approach the great square of Yamashita, the more the crowd increases. The sidewalks are invaded by portable booths, made of bamboo and matting. Here and there, nevertheless, some bolder adventurers succeed in keeping the public at a distance. Such, for instance, are the popular astronomer, and the dealer in the latest news. The first exhibits the best planetary system to a circle of auditors, and adds to the charm of his demonstration the mysterious attraction of a long opera-glass, by means of which each one may satisfy himself in regard to the sun, moon, and stars. The second, an old fellow with a nasal voice, mechanically repeats the history of the last execution, and distributes leaf by leaf, to the passers who offer him money, the printed sheets which he carries over his left arm. Sometimes these productions of the Yedo press add to the city news a brief account, illustrated with wood-cuts, of recent events throughout the world.

"Although there are no politics as yet, even the national history not yet having been compiled from the collections of annals, these printed sheets nevertheless contain the germ of publicity and political discussion. I made a collection of pamphlets which treated of the American war, of President Lincoln, of the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac ; and such publications must in time give a kind of political education to the Japanese people. Who can say, in fact, that the change has not already com-

menced? In the theatres of Yedo the new pieces frequently have a vein of political or religious satire more or less concealed; even the costumes of the ancient Mikados are introduced into burlesque dances.

“The fair-ground of Yamashita contains from twenty to thirty exhibitions of jugglers, mountebanks, reciters of legends, domestic comedies, or historic masquerades. There are also two circuses, and at the entrances of the public gardens, or along the four sides of the open space, a multitude of little restaurants, booths for singing and dancing, and other similar diversions. The constructions are all of bamboo, boards, matting, and prepared paper; yet there is such a luxury of signs, such a display of brilliant colors, so many banners and pictures, that the general effect is in the highest degree gay and attractive.

“The theatre offers a favorable field for the encouragement of native dramatic literature; but the authors, unfortunately, have not yet succeeded in emancipating themselves from the Chinese school and its conventional dramatic characters.

“The Shibaia, nevertheless, is one of the most interesting curiosities. In China, the public witnesses the performance and criticises the actors; in Japan, the public takes part in the piece in concert with the actors, exchanges sentiments with them, and thus acts also, as in some of the popular Italian theatres. The dramatic authors, who write for these theatres, reside in Tokio, where the plays are first produced, then repeated in the provinces afterward. The comedians of the capital have their annual holiday season, during which they perform in other cities. They are

composed exclusively of men ; women appear only in grand ballets, never as actresses.

“ The announcement of the performance always takes place before sunset. A delegation of actors in ordinary costume appears on platforms before the entrance ; there, fan in hand, they address the crowd, explain the subject of the play, and describe the merits of the principal performers. Then follow jokes, witticisms, merry remarks by the crowd, mimicry, and a display of the great art of managing the fan. The lanterns are lighted, and the whole theatre becomes gradually illuminated, while the spectators enter and take their seats. There is always a restaurant, decorated with equal brilliancy, attached to each theatre.

“ The interior is of an oblong form, with two tiers of boxes, the upper one containing the best seats. Here there are many ladies in full toilette, that is, muffled up to the eyes in crapes and silks ; in the lower tier there are only gentlemen. The parterre resembles a chess-board. It is divided into compartments, each containing from eight to twelve seats, most of which are rented by the year to families who always take their children with them, and sometimes their visitors from the country. There are no passages, but all must find their places by walking along the tops of the divisions between the compartments. Tobacco and refreshments are served during the evening in the same manner.

“ The drop-curtain always bears a gigantic inscription in Chinese characters. While waiting for it to rise, the spectators frequently become impatient, and

sometimes an altercation takes place in the compartment assigned to the coolies, next to the stage. Then the actors take part in the debate, creeping forth under the curtain, or thrusting their heads through holes in it. When order is re-established some of the coolies climb upon the stage, and assist in rolling up the curtain.

“The performance usually lasts until one o’clock in the morning. It consists of a comedy, a tragedy, an opera with ballet, and two or three interludes of jugglers and gymnasts. The appearance of infernal characters is always preceded by a flash of lightning. The celebrated actors are accompanied by two domestics, who carry bamboo sticks with candles at the end, by which they illuminate the best poses, gestures, and expressions of face, so that the spectators shall lose nothing. The same thing occurs in the ballets.

“In the theatre of Gankiro, the dances are performed by young girls from seven to thirteen years of age. They also produce little operas, fairy extravaganzas, and ballets with the most fantastic costumes, such as birds and butterflies. These performances are characterized both by ingenuity and elegance, and many of them would compare favorably with similar pieces on the European stage.

“The jugglers and mountebanks are also distinguished by the variety and originality of their feats. For instance, they perform a series of tricks by means of an enormously long false nose. One will lie down upon his back, with a boy balanced on the end of the nose, the boy supporting an open umbrella

on the end of his own nose. Another will hold up his foot, upon the sole of which a boy plants his nose, and balances himself in the air. Some of these feats seem impossible without the aid of some concealed machinery.

“I was witness to some astonishing specimens of illusion. After a variety of tricks with tops, cups of water, and paper butterflies, the juggler exhibited to the spectator a large open fan which he held in his right hand, then threw into the air, caught by the handle in his left hand, squatted down, fanned himself, and then turning his head in profile, gave a long sigh, during which the image of a galloping horse issued from his mouth. Still fanning himself, he shook from his right sleeve an army of little men, who presently, bowing and dancing, vanished from sight. Then he bowed, closed his fan and held it in his two hands, during which time his own head disappeared, then became visible, but of colossal size, and finally reappeared in its natural dimensions, but multiplied four or five times. They set a jar before him, and in a short time he issued from the neck, rose slowly into the air, and vanished in clouds along the ceiling.

“At the fair of Asakusa, in addition to the performances of jugglers of all kinds, there are collections of animals which have been taught to perform tricks—bears of Yezo, spaniels which are valuable in proportion to their ugliness, educated monkeys and goats. Birds and fish are also displayed in great quantities. But the most astonishing patience is manifested by an old Corean boatman, who has

trained a dozen tortoises, large and small, employing no other means to direct them than his songs and a small metal drum. They march in line, execute various evolutions, and conclude by climbing upon a low table, the larger ones forming, of their own accord, a bridge for the smaller, to whom the feat would otherwise be impossible. When they have a mounted, they dispose themselves in three or four piles like so many plates."



## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE GYMNASTS AND WRESTLERS

THE Japanese have an equal passion for gymnastic sports and feats of strength, as for dramatic representations. For many centuries they have had a regular class of trained performers, who often attain a remarkable degree of skill. One of the first entertainments they offered to Commodore Perry, after the treaty of Yokohama, was a wrestling match between some of their famous champions of the ring ; and they still delight in having foreigners witness displays of strength and agility which, they imagine, are not equalled anywhere else in the world.

M. Humbert gives the following description of the performance of this class, both in the streets and booths. "In the public squares, the shouts and the sound of tambourines of two troops of gymnastic mountebanks, installed at opposite corners, are heard above the voices, songs, and clatter of implements of labor in the surrounding workshops. One of these troops performs in the open air, its heroes being the swallower of swords and the prodigious jumper. The latter leaps with impunity through two hoops crossed at right angles, fixed on the top of a pole, which also supports a jar carefully balanced on the intersecting hoops. But his most remarkable feat

consists in leaping, or rather flying, from end to end through a cylinder of bamboo lattice-works, six feet long, and placed on trestles. When he wishes to excite the amazement of the spectators to the highest pitch, the performer lights four candles and places them in a line, at regular intervals, in the interior of the cylinder; after which he passes through like a flash, without extinguishing or deranging them.

“His gentle spouse, seated on a box beside the cylinder, accompanies the different stages of the performance with airs on her guitar. To the shrill sounds of the instrument she adds, from time to time, the tones of a voice which is either hoarse and hollow, or piercingly elevated, according as she judges it better to encourage sternly, or to celebrate triumphantly, the prowess of the astonishing man whose fortunes she is permitted to share.

“The other troop is that of the gymnasts of Kioto. They perform in a vast shed, filled with such apparatus as masts, bars, and parallels, differing little from those of our gymnasia. The ever-useful bamboo furnishes all the necessary materials. The troop is numerous, certain of their feats, trained to all enterprises of daring, and all the finer graces of their profession. They have no regular clown; each one is his own buffoon, and knows how to pass in an instant, with the most perfect ease, from the comical to the sublime, or the reverse. The most original part of the representation, to the European eyes, is the simplicity of the gymnastic costume. They have no idea of the *tricot*, or flesh-colored “tights,” and their wardrobe consists only of two pocket-handkerchiefs

tied around the loins. Their head-dress is a burlesque imitation of the bonnets of the daimios. They do not lay it aside, either when they perform on the bars and masts, or even when they perform the difficult feat of picking up by two toes a straw bee-hive lying on the ground, and placing it upon the head with the foot alone, while standing motionless with folded arms.

“The city people seemed to me to be only moderately interested in these gymnastic representations. They are not sufficiently dramatic for their taste. They prefer the emotions excited by the spectacle of man struggling with man, or with the laws of the material world. They insist that even their theatrical performances should overcome stubborn obstacles, and encounter serious dangers, for their pleasure. Above all, they require that new aliment shall constantly be furnished, to gratify their appetite for what is fantastic and marvellous. It is not enough that the rope-dancers perform the most remarkable feats of equilibrium with grace and agility: the rope must be stretched at a great elevation, and the dancer must undergo the most sudden and violent jerks, while balancing himself on one foot, in such a manner that his fall appears inevitable to the spectators.

“Neither is it enough for the people that the jugglers are as skilful with the left hand as with the right; they must train their toes to an equal dexterity. Even the wrestling-match, which, with the Greeks, and even now with the Swiss mountaineers, was the simplest, noblest, and most popular of all gymnastic exercises, becomes in Japan a feature of

the circus, a fantastic and phenomenal struggle, executed only by professional athletes.

“It is true, however, that wrestling, under this unusual form, was among the most ancient diversions of the Japanese. But we must add, in explanation, that the national passion for gambling constitutes an important part of their interest in the performance. When they did not possess the institution of horse-racing—at least, in the European form—they accustomed themselves to bet on the results of wrestling-matches between rival companies of athletes.

“The tribe, or guild, of wrestlers, professes to date its charter from the seventh month of the third year of the reign of Jimmu, the first Mikado, B.C. 660. As it is placed under the imperial protection, the corporation arranges its annual exhibitions with the co-operation of the Government, sending detachments to all the principal cities of Japan. They do not possess a permanent circus anywhere: the booths or show-tents are constructed by the cities which invite them, or, sometimes, the Buddhist monasteries. They are often of very large dimensions, but of the plainest character.

“The arrangement of these wrestling cirques is always the same. They rarely have more than one tier of galleries, which communicate with the parquet by means of bamboo ladders. With the exception of a small number of boxes reserved for the civil authorities, there are only two classes, the occupants of the galleries paying the higher fee. The spectators crowd into the circus long before the hour of representation. The chances of the match being the ob-

ject of eager betting, those spectators who attend for the purpose of gambling in this manner, hasten to get possession of the best places for watching the performance, usually the lowest seat of the amphitheatre, including the arena where the wrestling takes place. None of the athletes appear in the circus until after the spectators are all in their places. They wait in the dressing-room, where they leave the garments, gird their loins with a silk scarf with long fringes, and adorn themselves with a sort of apron of velvet, embroidered with their coat-of-arms, and the tokens of their former victories. Different societies of wrestlers take part in each performance. The champion of each society is its chief, or leader, and he possesses, like the champions of English pugilism, a belt, which is usually presented to him by the lord of his native province. He wears this belt at the beginning and the end of each performance.

“The preparations for the match are interminably prolonged. Notwithstanding the assistance of their comrades, the famous wrestlers never find that their belts are drawn tight enough, that their head-dress is firmly enough fitted upon the nape of the neck, or that their aprons are properly displayed. Then they must carefully examine the articulations of their arms and legs, make the joints crack one after the other, and stretch all their limbs by means of pads of straw suspended from the ceiling. Finally, the sound of a drum is heard from the top of the tower, or rather the high wooden cage, which is built over the main entrance of the circus. The impatience of the crowd is lost in the noise of the reception, for all ex-

pect a scene of the most surprising character. The illustrated placards have excited the imagination of the public to the highest pitch. It is not ordinary mortals whom the spectators will now behold, but giants, colossi, fabulous heroes, who surpass all human proportions!

“Meanwhile an obsequious personage, diminutive in stature, but dressed in the most exquisite taste, and saluting all around him with the most perfect politeness—the manager, in short—takes his stand in the centre of the arena, where he announces, in a clear and musical voice, the programme of the performances, the names and famous titles of the two rival companies who are about to enter the lists, as well as the character of the bets which have already been made on the approaching struggle. The drum sounds a second time, and this is the signal of the grand *entrée*. The wrestlers advance in single file, marching with pendent arm and heads erected, their figures towering over the spectators squatted on the benches of the pit. A low murmur of admiration follows their triumphal march. In fact, it would be difficult, in any other part of the world, to arrange a procession comparable to that of these athletes. From father to son they follow an exact hygienic system, perfected from age to age, and the final result equals that which, in England, has only been achieved in the breeding of cattle.

“After this parade the wrestlers divide themselves into two bodies, remove their aprons, and squat upon the ground, on opposite sides of the arena, which is a circular space, raised a foot or two above

the floor of the amphitheatre. It is sanded, surrounded by a double embankment of straw sacks, and covered by an elegant roof resting on four wooden pillars. All the rest of the circus is open to the sky. From the top of the gallery the spectator may distinguish the roofs of the great city, the parks surrounding the castle, and the distant snowy cone of Fuji-Yama.

“To one of the four pillars is suspended a sprinkling-brush ; to another a paper bag containing salt ; to a third a sabre of honor ; while at the foot of the fourth, on the outer side of the arena, there is a bucket of water.

“There are four judges of the combat, each of whom posts himself beside a pillar ; the manager remains in the arena. Provided with a fan instead of a baton of command, he invites a representative of each of the rival companies to enter the ring, and announces, to the applause of the spectators, the titles of the two illustrious champions. Nevertheless, the struggle is not yet to commence. The art of creating embarrassments is one of the principal talents of the Japanese athlete. The pair of heroes begin by having themselves measured ; which is merely a preliminary comparison. Then each one retires to his side, stretches himself, stamps upon the earth, drinks a mouthful of water, takes a pinch of salt, and finally prostrates himself in order to avert an evil fate. After all this they meet, as if by accident, and place themselves in position—that is, they squat down, face to face with each other, and stare fixedly in each other’s eyes. When they have had enough of this,

they straighten themselves up with a great deal of gravity, refresh themselves again with water or salt, satisfy themselves that they are girded sufficiently, and begin to slap their thighs or knees in measure, lifting the right and left foot alternately at the same time.

“ Finally they resume their first position, and, this time, pass to the second, always with the same gaze, the same apparent rigidity ; but we notice that the body is raised gradually, the arms slowly extend themselves, and the crooked fingers are straightened to encounter the adversary. All at once the attack commences on both sides. Each repels the other’s hands, without allowing his own to be seized, or without overcoming the resistance. The jury thereupon certifies that the two wrestlers are of equal strength and they rest awhile.

“ Such was the result, and such is the faithful description, of the first wrestling-match which I witnessed. Nevertheless, it was not therefore without interest. The trial consists, in fact, in pushing or hurling the adversary outside of the circle of straw-sacks. If he passes this boundary by a single step, he has lost : his fortunate rival is regarded as the master of the arena. Oftentimes one is vanquished so rapidly that the spectators do not perceive it.

“ The Japanese wrestlers endeavor to win the match, less by their muscular strength and their agility than by their weight—that is, by the violent shock or the constant pressure of one great mass of flesh against another. I have never seen one of them thrown to the ground. Lively, animated struggles,



dramatic incidents, or picturesque situations, are very rarely to be seen. It also seldom happens that one of the two equally enormous combatants loses his footing, or is lifted from the earth by his antagonist. Besides, if there is the least indication of danger to either, or that the struggle is assuming a serious, passionate character, the little manager, with a thousand pathetic grimaces, hastens to interfere. The most he allows is that an athlete specially favored by fortune may seize his rival by the leg, and force him to hop backward. It needs nothing more than this to excite the spectators to an enthusiasm impossible to describe. The conqueror is always handsomely remunerated by the society which owes to him the winning of its wages. The members throw pawns to him, such as girdles or handkerchiefs, which he afterward carries to the residences of the owners, who reclaim them for a stipulated sum.

“The wrestlers who acquire a certain celebrity are received in the houses of the better class of citizens, and even of the nobility. The Government formerly allowed them to wear a sabre, on condition of paying a tax for the privilege. Children call them by their names in the streets, and when they deign to appear in any place consecrated to the popular recreation, they are sure to receive, from both sexes, a reception as enthusiastic as is accorded to any famous bull-fighter in Spain.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SCENES AROUND TOKIO

NOTHING would better serve to give a correct idea of the immense circumference of Tokio, than to follow the outer zone of the suburbs on the southern, western, and northern sides of the castle; for it extends from the village of Shinagawa, opposite the harbor forts, to the country traversed by the great northern highway, and the fertile plains to the eastward watered by two of the rivers which intersect the city. All this zone, however, presents the uniform appearance of rural districts attached to the capital. From one end to the other, the curiosities which the stranger discovers are of the same character—rustic temples built against the sepulchral hills, statues of granite, or commemorative tablets, erected over the tomb of some celebrated personage, or meant to perpetuate the remembrance of an event in history; here tea-houses, great orchards, establishments of horticulture; there sacred trees, resting places commanding beautiful views, and sometimes an isolated hill, cut into the shape of Fuji-Yama.

This outside zone is like a park or continuous garden, dotted with rural habitations, or rather, like a garland of verdure and flowers, which unites and binds together the southern quarters of the city with

those of the west, the regions of the artisans scattered around the extremities of the main streets, the villages planted along the boundaries of the rice-fields, and finally, the dwellings along the banks of the Sumida River.

During the season of blossoming orchards, the citizen, the painter, and the student become rural and idyllic in their tastes, leave the labors and pleasures of the great capital, and hide themselves for a day—or for several days, if possible—among the groves and under the rustic roofs of the tea-houses here. The latter are innumerable, and are mostly charming retreats, whose chief ornaments are the natural beauties around them. They are hardly to be distinguished from the neighboring country habitations, for their great thatched roofs descend on all sides nearly to the ground. Domestic fowls of various kinds sun themselves on the mossy thatch, which rises in stages to the peak of the roof, where tufts of iris grow and blossom. In place of verandas, arbors of grape-vines or other climbing plants shade the tea-drinkers, indolently lounging on their benches. A limpid stream of water flows near at hand, beside the path which descends to the plain through gardens, orchards, and fields of poppies or beans.

The citizen does not disdain to accost the peasant at his labor, and to exchange with him many wise observations on the methods of irrigation, the quality of the productions raised in this or that neighborhood, or the state of the city markets. Often the Japanese cockney becomes quite enthusiastic, declaring that there is no such life in the world as that of

an inhabitant of the country. The latter sometimes shakes his head, or replies by some joke in his own fashion. One day M. Humbert saw a peasant, leaning on his spade, with both feet in a swamp, listen smilingly to the sentimental citizen, then silently stoop down, pull two leeches from his legs and offer them to the former.

There are associations of citizens in Tokio, who three times a year—in February, June, and October—undertake a veritable rural pilgrimage to the villages several miles distant, in order to delight their eyes with the changes of the seasons and the varying aspects of nature.

In winter, when the snow falls, they make it a duty as well as a pleasure to go with their families and witness the strange transformations in the appearance of the great statues or temples; but, above all, they visit certain advantageously situated tea-houses of the suburbs, whence they enjoy views of the shores and the island landscapes, in their wintry garb. In the summer there are particular hills where the katydids abound, and every affectionate father goes there with his children, provided with little osier cages, in which they carry home some of the shrill-voiced minstrels.

The poets who celebrate spring and summer, and the artists in search of new inspirations, love to abandon themselves, from morning until night, to study and idle reverie among the cherry and pear trees, or the clumps of bamboo, orange, pine, and cypress trees around certain temples, which have been the classic haunts of the old muses of Nippon. At night they

meet together in some favorite hostel, where the pleasures of the table are seasoned with conversations on art and literature, with music and song, the examination of drawings, or the reading of poems produced during the day. Sometimes a skilful artist will throw off, during the conversation, a rapid portrait or caricature of some member of the company, which is sure to be received with great applause.

The Japanese caricatures, especially those of Ho-kusai, are generally very good-natured. Many of them represent scenes of ordinary life; a grave physician studying the tongue of his patient, or examining a diseased eye through enormous glasses; quacks performing the operation of the moxa; comical scenes of hunting and fishing; examples of female jealousy, and all sorts of household quarrels. There are also complete series of all the inconveniences of life in the higher circles; illustrations of prodigal and avaricious families; all the different grimaces which the human face is capable of making, and finally, caricatures of artists, one of whom, Kobo, is represented as painting with six pencils at the same time—two in each hand, and one in each foot.

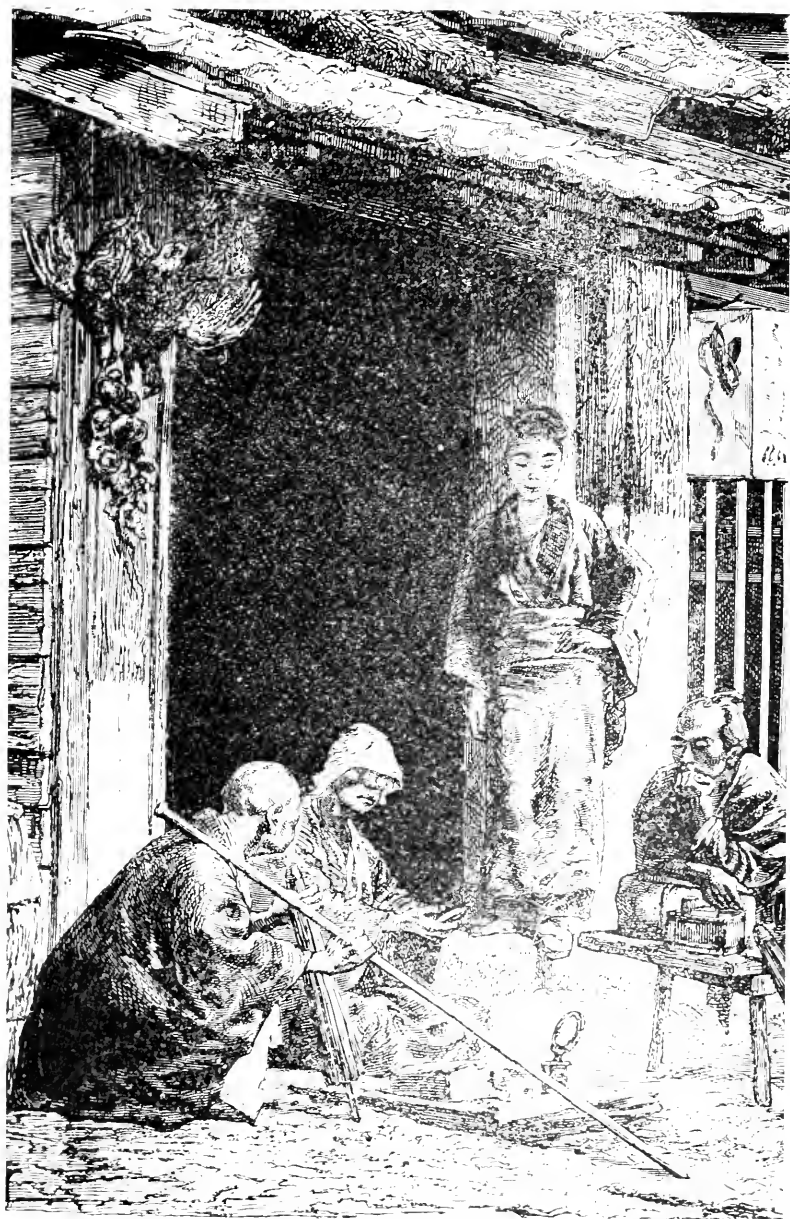
When the Russian frigate *Diana* was wrecked by an earthquake in the harbor of Shimoda, some Japanese artist immediately produced a comical representation of the event. The guns, spars, and crew were drawn, flying in all directions; the commander, with his drawn sword, hung, head downward, in the topmast rigging, and over him was written: "A new way of keeping the perpendicular!"

The Japanese artists also make use of animals in

many of their satirical works. They will represent the superior of a monastery with a wolf's head, a group of muns as weasels, or even the Tycoon himself as a monkey. One sketch of a hare prostrating himself in fear at the feet of a wild boar, gives the former the costume of the inferior nobility, and the latter that of a high functionary of the court, his head proudly bearing the peculiar mitre-shaped cap of Kioto.

The native love of what is fantastic shows itself even in their religious utensils. The gongs, urns for perfumes, candelabra, and altars are frequently shaped like hideous monsters, with wings and open jaws. Their fondness for the suburban tea-houses does not simply indicate a love for the beautiful. Many of these houses are so situated that they command views of the mountain of Fuji-Yama, and the outline of that extraordinary peak, as it appears at sunrise and sunset, in a clear sky or with a background of storm, would satisfy the most exacting imagination. But other tea-houses add to the charms of landscape the mysterious attraction of foaming cascades, mineral springs, or basins of hot water, as in some of the watering-places of Switzerland. The people do not resort to such places specially for the benefit of the waters; but they delight in taking their families and spending several days in those elegant cottages of cedar-wood, built beside the streams and in the magnificent groves.

Other places of pleasure are connected with some popular superstition. There the visitors may pass from the temple or shrine to the tea-house, with the



ENTRANCE TO A JAPANESE TAVERN.





satisfaction which follows the performance of a pious duty. At the beginning of the eleventh month, thousands of pilgrims of both sexes, mostly small tradesmen or farmers from the suburbs and the surrounding country, crowd the taverns and monasteries of Yushima-Tenjin. They may be seen marching in long files on the narrow paths between the rice-fields, hastening to buy bamboo rakes in that lonely temple, which is almost lost among the marshes to the north of the city. These rakes, which are of such good omen for the approaching harvest, are nothing else than holy toys, which serve as talismans in the dwellings of the faithful. They are supplied to the multitudes in every style, and adapted to the means of all; some are of colossal size, bearing a banner of silk or wood, on which is painted the Junk of Plenty; others, of moderate dimensions, bear the monogram of the God of Wealth; while the smallest have only the head of the God of Rice, or some sort of mythological emblem, in pasteboard or papier-mâché.

The peculiarity of costume, at that season, adds to the comical effect of the procession. The men wear blue cotton pantaloons and a wadded coat with wide sleeves; most of them are bare-headed, but have their noses protected by a crape handkerchief, tied at the back of the neck, while some wear a crape cap or a wadded hood which covers the whole face except the eyes. The women wear the same hood, and thrust their hands into the opposite sleeves to keep them warm. The same temple sells amulets to set along the borders of the fields, consisting of square pieces of paper fastened to sticks, and the bare-

headed peasants carry them home conveniently, thrust into their chignons, like so many ornaments for the head.

Further to the north, the culture of those trees which are useful in the arts is as important a branch of industry as that of rice or vegetables. We find there large plantations of the *Rhus vernix* (from which the famous varnish is made) and of the *Broussonetia papyrifera*, which is used in the manufacture of paper. The former produces, for thirteen years, varnish of the value of from twelve to twenty dollars annually. Incisions are made in the bark in June and reopened in September, for a second crop of gum; but the latter produces an inferior quality of varnish. As the gum in its crude state possesses poisonous qualities, the peasants who collect it anoint their hands and faces with oil.

The gardens of Oji, on the northern side of the city, are also a very popular place of resort. They are situated at the entrance to a mountain gorge, whence a small river issues in cascades, and then goes winding away through a beautiful valley. The balconies and galleries of the tea-houses overhang the waters; the rooms, the seats, the matting, and screens are kept in a condition of dazzling neatness, and the service is noted for its simplicity and elegance. There are interesting historical souvenirs connected with many places in the neighborhood. A hunting-castle of the Tycoons formerly occupied the summit of one of the hills, whence there is a very extended view of the country. A little further, in a narrow valley, there is a temple founded by the great Iyeyas,

and now dedicated to him, and a marvellous fountain which leaps from a high wall of rock. The deity of the spot is represented by a stone idol, before which the guests of Oji repeat their prayers, when, heated by too much saké, they cool themselves by means of this natural *douche*. In the village below, a number of booths or open counters offer to the visitors and their children all sorts of curiosities, made in the place; for the pleasure of such an excursion would not be complete to the citizen families, unless they carried home some sort of toy or trinket as a souvenir.

The gardens of Oji are all the more popular because, since the earliest times, they have been under the protection of Inari, the tutelar deity of the rice-fields, and also of the sacred animal which has been given to him as an attribute—Master *Kitsūné* the fox, who has deigned to honor this region with his particular favor.

He is worshipped on the hill called Oji-Inari. On the seventeenth day of the first month, an innumerable and motley crowd of people from the city and country flocks to his temple, to suspend their votive offerings there, and deposit in the grated box their tribute for the new year. Then, dispersing themselves among the thickets on the hill, they contemplate, at a distance, the great tree in the marsh below, around which, the night before, the annual meeting of the foxes is supposed to have taken place. They eagerly question the persons who pretend to have seen the congregation, each fox attended by one of those will-o'-the-wisps which the spirits of the rice-fields furnish as lanterns for the occasion. Accord-

ing to the reports of the witnesses concerning the character of the festival, the number of foxes present, the gayety or gravity of their proceedings, the peasants draw their conjectures for the coming year, and estimate the abundance and the quality of their prospective harvests. As a proper conclusion, they seat themselves around the brasiers in the guest-rooms of the tea-houses, and discuss, in a low voice, the mysterious influence of Master Kitsūné in the affairs of the world.

“I have had the misfortune to lose a child,” says one of the company. “The physician could not even tell in what part of the body its disease was situated. But while the poor mother was grieving, the lamp beside the corpse threw her shadow on the opposite wall. Everybody in the chamber noticed that the shadow which fell upon the screen was the exact resemblance of a fox.”

“And then, the travellers!” says another, “when they see a road prolonged interminably before them, the distance of which, nevertheless, they know very well, is it not because they have forgotten to reckon with the fox’s brush? How many times, too, they wander around between the rice-fields, following the treacherous will-o’-the-wisps, which Master Kitsūné has sent to mislead them!”

“And the hunters!” exclaims a third, “what tricks has he not played upon them? If it sometimes happens that a skilful marksman dares to take revenge, he has only the mortification of seeing the fox scamper away, having caught in his mouth the arrow which was meant to transfix him.”

The annals of Japan declare that Kitsūné has the power of changing himself into many forms. When the Mikado who reigned in 1150 found himself under the painful necessity of dismissing his favorite lady, in order to save the treasury of the empire from bankruptcy, she vanished from his palace in the form of a white fox, with six tails, shaped like fans. The people also tell extraordinary stories of the abduction of young girls, some of whom never reappear, while others prohibit their parents from questioning them by uttering the single word: Kitsūné!

When the fox chooses to assume the form of an old priest, he is then most dangerous. There is only one method of detecting him. Master Kitsūné, whatever may be his disguise, never loses his power of scent, and its effect upon him remains the same. If anyone places a rat, freshly roasted, in the way of the false priest, the latter, regardless of the consequences, will drop his metamorphosis in order to pounce upon it.

The priests and eremites of the mountains, therefore, know how to take the fox by his weak side, and they generally succeed in keeping him at a distance. But they must be continually on their guard to avoid being surprised by him. If the fox happens to discover their barrel of saké, woe unto those who drink the mixture which he leaves for them! Some of the most respectable holy men have thus become the laughing-stock of the people: a few cups have completely turned their heads. Throwing off their garments, uttering loud yells, gesticulating like madmen, they at once begin to dance in the wildest man-

ner. Two neighboring foxes then appear and join in the dance, one of them keeping time by blowing into the sacred conch-shell, while the other flourishes the sacred sprinkler of the poor possessed priests. The countrymen also believe that when they happen to fall asleep on the banks of the rice-fields, they often fall into the snares of Kitsūné, who deprives them of the use of their limbs or afflicts them bodily in other ways.

The Japanese literature, of course, abounds with fabulous stories of foxes. The hero, Kitsūné, is not only a sacred personage, he is sometimes wholly grotesque, and sometimes diabolical. The common people have more than one game of fox, one of which is somewhat like our old puzzle of fox, goose, and corn.

The family picnics of the people, during the summer, are very agreeable. Generally two or three families unite to pass an evening in the country, either on one of the shady hills overlooking the bay, or among the orchards of the northern suburbs, whence they have a full view of Fuji-Yama. The porters go in advance to the place designated, and there inclose an appropriate space by means of screens of cotton cloth, stretched on poles. The ground, in the interior, is covered with matting, and near at hand are temporary fireplaces, with utensils for boiling water and frying fish. When the company arrives, the ladies at once superintend the unpacking of the provisions and the feast commences. Songs, games, and instrumental music enliven the occasion; sometimes professional singers are hired,

or even a pair of wandering dancers, who are also able to relate stories in pantomime. One of their most graceful performances is called the fan-dance—a kind of pantomime, which is interpreted by a young girl dressed as a page.

There are also national dances, in which the members of families sometimes indulge. Ordinarily, the ladies dance alone, in a kind of quadrille, performing a variety of graceful movements without leaving their places. The men never dance, unless in a circle of intimate friends, for the purpose of displaying some extraordinary grace or agility, or when they join in the rounds introduced at the close of banquets. In the latter case, the father takes his youngest son on his shoulders, and two other children by the hands; the adults follow, each independent of the others; the aged keep time, leaning on their sticks, while the nimblest leap and whirl according to their fancy, all circling around the table from which they have arisen. Some of the catches and refrains which they sing at such times are very ancient. There is one written by a poet who died in the year 731, and who thus celebrates the sweet wine of Osaka :

“Tell me who was the sage who declared that wine is a holy thing.

How truly he spake! Is there aught more precious in the world ?

If I were not a man, I would fain be a barrel.”

One of the most interesting cemeteries in the environs of Tokio is specially consecrated to men who

have distinguished themselves in the arts and sciences. One also frequently sees, in the open country, or at the entrance to villages, monuments which commemorate some historic event, besides the chapels dedicated to heroes of the time of Iyeyas. Buddhism has impressed its stamp upon every spot which can in any manner attract the attention of the people.

“It has been said,” M. Humbert writes, “that the religion of the Japanese bonzes has been a benefit to the people; that it has protected its followers from oppression and mitigated the sufferings of civil wars. Certainly it has favored the agricultural development of the country, taken the trees and forests under its protection, and increased the natural beauties of Nippon. But, whatever may be said in its praise, the day will come when it can only have a retrospective value. When the age of feudal barbarism is over, the monastic system can have no further reason for existing, and the earth will belong to Labor.

“In the present condition of the monasteries the impression which they make is a singular mixture of admiration and melancholy. When I recall those splendid pictures of sunset illuminating the orchards in blossom, the clumps of bamboos, a distant port of the bay, or the eternal snow of the great mountain, I cannot help associating with them the monotonous sound of the drums in the monasteries, and the painful indigence of the poor villagers. The works of man under the beautiful sky of Nippon form a shocking contrast to the works of God.

“The political institutions of the Empire confine



the cultivators of the soil to their miserable huts, allow neither the mechanic nor even the rich merchant to live outside of cities, and inclose the members of the privileged caste within the long walls of their fortresses. But the religious institutions in both town and country have erected on all sides the walls around their monasteries and sepulchral hills. The interminable buildings which make the capital gloomy are the frozen signs of a superannuated organization, which is condemned to die. Our cannons have not breached its walls. They are crumbling from within, where the breath of the spirit of the age has already penetrated."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

“WHEN the head of a household prepares his rooms for the ceremonial banquet which follows the New Year’s festivities, he is careful to reserve, between the last screen and the wall of the farthest room, a retreat, which he transforms with his own hands into a sanctuary.

“The altar is composed of a slight scaffolding of cedar wood, generally two stories high, and covered with red tapestry. The upper terrace supports two idols of hard wood, flanked by two lamps of metal; and on the lower stage there are three small lacquered tables laden with the first-fruits of the year, to wit: two rice cakes, two lobsters or fishes wrapped in silver papers, and two cups of saké. On the wall behind the altar are suspended sacred pictures painted on linen, and on the floor in front of it there are two tall bronze candelabra, in which wax candles are burning.

“Between these candelabra the master of the house kneels, alone, or accompanied by his faithful spouse, to invoke the tutelar deities of the mansion. Nothing will induce them to forego this duty, even though they should be forced, at the most joyous period of the banquet, to forsake their guests, and only see the

wild jollity of the closing dances as so many shadows passing over the semi-transparent screen which conceals their devotions.

“I am convinced that the gods to whom the private worship of the Japanese is addressed at certain family festivals, especially those of marriage and the New Year, have nothing in common with the Lares and Penates of the Romans, who are called in Japan the *Kamis* of the house. The character of the former is difficult to comprehend; they are generally called gods of happiness. They seem to be personifications of human ideas of beatitude, such as the popular imagination delights to represent to itself. That is, at the side of their official worship and cloudy theology, the people have created a purely human and symbolical mythology for their own use, somewhat like that of the Greeks, except that it confines itself to types of earthly felicity, and makes no pretensions to an ideal of beauty.

“There are seven gods of happiness, and their business is to furnish to men the following beatitudes: longevity, wealth, daily food, contentment, talents, glory, and love. But it rarely happens that a family is placed under their collective patronage. Generally the common man is satisfied to invoke the god of daily food and the god of wealth. The commercial class adds to these the gods of contentment and longevity. These four, united, are called the gods of fortune and prosperity.

“The patron of longevity is naturally the most venerable of the seven. Having observed and meditated so much, his bald forehead is of enormous

height, and his great white beard covers his breast. As he walks with slow steps, lost in his reveries, he drags his staff with one hand, while with the fingers of the other he twists the long hair of his eyebrows. His principal symbols are the tortoise and the crane, and sometimes a stag white with age. His portrait is never wanting at marriage celebrations.

“The god of daily food is also the patron saint of fishermen. Ébisū, the disgraced brother of the Sun, was reduced to the condition of a fisher and seller of fish; for this food might almost be called the bread of the Japanese. Thus he is always a popular divinity, always ready and cheerful. Daikoku, the god of wealth, has not been treated very reverently by the native artists. They represent him as an ugly little fellow, with a flat cap on his head, and heavy boots on his feet, standing on two sacks of rice, tied with strings of pearls. His symbol—ironically, it seems—is the rat, the inveterate destroyer of rice and other property.

“Hotéi, the god of contentment, has nothing but a rag of sackcloth, a wallet, and a fan. When his wallet is empty, he laughs and gives it to the children as a plaything. He is somewhat of a vagabond, and the country people sometimes meet him mounted on a buffalo. They all know and like him; they show him the shady places on the hills, and the children go to look at him while he sleeps. If he awakes, he is always in a good-humor, gathers them around him, and tells them beautiful stories of the sun, moon, and stars.

“The god of talents is equally accessible to chil-

dren, and he should be invoked in youth, therefore, rather than later in life. He is grave, and nothing can lessen his dignity. He wears the stole, cap, and slippers of a learned doctor, and carries a crozier to which is suspended a roll of parchment and a palm-leaf fan. A young doe accompanies him in his wanderings.

“The god of glory is clothed with a golden cuirass and helmet, and holds in his right hand a lance ornamented with pennants; but he is rarely worshipped individually. He has no place at the humble domestic altar; but the Buddhist priests have adopted him, and they represent him as holding an elegant model of a temple on the palm of his left hand. There could be no more delicate hint offered to the rich nobility: the greatest glory, of course, is the building of temples, the endowing of monasteries!

“But the most remarkable of the seven divinities is the goddess of love, Benten, the personification of woman, of the family, of harmony, and also of the sea, that fruitful nurse of Japan. She wears the sacred stole, an azure mantle, and a diadem of her own hair, whereon shines the figure of a phoenix. I have seen her in a temple of that Japanese quarter of Yokohama which bears her name, with her head crowned with a royal crown, over which was an aureole of the colors of the rainbow, a key in her right hand and a pearl in her left.

“Benten was the inventress of the lute. Often, during the beautiful nights of summer, a celestial song accompanied by melodious accords, is heard from the summit of the basaltic cliffs which overhang the

waves; it is the nightly chant of the goddess, as she guides the star of the evening to its place in the sky.

“In the eyes of the Japanese women, Benten is the highest type of maternity, the model of good mothers, for she has fifteen sons, all well trained and distinguished, with a single exception. One is a public functionary, recognizable by his scarf of office; another is a public writer, carrying his desk and paper-box; another a metal-founder, and next to him a banker, with scales for weighing gold; then the cultivator of the soil, with his sheaves; the merchant, holding a bushel-measure; the baker, with an implement for measuring rice; the tailor with a package of ready-made kimonos; the silk-raiser, with a basket of mulberry-leaves; the brewer, with a dipper and a keg of saké; the theologian, with the three emblems of the Buddhist Trinity; the physician; the breeder of domestic animals, always accompanied with a horse and a buffalo; the manager of transportation by land and sea, with a boat and a rustic cart on either side; and finally we reach the fifteenth, in whom the legend terminates with an enigma, for he alone has no profession or attribute whatever.

“But might he not have an implied vocation?—might he not have come too late, after the division of the goods of the earth, like the poet in Schiller’s ballad? However strange the allusion may be considered, I cannot help making it; for one might well believe that the conclusion of the Japanese tradition is the same as that of the German poem—‘The youngest, she said, who owns nothing, is he who possesses the most precious gift.’

“Such are the principal elements of the popular mythology, I might almost say, of the common, familiar philosophy of life, the moral influence of which, properly viewed, is probably better than any other in the world outside of Christianity. Its remarkable purity, its cheerfulness, its prosaic but sportive good sense, must have, more than any other cause, contributed to preserve the Japanese people from the decay with which it is continually menaced, under the immense pressure of Buddhism. Here, I am convinced, will be found the source of that joviality, that freshness of spirit, that child-like simplicity of character, which distinguish the laboring classes of the Empire. That which does them the most honor is the circumstance that the worship which they render to their favorite divinities has little of the character of mere superstition.

“The Japanese recognizes the children of his own imagination in the seven gods of happiness, and he has no scruples against amusing himself with them, whenever it seems good to him. He even makes them the subject of innumerable caricatures. In one of them, the god of longevity plays at backgammon with his friend Benten, and four of his fellow-gods, squatted around the board, seem to be betting on the goddess. A fifth, Ébisū, brings an enormous fish as a present for the winner. In other caricatures the seven divinities go through various adventures as travelling actors. The god of glory is obliged to carry a fish on his resplendent lance. Benten, in a tavern, displays her talent as a costumer, in arranging the wardrobe of the troupe. During the per-

formances she sings and plays on the lute, and the god of wealth makes an accompaniment by striking a stick on his heavy wooden mallet. His symbolical rats act as jugglers. The god of longevity makes the necessary explanations to the public, and directs the performance by gestures with his fan. In still another picture, the god of talents is seen applying a moxa to the legs of the god of contentment.

“Many of the demigods and popular heroes of the old mythology must also submit to be grotesquely caricatured. But it is unnecessary to multiply examples of this kind. If there is anywhere in the world a people who have no more illusions to lose, even concerning their favorite idols, it is certainly that which inhabits the Islands of the Rising Sun. They are childish, if one judge them only from external appearances, but, at bottom, they are intellectual even in their public diversions, and still more so in their religious caricatures ; for the latter are nothing more than a tacit protest against the ancient objects of their worship, and a tacit homage offered to the Unknown God.”



## CHAPTER XX.

### NEW YEAR'S EVE IN TOKIO, 1872

IN Japan, there have been four different ways of counting the years, viz., by the reigns of the emperors ; by year periods ; by the sexagenary or sixty-year cycle ; and by a continuous era beginning with the reign of Jimmu Tenno, the fabulous first mikado or emperor. The present *nen-go* or year-period commenced January 25, 1868, when the emperor Mutsu-hito, or 123d Mikado, began his reign. It is called Meiji, or Enlightened Peace. The first year of Meiji was the fifth of the cycle (the twenty-first since the introduction of the Chinese method, or "Cycle of Cathay," A.D. 602), the year of the Dragon, and the 2528th since the foundation of the Empire. The point of the beginning of Japanese history, as officially fixed in 1872, is B.C. 660. The year 1892 is the 25th of Meiji.

As the acceptance of the Chinese calendar is, in a certain sense, a recognition of the superiority of China as the Middle Kingdom, and that the borrower is a pupil or tributary nation, the Japanese Government in 1872 adopted the Gregorian calendar. The second day of the twelfth month fell on December 31, 1872, and the change was effected by leaving out the remainder of the said twelfth month, and calling January 1,

1873, the first day of the first month of the 2533d year of the Japanese Empire. Despite the wrath of the Chinese, the change was quietly accepted by all the Japanese people. It signified that Japan deserted Chinese for European ideas of civilization.

The author of "The Mikado's Empire," who lived in Japan from 1870 to 1874, thus describes New Year's Eve in Tokio, 1872, when the great annual festival came several weeks earlier than usual.

"For the first time in the history of the Land of the Gods, which according to popular belief extends back many millions of years, New Year's Day was to come in the middle of the eleventh instead of at the end of the twelfth month—six weeks earlier than usual. The little children, who had been counting the days before New Year's on their fingers, were in raptures when Tokū san (papa) told them that, by a decree of the good emperor, the happy New Year's Day was so soon to come; but many an old bald head was shaken when it was told that the Son of Heaven, the *Mikado*, had been so deceived and led away by the hairy foreigners that he had adopted their calendar, and thus disturbed the whole order of things in heaven and earth. Among the rural boors and gawks blank consternation followed, eyes opened like moons, and mouths like gulfs. Had the moon and sun exchanged places, they could not have been more surprised. But for good or evil, the lunar calendar made way for the solar; and though men in the barber-shop, and maids around the well curb, argued that they had lost a month and a half out of their lives, they declared themselves no worse for it, hav-

ing saved so much rice and clothes in the meantime. Some said outright that they believed the foreign calendar was the better, and that New Year's Day ought to be the same all over the globe. While Japan was shut out from the world, like an oyster in its shell, or wine in a sealed bottle, New Year's Day might come as of yore; but now that Japan was one of the civilized nations, the only proper day must be identical with that of the foreigners. The moon had long lorded it over the tides and the months, now let the sun have sway over these latter at least. So the good emperor, Mutsuhito, was lauded for having issued his decree adopting the Gregorian calendar, and for turning forward the hands of Time's old clock through forty-six days. Like a sensible man as he is, he rejected our absurd month and day names, the verbal relics of Roman and Saxon heathenism, and, as a good Quaker does and as the Japanese always did, he called the days "first day," "second day," etc. The new months, no longer to be measured by the moon, were not to be designated, as we old western fogies designate them, calling the ninth month the seventh, the tenth month the eighth, etc. The week-days in Japan were ordered to be called Sun-day, Moon-day, Fire-day, Wood-day, Metal-day, Water-day, Earth-day; the months, first, second, third, etc. Popularly, Japanese holidays are still as of yore the *ichi-roku*; or the first day of the month, and every sixth day in it, viz., 1st, 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st, 26th; but our official Sunday is also recognized by the Japanese, when the Government offices are closed. The emperor who could thus decree the

change of calendar, and in the eye of the people, hurry the sands of old Time's hour-glass by a pen-stroke, made possible what an ancient proverb declared could not be—"a moon on the thirtieth day;" this proverb being an expression equivalent to something totally impossible.

However much the country folk disliked it, the Tokio people were ready for the change, and right merrily did they welcome it. The day before New Year's, though one of busy preparation, is as interesting in foreign eyes as the real day itself. All good Japanese, to prepare properly for New Year's Day, must be as busy as bees. The whole house must be cleaned from rafter to door-sill. All the thick, soft mats must be taken up, beaten, and shaken, and the pedestrian in the streets had better strap on a pair of goggles, and keep his nose and mouth shut to what the good Lord made him of. All the pots, kettles, and utensils of every sort must be cleansed and scoured, and the worn-out ones renewed. Everyone, except the beggars and lowest poor, buys a new coat and a pair of straw or wooden shoes. The *bimbo* or poor man takes his old coat out of pawn, and raises heaven and earth to get some cash, enough to buy some fish or condiments to give festal variety to the everlasting boiled rice, which is eaten three times a day in every house in Japan. Every shop-keeper must square his accounts, pay his debts, and be ready to lay all his business and care aside for a week. The official prepares for a two weeks' rest. Only once a year is a universal Sabbath seen in Japan, and that is on New Year's Day. The

shops are all shut, and no artisan will do work for love or money. Hence, the day before New Year's is the busiest of the year.

Out on the O-dori, the Broadway of Tokio, on the last day of the year, the preparations were at the liveliest. The street is always bustling, but on this day it was crowded. The regular shops were blazing with toys, brilliant clothing, tempting sweetmeats, and shining lacquer-ware. The playthings were, as they are in every land, miniatures and faithful mirrors of serious life. The doll-shops were each a little paradise of black-eyed babies, little ladies, and chubby children of Japan. So life-like are the Japanese dolls that they seem as if they had been born of live mothers and would walk out of their glass cases and come to you, if you stretched out your arms for them, or tempted them with a rice-cake. At the confectioners, candy-fish, enough to stock an aquarium, were ready to float in sugary bliss down the throat of the urchins that eyed them. Candy "gum-balls," "sweet potatoes," "radishes," "cuttle-fish," "firemen," "tycoons," "junks," and "mermaids," lay piled ready for sale, beside sponge-cake in little mountains, and rice-cracknels by the million. The most tempting gems of lacquered work, cabinets, boxes, bows, etc., acted on the spare change of the folk out shopping like a magnet. The shops were full of customers, but the crowds attended most with eyes, hands, and purses, to the booths which were erected for miles along both sides of the centre of the street. These booths had sprung up like Jonah's gourd, and on New Year's eve were to wither

like it. They were made of straw mats laid over a frame of wood, and tied together with rice-straw rope. In them were sold the symbols of New Year rejoicing. Most of the booths were *kazari-ya* for the sale of fresh green rice-straw, twisted like horns of plenty, or in long cables for stretching across gateways, or in oval loops, in festoons, or in heavy fringe. Other booths sold ready-boiled red prickly lobsters, oranges with long stems, ferns, or bamboo stalks. With these emblems every house and temple throughout the empire of Japan is decorated.

Already the streets of Tokio look as though they had been suddenly transformed into a garden. In decorating for New Year's Day, two pine-trees are set up in front of each high-class house, at a proper distance on each side of the gate, and a generous bundle of split firewood is bound around it for a base. The tall stalks of the spray-like bamboo rest against the pine, and rise far above it, so that the delicate bamboo and deep pine contrast their tints. All along the front eaves of the house, or from pine to pine, are stretched twisted straw cables, with fringes of straw and strips of white paper hanging down. The rice from the province of Iigo is the most delicious in the empire, and miniature bags of it are piled up to typify wealth and abundance. Over the door is nailed a cylindrical piece of charcoal, an orange, pieces of sea-weed, sprays of fern, and an oak-leaf. Sometimes a persimmon, which in Japan is very sweet and as large as an apple, is added with the orange, or takes its place. "The fir-tree and the bamboo are emblems of long life, as is also

the orange; the lobster typifies a hearty old age, strong though bent; the dried persimmon, very similar in appearance to, and quite as sweet as a Smyrna fig, is emblematical of the sweetness of conjugal constancy; the fern long retains its verdure; the oak-leaf does not drop till the young leaves begin to burst from their buds; and the piece of charcoal denotes eternal stability." These emblems hang up for six days. On the seventh they are taken down and burnt as an offering to the local gods. According to the Japanese fitness of things, *umé*, *také*, *matsū*—the plum, bamboo, and pine—are the three most lovely and suggestive emblems of the vegetable world, and these three are almost always found growing together in pots, or painted on screens, cabinets, trays, ink-stones, or the other exquisite works of Japanese art which have won admirers in every land. In the old days of Japan, when New Year's came in February, the plum-trees were in blossom, and the dwarfed trees in pots were set in each parlor, making clouds of bloom and shedding fragrance. The most ngly and rugged stocks, decayed almost to punk, were grafted full with branches that were trained in sinuosities like writhing snakes. In summer, with bare, curled branches, they reminded one of a pyramid of tiny Egyptian snakes. At New Year's time, a mass of bloom, their sinuosities hidden, the strings removed, they looked like a multiplication of Aaron's rod. Budding life on a blasted trunk is the delight of the Japanese. Alas! this year the plum-tree was not in blossom. Nature was too conservative, and would not hurry her results

even if it were New Year's Day. No plum-trees graced the festivities of the first day of the first month of the 2533d year of the Japanese Empire, and the year of our Lord 1873. It was proof positive to many an old farmer and city conservative who mourned over the absence of their darling blossoms, that "the right way between heaven and earth" had been forsaken by the divine emperor. His Japanese Infallibility had made a mistake.

Besides the decorative emblems, every good Japanese begins the new year with a new shrine of pure wood for the abode of his household gods—the Japanese Lares and Penates—seen in every habitation. Fat and jolly these gods are, especially those of wealth and of long life, if we may judge by their pictures. The family shrine is usually placed over the inner door. Offerings of rice and wine are made daily, and lights are lit at night to burn until morning, and in many houses the sacred flame never goes out. Besides the new *miya*, the good Japanese buys a case for the sacred charm which the priest of his temple will give him for a fee. He nails it upon the outside of his house to keep away disease and misfortune. We saw many old couples with their new shrines among their purchases. Some, bent with age, seemed jolly for the nonce, their wrinkles less hard, as they hobbled along like old Chronos, with their new *miya*, and their big fish, and rice dough for cracknels; which are the Japanese equivalents for turkey and mince-pies.

Men stood on the street corners who would take a cylinder of bamboo, and, with a few dexterous cuts,



scrapes, and ties, would hand you a good though flat representation of a nosegay, in curled bamboo flowers. At one place, an artist in dough took rice paste, and, with fingers, blow-pipe, and a few daubs of paint, evolved from this novel protoplasm a cock, a dahlia, a pumpkin, a monkey, a "hairy foreigner," a *duimio*, a wagon, or a trumpet; all of fair size and wonderfully accurate likeness to their originals. At another corner, a man made sponge-cake with sugar paste inside, on a griddle, having himself, his batter, griddle, furnace, and fuel, piled-up cakes, etc., all on a platform two feet square. As for the eating-stands, displaying innumerable messes of every color and flavor in all hues of gravy, and sandwiches of lumps of rice covered with raw fish, they were countless. At many stands morsels of beef—the abomination of the passing priest—skewered on bamboo, were boiled in a stew, the water or juice of which was changed probably once a week. The price of a stick of these meat-balls, with privilege of dipping twice in the juice, was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cent. At another place, that foreign curiosity, bread, was toasted on the street, and sold in slices at a half-cent each. Regular eating and "good square meals" are unknown to many of the street coolies, and the number of their meals per day averages twelve or fifteen, being homœopathic in quantity, except rice, which is eaten by the pint. A perfectly regular life, with meals by the clock, would be misery to the street coolie. I once had a most devoted servant who had belonged to this class. His conduct was most exemplary for six months. He even cut off his top-knot and put on foreign clothes.

Suddenly he wished to leave ; the regularity and respectability were too much for him, and he shortly after appeared on the street dressed as slovenly, and was as frequent and nomadic with his meals as of yore.

The various venders of infallible specifics, and the whole tribe of petty wandering street merchants, knew this to be their opportunity, and plied their eloquence and skill to the detriment of many a green-horn's purse. The rope-walkers, the tumblers, the man whose children played theatricals, the fortune-teller with his bundle of bamboo splints, the man who swallowed a sword and ran long steel prongs into his nose, the adept at palmistry, the sellers of rat poison and infallible cement, silver-plating powder, etc., were in their best spirits. The oculists, barbers, dentists, quacks, and all the indoor professionals, were radiant with work and orders. Everybody seemed to be going home with a package in his hand. As for the countrymen, they were in full force to see the sights. I can always tell the Japanese *inaka* when he comes to town. He stares at the foreigner as if his eyes had at last deceived him utterly. Why the foreigner should be a foreigner, and have ugly blue eyes, and brown hair like a dog, and wear hair on his face, seems to be explainable only on the theory that all foreigners are either descendants of dogs, or are the rejected models which the gods threw away before they wrought their perfect work on the incomparable children of Japan.

Before the new shrine for the household gods is set up, the devils in the house must be driven out.

All the members of the household, from *paterfamilias* to the baby, arm themselves with rounds of parched beans, and then assault and exorcise the devils in every room of the house ; flinging the beans with a terrible racket into every crack and corner, and then directing their volleys toward the door. This mimic cannonade is continued until the house is cleared of the fiends. A sprig of holly is then stuck in either side of the door to prevent their entering again. Offerings of rice, fish, etc., are afterward made to the various household deities—the god of the kitchen and of the fireplace, the god of longevity, and the god of wealth. Then in the *tokonoma*—the raised recess, or part of the room always assigned to ceremonial purposes—are placed great round batches of rice dough laid on white paper, which look as if some American housekeeper had just finished kneading her sponge. Oranges and ferns are laid on top, and these are flanked by offerings of beans, roots, and other articles of Japanese diet, placed on white paper, on ceremonial stands. The master of the house presents his servants with new suits of clothes and with pocket-money, and gives them holiday for one or more days. The visiting-cards for the morrow are all written and ready, and those for distant friends and relatives have been already sent.

All then is ready in the household for the festal joy of the great day. The old lie down for rest, with memories of the past, and the young seek sleep as a bridge of dreams, to cross the slow hours that flow between the now and the happy golden morrow of a New Year's Day in Japan.

## CHAPTER XXI.

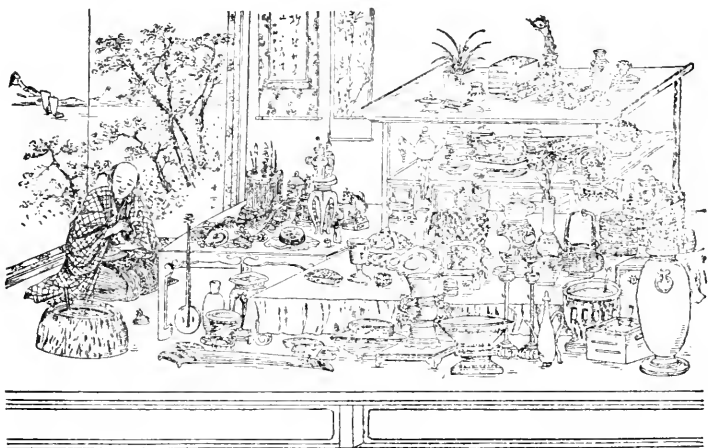
### JAPANESE ART, ARTISTS, AND ARTISANS

THE author of "The Mikado's Empire," while living in the city of Fukui, in the province of Echizen, as well as in the imperial capital, spent many hours with the native artists, and in studying the processes of the artisans of Japan. The following chapter written by him is condensed from *Scribner's Magazine* :

Japan is the land of surprises. Among things unexpected, none strikes the visitor or resident more than the environment of art and its makers. One sees that the love of the beautiful has penetrated to the lowest classes, that taste is highly refined, that a long perspective of history has given a background out of which exquisite flowers of genius have bloomed, that the very shape of the fingers seen, "literally on every hand," suggests delicacy and cunning skill ; yet where are the factories and studios ? Inside the dwellings, where are the bronzes, porcelain, and bric-à-brac ? The house and living-rooms, devoid of what we imagine to be furniture, suggest simplicity itself. Rarely are articles of virtue visible. The whole cast of civilization suggests extreme frugality, if not poverty. One wonders how Europe and America can be so filled with exquisite works of

art, once exported from, but now no longer to be easily duplicated in, "Everlasting Great Japan."

These impressions, so often expressed by others, were shared by the writer twenty-two years ago, when he first trod the soil of the Honorable Country. One year's life as a lone foreigner in a daimio's castle



An Art Store in Japan

town, and three years in the national capital, with much travelling and many visits to palaces, temples, feudal mansions, and artists' homes, did not greatly dull the edge of surprise. Then, the richly stocked shops and factories in the treaty ports, flamboyant with gay daubs and over-decorated wares which sell well abroad, had scarcely more than a beginning. Then the subdivision of labor, now increasingly practised, and the crass products of prison toil were

unheard of. The emblazonry of paper fans, umbrellas, and wall hangings, usually the product of prison labor, and which make perpetual red sunsets in our sea-shore tabernacles, had but begun.

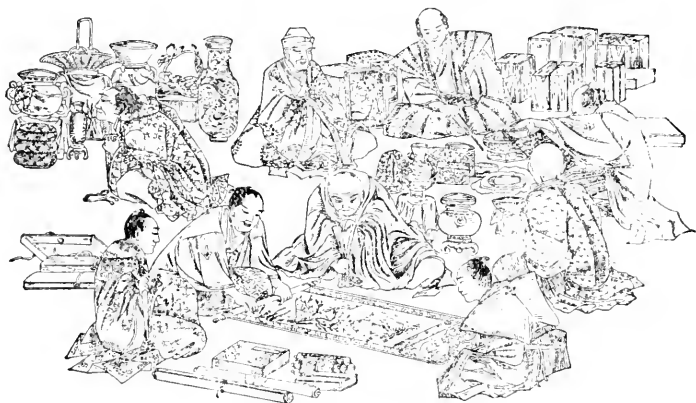
Things were normal, and the Holy Country had been but recently defiled by the alien. The collector, purchasing agent, and specially accredited emissary of museum and publisher were not then in the land.

Yet the art, the artist, and the artisans were there. Gradually one was able to discover the foundries and ateliers, and to ferret out the secrets and learn the curious vocabulary of the handicraftsmen. When familiar with the sword-wearing gentlemen and the intelligent merchants, the appreciative lover of art could carry temptation to their pride and often to their pockets, and thus win many a rare curio.

One found that these high-bred folks were averse to vulgar display, or to what might tempt the tax-collector or the spy—that natural and relentless parasite of Japanese feudalism. There were many causes tending to simplicity of domestic interiors besides poverty. There was the ever-present dread of fire—“the flower of great Yedo”—in which city a day passing without a conflagration was a novelty amounting to a national event. No fire-insurance company existed, and the stream thrown on a blaze by the hand-engines borne on men’s shoulders, and filled with buckets and dippers, could hardly outrival a Chinese laundryman in the act of sprinkling clothes. Hence, nearly all valuables, and especially art treasures and heirlooms, were kept insured in the *dozo*, a fireproof storehouse attached to every dwelling of

importance. This fireproof building, made of timber coated with a foot of mud and hard-finish of plaster, contained "hidden treasures of darkness" in the form of lacquer, ivory, crystal, porcelain, pottery, bronze, books, toys, and robes.

The fine-art store, such as one still sees in the inland cities, is a modest affair in one or two rooms,



Inspecting Art Treasures.

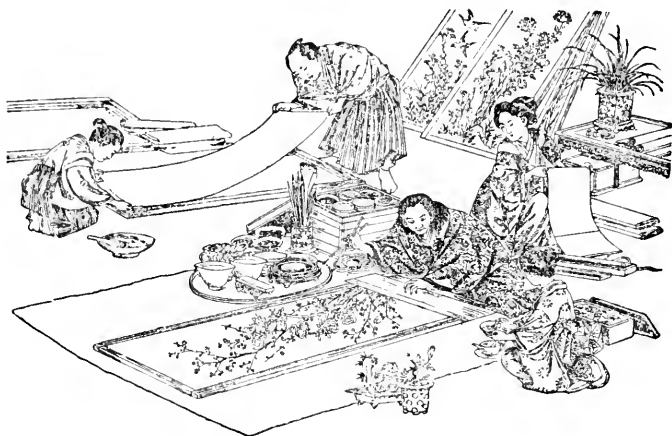
probably half the stock being exposed at one time. The proprietor sits before his brasier, in which a ball or two of the clay-and-charcoal powder smoulders, and will furnish a friendly and gratuitous cup of tea to all callers. He wipes tenderly the crystal you ask to see, and seems personally attached to each of his darling tea-pots, candlesticks, or pen-holder cases, as to a child. Far from showing any eagerness to sell, the old-time dealer, in what foreigners irreverently dub "curios," appeared loath to part

with his wares. A sale seemed to grieve him, despite the thanks and profuse compliments showered on you for honoring his "hut" with your "exalted" presence. There is the richly pictured screen, with a "water-brow mountain" or beetling-precipice-sea-and-ship picture, or "the autumn views of many trees;" the *kakémono*, or hanging wall pictures, with poem in calligraphic characters, or with bamboo and stanza; the rare old pottery, with the signature or seal of "Mr. Old Ink" upon it; while the drinking-cup's inscription reads, "Everything (literally, one hundred things) goes just as we please;" while to the discerning eye every shape, design, border-decoration, or figure is suggestive, or even eloquent, of the ideas and lore of Asiatic humanity, of its literature, religion, and interpretation of nature. No art in any land is more symbolic and suggestive than that of Japan, despite the plea of the linguists that the language and people are devoid of imagination of the Aryan standard.

Art and social life were united. It was not uncommon for gentlemen to meet together and enjoy the products of local artists and artisans, and to compare notes and criticisms. The unique institution of *Cha no yu* (tea and hot water), which, probably more than anything else, developed the porcelain industry in the archipelago of Japan, served also as a school for the production of, and education in, native art. China and Japan drink tea, and the starting-point of their fictile art is the tea-cup (to which we barbarians have added a handle) with the cover or lid (which Europeans have turned upside-down, and made into



a saucer), even as the rice-bowl is perhaps the original unit of their pottery. In Corea, speaking broadly, no tea is raised or drunk; and Corea has no porcelain, though of old, even as the Arab sailors tell us and her tombs reveal, famous for her pottery. The *Cha no yu*, or tea-making ceremony, is an elaborate



Artist at Work.

social ritual. It was invented, so it is said, by the great Hideyoshi in the sixteenth century, to turn away the thoughts of his men of war from arms to polite etiquette—two things for which the Japanese have a genius. Perpetual peace was to be kept by means of artistic grace and enthusiasm in æsthetics. This peaceful policy failed of its original purpose, but it gave a mighty impulse to the ceramic art, which was set on a firm basis when Hideyoshi's generals invaded Corea and by his orders transferred,

not only the Corean potters, but almost the entire national industry to Japan.

In old Japan there were no academies, large ateliers, or picture-sellers, as in Europe. Each painter had his studio in his home, and was assisted by wife, children, pupils, retainers, or relatives; or he went off to spend weeks or months at the monasteries, temples, or feudal mansions, filling orders for patrons. Some of the most famous basked in the sunshine of the imperial court, enjoying showers of gold; while others gained the aureole of immortal fame, roaming, slowly and miserably, from place to place. The schools founded by, and the traditions of, these old masters are still mighty in Japan. Not a few artists who gain a respectable living, and even fame, depend almost entirely on copying the sketches or models handed down from the past. Instead of finding stimulus in improvement, or inspiration in nature, they continually reproduce the same stock of ideas and set of symbols. A friend of mine, calling on a Tokio artist, criticised a peculiar and unnatural treatment of the horse's joints and limbs, asking why the artist did so. "Oh," replied the man of brushes and pigments, with a tone of protest, "the master — always did so."

So far as I know, however, the better class of painters sketch from nature. The freshly plucked spray of blossoms, the potted plant, the bird or insect actually caught and caged, or the real crane in flight or feeding in the rice-field, is their true original. On one occasion, wanting to have some sprays of the deep-sea "glass plant," or *Hyalonema mirabilis*, so



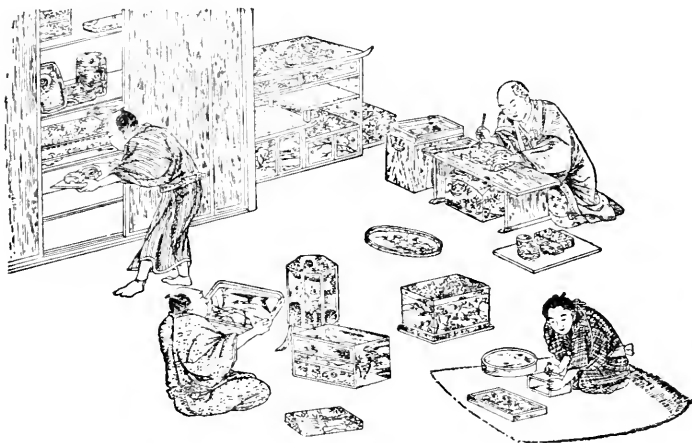
A San-sui, or Garden Picture

mounted in a lacquered stand that their jewel-like sheen would be visible, I gave an order for a *dai*, or stand to a gold-lacquerer in Fukui, stating that I wished its design to be a sunrise on the rocks at the sea-side. He at once repaired to Mikuni, the near marine village, and sketched the cliffs, rocks, ocean-waves, and rising sun ; after which he reproduced his india-ink sketch in gold and varnish.

The screen is a household article, nearly ubiquitous, and has the advantage of presenting many panels for a series of pictures, such as Heaven, Earth, and Air ; Rock, Cloud, and Water ; Youth, Middle Life, and Old Age ; Deer and Maple, Tiger and Bamboo, Rain and Sparrow, and other associated ideas so dear to the Japanese eye and mind. The artist's assistants prepare the panels, while the wife is busy on the sheets of silk, and the daughter grinds colors. Taking his place on the floor, without a mall-stick, but with two brushes in his hand, he sketches Spring and Autumn, as typified in the plum-blossoms and full-blown chrysanthemum. Immobility and Motion, shown by rocks and flower, the couplets of Bird and Grass, Moon and Hare, or the triplet Plum, Bamboo, and Pine, quickly appear under his facile brush. The rich costume of the artist and his family, and the general air of comfort and luxury, hardly represent the average historical fact, for most artists were poor. In the old days of feudalism they lived in the daimios' capitals, or clustered in Kioto or Yedo. Now they are most numerous in the modern capital of the Mikado, and the most prosperous artists are those who deign to draw designs for deco-

rators, or serve, with a salary, under the manufacturing corporations which are rapidly centralizing art and labor. When, however, an artist is invited out to display his achievements, for a consideration, he dons his best clothes and expects a fair equivalent for his fine phrensy.

The aspects of nature which the Japanese artist



Lacquer Artists and Drying Closet.

studies lovingly are not like the glacier-polished and drift-deposited landscapes of Northern Europe and America. Volcanic and alluvial formations are most common in this Pacific archipelago, and though the traditions of Chinese and Corean masters sway his brush, the Japanese artist reproduces with commendable faithfulness many of the moods of nature. The national tenderness of appreciation, and sentimental interest in nature, as mirrored in ancient

poems and belles-lettres, date from the primeval period, when the Sunrise Land was fresh to the new dwellers amid its wonders. The wrinkled hills, multitudinous valleys, lava-cones, mountain-ranges, waterfalls, and vegetable forms lend easily the lines which can be made to appear in lacquer paintings.

In the typical gold-lacquerer's sketch, peerless Fuji, dwarfing into insignificance the thatched cottages, the fowls of the air, the scant cultivation, suggest the sparsely settled regions remote from cities, and tell of solitude—man alone amid nature, and his puny power over her. An art symbol, nearly the reverse, narrates its story without words, but in a sufficient language of its own. This is a San-sui picture, having in it, as the term denotes, mountains and water. Nature is still here, but tamed and made man's assistant. The thatched "moon-viewing chamber," or "cottage of outlook," the stone lantern, "to give light during the long dark night," the wicket gate and hedge, the rustic bridge, the Mandarin ducks, or love-birds—emblems of wedded joy, the storks—living prophets of longevity, the smoothly worn paths, the well-curb and rope-bucket, are there, all suggesting man's enjoyment in, and harmony with, nature. Perspective and Western artistic requirements are subordinated to the form required for the gold-lacquerer's art. With varnish, metal, and color he will translate the india-ink sketch into a superb picture finished in burnished gold. This art of lacquering is based on the graphic and pictorial arts, and is one of the noblest in which Japan excels.

Japan now manufactures and exports, annually, artistic products to the value of millions; labor and skill are more centralized, and manufacturing methods gradually approach those of the West. In old Japan, clay-worker, moulder, baker, and decorator were usually in one room, and often were one person. The average "establishment" was a father and son,



Washing, Mixing, and Moulding Porcelain Clay.

a husband and wife, or a small coterie of relatives living under a single roof. Now a subdivision of labor reigns, processes are carried on under several roofs, and the artists or decorators cluster at the capital.

It is even common now to dig the clay at some one of the two hundred and fifty beds known, load it on junks, and ship to favored manufacturing places, where it is ground, beaten, levigated, kneaded, moulded, and the biscuit fired and glazed. The raw

material, after being ground, stamped, and washed, is further treated with hoe, trowel, and basket-sieve.

The finest sort is beaten with from three to six thousand strokes of a club, so as to be fully tempered for the wheel, or for those articles which are built rather than moulded. When ready for the baking, the first for the biscuit of dry clay, the second for the glaze, a peculiar kind of charcoal is used, and the fire is kindled from a spark struck with flint and steel which every smoker carries at his belt.

In the stanza translated by Mr. Edward Greey, some poet has written :

“ The potter moulds the clay upon the wheel,  
And behold a jar valued at a few cents ;  
The artist takes his brush, decorates the ware,  
And lo ! the piece is worth the ransom of a great warrior.”

These porcelain painters rank among the highest-class artisans, and live and dress well. They are intelligent brain-workers, as well as experts with the brush. Of course most of the finest designs, and all the original ones, are drawn by the pictorial artist, and the decorators work from the sketches furnished them. In the manufacture by bulk and contract, however, the usual stock in trade of Crane and Stream, Rock and Sea-waves, Foam-drops and Petrels, Cloud and Dragon, Chinese poetry, idealized landscapes, or the *répertoire* of graphic designs in figure, are followed by rote. Artists know by heart, and have known for many generations, these standard art symbols, which are recognized and interpreted even by children. Striking and banding in gold or color are done on a wheel turned by the fingers. For



tea-pots either of Corean, Chinese, or Japanese shape or model, a great variety of pigment is used.

The critic and historian who is yet to write the story of art in Japan, from pre-historic time to this twenty-fourth year of Meiji (civilization in enlightened peace), will discriminate nicely between what is borrowed and what is original. The folding fan,



The First Firing of the Vase.

modelled on a bat's wing, the arts of lacquering, sword-making, *cloisonné* on porcelain, and some of the methods of decorating *faïence* are of native origin; but of bronze casting and the secrets of alloy, niello, and metallic work, tell-tale philology often betrays a Corean, Chinese, Persian, or Indian origin. Bronze is "Chinese metal," and some of the names of tools and processes, as I learned them in the shops, are but mispronounced Corean. *Béni*, or *Bénigari* (*rouge*), seems to point to Bengal, just as *briki*, for

“blick,” is only the Dutch word for tin in the mouth of the man who eschews the letter I. The shapes and models of old temple ornaments and flower vases



Porcelain Decorators in Tokio.

point unmistakably to Persian origin, even as the native annals report Japanese embassies meeting those from Persia at the court of the Middle Kingdom. Brasiers, incense-holders, water-tanks, standing lanterns, memorial tablets, and tomb-doors give abundance of opportunity to the bronzist to show his skill in handling masses of metal. The images of Great Buddha at Nara, Kamakura, and elsewhere, show what Cellinis of Japan can achieve in colossal works of art.

The casting of a public monument *in situ*, such as a memorial lantern, column, or Buddha, is usually a public and outdoor affair, attended with festal hilarity. Furnaces, bellows, casting-pots, tools, and ap-

pliances are brought to, or prepared at, the spot, and the details are watched by holiday crowds. For the fusing of larger masses, and in more ambitious projects, a form of bellows that suggests old-fashioned suction fire-engines is used. Then from four to twenty men oscillate the see-saw air-box that drives a furious blast through the single or triple *tuyères*.

For the finer statue, or bas-relief work, a mould of clay and wax is made, dried, and heated to melt the wax and leave space. On pouring in the fused alloy, what remains of the wax is melted, fired, and lost



Bronze Casting and Foundry.

(*cire perdue*). In the finishing-room, the burrs left on the casting are removed, the filing is done, and the surfaces are polished, or made ready for silvering, fire-gilding, inlaying, or coloring. Turning on the lathe is deftly done, though in its use half the power ap-

plied is lost. At this rude wooden machine, the man who turns the shaft with a strap pulls both backward and forward, so that the brass-turner holding the chisel must actually wait during every alternate revolution for the article set on the chuck to come round again right side up. Yet, despite this crude form of lathe, in which fifty per cent. of power is lost, and but few revolutions made per minute, superb work is turned off. The Western handicraftsman will note that the pump-drill, and possibly other tools supposed to be European in origin, are common to his Nipponese brother.

Yet these exquisite pieces of jewelry, called *zo-gan*, as well as those now turned out in forms more suited to Western tastes, by the goldsmiths of Tokio, are made in a space and with appliances that seem ridiculous. With the floor for a seat, at low benches, and with home-made tools, the raw material is melted, the sheet metal planished, annealed, or soldered, and the chains and ornaments are filed or polished. Instead of a draw-bench for wire-making, the floor, the hands and feet, a pair of pincers, and perforated plate constitute the machinery; while the coloring, plating, and acid processes are carried on in a few pots and jars, and the fire-gilding is done without hood or covering, often to the detriment of the health of the workmen.

The boys seen in nearly all the places of skilled labor suggest what is the fact, that apprentices begin to learn their trades usually much earlier than in our country, so that when majority is attained the mastery of the craft is thorough. Another striking feat-

ure of the Japanese system is that of heredity. Skill runs in family lines. Not a few of the famous artisans of the present decade are descendants in the ninth, tenth, and even twentieth generation, of the founder of the establishment. I once employed a carpenter in Fukui, who was proud of his ancestry of wood-workers through twenty-seven generations ; and

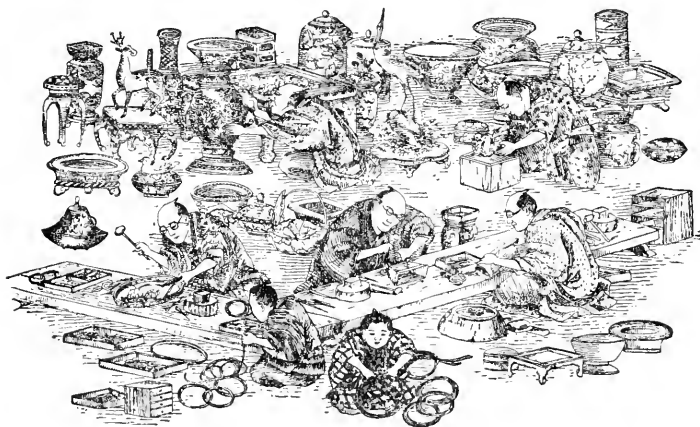


Turning Lathe and Finishing Room.

the temple records show such boasting to be true, though often adoption interrupts the actual blood line. At a paper - naker's establishment in Awotabi, in Echizen, I dined with the proprietor, whose fathers first established the industry a millennium ago, the national history showing also that the Coreans, before the ninth century of our era, visited the place.

Next to Buddhism, the mother and nurse of fine arts, feudalism was the special patron and stimulus of the Japanese higher artisan. A glance at the arms

and armor of a captain of old Japan's chivalry, such as Minamoto Yoshitsuné, shows how his full equipment summoned most of the fine arts to the service



Chasing, Inlaying, and Burnishing Bronzes.

of the soldier. The harness of hide and chain armor, silk and steel, brocade and lacquer; the helmet and breast-plate of chased gold and silver; the dragon-in-signia of cast and chiselled metal; the silken banner, woven, embroidered, or painted with the ancestral blazon; the polished triumphs of the quiver and arrow maker's art, the doublet bow of wood and cane; the sword-rack from the gold-lacquerer's hand; the bear-skin shoes and tiger skin-sheath, the shark-hide grip, and curiously wrought dirk scabbard, made a panoply to which the masters of many arts contributed, when they laid all forms of animal and vegetable life and mineral products under tribute.

Crowning all other crafts was that most noble and most honored of the sword-maker, who, by the help of the gods, presided over the birth of "the samurai's soul"—the bright, unsullied blade of Yamato.

Now, though the old motive and environment have gone, and Japan is becoming modern, civilized, and commercial, may we not hope that the hereditary manual skill, physical adaptation, and real artistic impulse to translate beauty into art may for centuries yet be regnant in Everlasting Great Japan.



A Jeweler's Shop.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE JAPANESE AND THEIR MYTHOLOGY

THE Japanese people offer more than one problem to the ethnologist as well as to the historian. Many points will undoubtedly yet be made clear, as our chances for more thorough research increase; but at present the foundation of the Empire, the origin of the race, are involved in equal obscurity.

The first and most natural supposition would be that the archipelago of Japan must have been peopled by a Tartar emigration. There is evidence of very ancient relations between Corea, Japan, the Kurile Islands, and even Kamtschatka; for that chain of islands which extends northward, and then eastward to the American peninsula of Alaska, across the Pacific Ocean, resembles the dismantled piers of a gigantic bridge, and suggests the idea of a migration which must have been possible, even with the most primitive forms of navigation. But in tracing back the historical traditions of the Japanese toward their origin, we meet with no nomadic and conquering hordes, but, on the contrary, with peaceable tribes of hunters and fishers, under the name of "Aïnos," a native expression which signifies "men," scattered along the shores and over the islands of the North Pacific.

These Aïnos have not the oblique eyes, the high



cheek-bones, or the scattering beards of the Mongol race ; they are a short, thick-set people, with large, round heads, and are especially distinguished by the remarkable thickness of the hairy growth which covers their skins. They seem to have been contemporaries of the extinct cave-bears.

The cosmogony and early mythological system of the Japanese are somewhat mixed with those of the Chinese, but the two elements can be readily separated. The Chinese philosophers, for example, imagine a primitive, eternal substance, which contains the germs of everything that exists, divided into two classes, the Yang and the Ying. The Yang is the active, masculine principle, or primitive force ; the Ying is the passive, feminine principle, or primitive matter ; and all things in the universe are the result of a combination of the two.

The Japanese theory, on the other hand, supposes a succession of immeasurable periods of time, during which the creation of the world was accomplished in the following order :

During the chaotic period, three beings coexistent with creation, separated the earth from the heavens.

In the second period, a series of seven celestial dynasties symbolizes the formation of the different elements.

Then, all the elements having been prepared, the definite creation of the world was brought about by the action of the last pair of celestial deities, the spiritual combination of whose attributes produced Japan, while from the deities themselves descended five generations of earthly deities, the last of whom

was Jimmu Tenno, the founder of the dynasty of the Mikados.

In the simpler form, which is familiar to the people, there are many curious details of creation. What may be called the "Genesis" of the Japanese Bible commences as follows :

"In the beginning there was neither heaven nor earth.

"The elements of all things formed a liquid and troubled mass, similar to the contents of an undeveloped egg, in which the white and the yellow are still mingled together.

"Out of the infinite space which this chaos filled, a god arose, called the divine Supreme Being, whose throne is in the centre of heaven.

"Then came the divine Creator, exalted above the creation ; finally the divine Creator, who is the sublime Spirit.

"Each one of these three primitive gods had his own existence, but they were not yet revealed beyond their spiritual natures.

"Then, by degrees the work of separation went on in chaos.

"The finest atoms, moving in different directions, formed the heavens.

"The grosser atoms, attaching themselves to each other, and adhering, produced the earth.

"The former, moving rapidly, constructed the vault of the firmament which arches above our heads ; the latter, being slowly drawn together in a solid body, did not form the earth until at a much later period.

“When the earthly matter still floated as a fish that comes to the surface of the waters, or as the image of the moon that trembles on a limpid lake, there appeared between the heavens and the earth something similar to a piece of reed, endowed with movement and capable of transformation. It was changed into three gods, which are: the August One, reigning perpetually over the Empire; he who reigns by virtue of water; and he who reigns by virtue of fire.

“All three were of the male sex, because they owed their origin to the action of the Divine reason, alone.

“After the three first males, there came three pairs of gods and goddesses, reigning over the elements of wood, metal, and earth.

“This second dynasty contained as many goddesses as gods, because the terrestrial united equally with the celestial reason in producing them. The first of the seven gods commenced the creation of the earth, and all together personify the elements of the creation.

“The era of the celestial gods, commencing with the first and terminating with the last male and female pair, who were called Izanagi and Izanami, continued for millions on millions of years.”

But the world, and, most important of all, the Empire of Japan, was not yet created. The account given, therefore, is very circumstantial. One day, when the god and goddess were sitting together on the arch of the sky, they happened to talk of the possibility of there being an inferior world. “Let us see,”

said Izanagi to his goddess, "whether there is not a world buried under those waters which we see below us." Thereupon he plunged down his diamond-pointed javelin and stirred about with it in all directions. As he withdrew it some drops of salt water fell from the diamond point, and, condensing in their fall, formed the island which is called Ono-koro-shima. The pair then descended upon this island, and determined to make it the beginning of a grand archipelago, to be created by the united labors of both.

They first separated, one turning to the right and the other to the left, and made the circuit of the island. When they met, the goddess, transported with joy, cried out: "How happy I am to see you again, my dear and amiable spouse!" But the god, annoyed because she had anticipated him, replied: "My position as your husband gives me the right to speak first; why do you usurp it? Your haste is of bad omen, and in order to avoid its consequences, we must begin our circuit again."

The second time he spoke first, crying out, as soon as he perceived the goddess: "How happy I am to see you again, my dear and amiable spouse!" From this time forth, nothing interrupted them in the work of creation, which was accomplished in the following order: Izanagi raised from out the waters the island of Awaji, then the mountainous Yamato, rich in fruits and with fine harbors; then the others in succession, until the Empire of the eight great islands was completed. The smaller islands were then made, six in number; and the islets scattered here and there

formed themselves afterward, from the mixture of the sea-foam and the deposits of the rivers.

The country thus created being desert and uninhabitable, Izanagi called into life eight millions of genii, who descended all at once on the archipelago and produced an abundance of vegetation. Besides these, he created the ten thousand things, out of which have come everything that can be found on the earth.

On her part, the goddess Izanami created the genii of mines, of water, of aquatic plants, of alluvial soil, and of fire. When the work was done, the pair made their habitation there, and became the progenitors of the five dynasties of terrestrial deities, from whom, after another immeasurable lapse of time, are descended the races of men. Their oldest daughter, the goddess of the sun, is still adored in Japan, even by the rationalistic sects.

The youngest son of the last terrestrial god of the fifth dynasty, named Jimmu, subjected all the adjacent islands to his sovereignty, at the age of forty-five, and united them in a single empire. He was the founder of the dynasty of the Mikados, and is likewise worshipped at this day under the name of "the glorified ruler of the heavens." The date of his accession to the imperial rule, as given by the Japanese historians, corresponds to the year 660 before the Christian era. This is the point where their human history commences, although, for many centuries later, it retains a fabulous character. The very circumstance that the Japanese cite their early mythology as an evidence that they are not related to the

Chinese, or any other neighboring people, seems to indicate that portions of it may have been invented for that special purpose.

Nevertheless, it seems very probable that the civilization of the Japanese, in its essential characteristics, had an independent origin, and that its earliest seat was in the central part of the great island of Nippon, near where the cities of Kioto and Osaka now stand. The worship of the *Kamis*, or ancestral demi-gods (which must not be confounded with the reverence paid in China to the ancestors of families), existed in Japan as long ago as tradition reaches, and it possesses some features which are found in the religious observances of no other race. There are chapels dedicated to the several kamis in all parts of the empire ; but they are most numerous and celebrated in the southern islands.

These chapels are called *Miyas*. They are always built in the most picturesque localities, and especially where there is a grove of high trees. Sometimes a splendid avenue of pines or cedars conducts to the sacred place, which is always approached through one or more detached portals, called *torii*s, like the pylæ of the Egyptian temples. The chapel is usually set upon a hill, natural or artificial, buttressed with Cyclopean walls, and with a massive stone stairway leading to the top. At the foot of the stairs there is a small building containing a tank of water for ablutions.

The chapel itself is usually small, and very simple in its plan, much resembling the native dwelling-house. Three sides are closed, and one is open to sun and air. The wood-work is kept scrupulously clean,

and the floor is covered with the finest matting. The altar, which stands alone in the centre, is ornamented with a plain disk of metal, but no statues or symbolical figures are to be seen, and very rarely emblems of any kind. Nevertheless, there are sometimes stationed, at the head of the staircase, outside of the chapel, sitting figures resembling dogs and unicorns, which are said to represent the elements of water and fire. The interior is generally hung with strips or ribbons of colored paper, the exact significance of which is not yet clearly understood.

The chapels are also ornamented, by their pious votaries, with colored lanterns, vases of perfume, and of flowers or evergreen branches, which are renewed as fast as they wither. At the foot of the altar there is a heavy chest with a metal grating, through which fall the pieces of money contributed : it is hardly necessary to say that the priest carries a key to the box !

These *miyas* were originally commemorative chapels, erected in honor of Japanese heroes, like that of Tell, by the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons. The prince of the province which had given birth to the hero, or where his deeds had been performed, took upon himself the charge of keeping the chapel in repair ; there was no priest to officiate at the altar of the *kami*, no privileged caste interposed between the adorer and the object of his worship. The act of adoration, in fact, performed before the mirror (representing that bequeathed by the goddess Izanami to her children), passed beyond the guardian spirit of the chapel, and reached the supreme god above him. The chapel, therefore, was open to all,

the worship was voluntary, and offered as the individual might choose, no ceremonial being prescribed.

With the introduction of Buddhism, however, an important change took place. The new faith was sufficiently incorporated with the old to transfer the chapels to the special charge of priests, and to introduce, in place of the voluntary, formless worship of the people, a system of processions, litanies, offerings, and even of miracle-working images. Indeed, almost the only difference between this system and the worship of the saints in Catholic countries lies in the circumstance that the priests who officiate only put on their surplices for the occasion, and become secular again when they leave the chapel.

The ancient religion, based on the native mythology, is called Shinto, or the Way of the Gods. From the ninth to the nineteenth century the *Riyobu*, or mixed form of the Shinto religion, prevailed among the masses. At the emperor's court in Kioto, the pure rites of the old cult were always maintained. About one hundred years before the opening of Japan through modern treaties, a revival of pure Shinto began, which culminated in 1870, when many of the old temples were purged of all Buddhist emblems and furniture, and restored to their austere simplicity. So far as Japan has any established religion, it is Shinto, and the Mikado or emperor is its head. In 1888, there were in the empire 156 grand temples of state, 192,875 smaller temples or shrines, served by 14,548 keepers. The Buddhist temples, usually larger and the centres of greater religious activity, numbered 71,973, with 51,377 priests. In



general, Shinto expresses the ancestral and patriotic side of the religion of the Japanese, while Buddhism satisfies more fully the cravings of the intellect and emotions.

The most sacred Shinto shrines are in the province of Isé, to which devotees make pilgrimages. It was for entering one of these shrines with his boots on that even a Japanese cabinet minister lost his life. The Imperial Palace in Tokio has a sanctuary in which are kept the regalia and emblems of divine authority, the mirror, crystal ball, and sword. On issuing the Constitution of 1890, the Mikado first worshipped his ancestors, and then took the oath as follows :

“We, the Successor to the throne of Our Predecessors, do humbly and solemnly swear to the Imperial Founder of Our House and to Our other Imperial Ancestors that, in pursuance of a great policy co-extensive with the Heavens and the Earth, We shall maintain and secure from decline the ancient form of government. . . . May the Heavenly Spirits witness this Our Solemn Oath.”

The first article in the Constitution states that, “the Empire of Japan shall be reigned over and governed by a line of Emperors unbroken for ages eternal.” Mr. Arinori Mori, formerly Japanese Minister at Washington and London, and at the time of his assassination by a fanatical Shintoist, the Mikado’s Minister of Education, thus tersely describes the three religions of old Japan :

The Buddhist believes in a future life, dependent upon the principle of cause and effect.

The Confucian, in a present life, guided by the reason of humanity.

The Shintoist, in a past life, and he lives in fear and reverence of the memories of the dead.

All persecution of Christians ceased in 1872, since which time the disciples of Christ have steadily increased. Under the constitution (Article xxviii.) "Japanese subjects shall, within limits not prejudicial to peace and order, and not antagonistic to their duties as subjects, enjoy freedom of religious belief." The nominal Christian population of Japan now numbers half a million. With the Bible in the vernacular, and many of the ablest intellects of Japan won to the faith of Christ, the new spiritual force has already profoundly modified the native life and literature. Christianity is now one of the recognized religions of Nippon.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE LITERARY AGE OF JAPAN

JAPAN borrowed her letters, writing, literature, and much of her civilization from China. The first introduction of Chinese ideas is associated with Fuji-Yama, as the following story from Griffis's "Japanese Fairy World" shows:

Of all the beautiful objects in "the land of the holy gods," as the Japanese call their country, none are more beautiful than Fuji Mountain and Lake Biwa. The one is a great cone of white snow, the other is a sheet of heaven-blue water in shape like a lute with four strings.

Sweeping from twenty square leagues of space out of the plain and rising fourteen thousand feet in air, Fuji-San, or Fuji-Yama, casts its sunset shadow far out on the ocean, and from fourteen provinces gleams the splendor of its snowy crest. It sits like a king on his throne in the heart of Suruga Province.

One hundred and thirty miles to the west, as the crane wings her flight, in the heart of Omi, is Biwa Ko, the Lake of the Lute. It is sixty miles long and as blue as the sky whose mirror it is. Along its banks rise white-walled castles and stretch mulberry plantations. On its bosom rise wooded islands, white,

but not with frost; for thousands of herons nestle on the branches of the trees, like lilies on their stems. Down under the blue depths, say the people, is the Dragon shrine (Rin Gu), where dwell the dragon-helmed Kai Rin O, and his consort, the shell-crowned Queen of the World Under the Sea.

Why do the pilgrims from all over the Empire exclaim joyfully, while climbing Fuji's cinder-beds and lava-blocks, "I am a man of Omi?" Why, when quenching their thirst with the melted snow-water of Fuji crater, do they cry out "I am drinking from Lake Biwa?" Why do the children clap their hands, as they roll or sail over Biwa's blue surface, and say, "I am on top of Fuji-Yama?"

To these questions the Japanese legends give answer:

When Heaven and earth were first created, there was neither Lake of Biwa nor mountain of Fuji. Suruga and Omi were both plains. Even for long after men inhabited Japan and the Mikados had ruled for centuries, there was neither earth so nigh to heaven nor water so close to the under-world as the peaks of Fuji and the bottom of Biwa. Men drove the plow and planted the rice over the very spot where crater and deepest depth now are.

But one night in the ancient times there was a terrible earthquake. All the world shook, the clouds lowered to the earth, floods of water poured from the sky, and a sound like the fighting of a myriad of dragons filled the air. In the morning all was serene and calm. The sky was blue. The earth was as bright, and all was as "white-faced," as when the











sun goddess first came out from her hiding in the cave.

The people of Omi awoke, scarce expecting to find either earth or heaven, when lo! they looked on what had yesterday been tilled land or barren moor, and there was a great sheet of blue. Was it sky? Had a sheet of the "blue field of heaven" fallen down? Was it the ocean? They came near it, tasted it. It was fresh and sweet as a fountain-rill. They looked at it from the hill-tops, and, seeing its outline, called it "the lake of the four-stringed lute." Others, proud of their new possession, named it the Lake of Omi.

Greater still was the surprise of the Suruga people. The sailors, far out at sea, rubbed their eyes and wondered at the strange shape of the towering white cloud. Was it the Iwakura, the eternal throne of Heaven, come down to rest on earth out of the many piled white clouds of heaven? Some thought they had lost their reckoning; but were assured when they recognized familiar landmarks on shore. Many a cottager woke up to find his house, which lay in a valley the day before, was now far up on the slope, with the distant villages and the sea visible; while far, far above shone the snowy head of a mountain, whose crown lay in the blue sky. At night the edges of the peak, like white fingers, seemed to pluck the stars from the Milky Way.

"What shall we call this new-born child of the gods?" said the people. And various names were proposed.

"There is no other mountain so beautiful in all the earth, there's not its equal anywhere; therefore

call it Fuji (no two such), the peerless, the matchless mountain," said one.

"It is so tall, so comely, so grand, call it Fuji (rich scholar, the lordly mountain)," said another.

"Call it Fuji (never dying, the immortal mountain)," said a third.

"Call it, after the festal flower of joy, Fuji" (Wistaria), said another, as he decked the peak of his hat with the drooping clusters of the tender blue blossom. "It looks blue and purple in the distance, just like the fuji flower." Various as the meanings of the name were, they sounded all alike to the ear. So, without any quarrelling, all agreed to call it Fuji and each to choose his own meaning. To this day, though many a learned dispute and the scratching of the written character on the sand with walking-stick, or on paper with pencil, or on the palm of the hand with forefinger takes place, all pronounce the name alike as they rave on the beauties of Fuji-Yama.

So went forth into the countries bounding "the four seas" the belief that there was a white mountain of perfect form in Japan, and that whoever ascended it would live long, and even attain immortality; and that somewhere on the mountain was hidden the elixir of immortality, which if anyone drank he would live forever. Now, in one of the kingdoms of far-off China there lived a rich old king, who had abundance of treasures, health, and many children. But he did not wish to die, and, hence, spent his days in studying the lore and arts of the alchemists, who believed they would finally attain to the transmutation of lead into gold, find the universal solvent of all things, the

philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, and all the wondrous secrets which men in Europe long afterward labored to discover.

Among the king's sages was one old man of mighty wisdom, who had heard of the immortal mountain of Japan, and, learning of the manner of its appearance, concluded that the Japan Archipelago contained the Fortunate Isles and in it was the true elixir of life. He divulged his secret to the king, and advised him to make the journey to the Land of the Rising Sun.

Overjoyed at the good news and the faithfulness of his loyal sage, the king loaded him with gifts and honors. He selected five hundred of the most beautiful youths and virgins of his kingdom, and, fitting out a fleet, sailed away to the Happy Isles of the East. Coasting along the shore until they recognized the glorious form of the mountain, Fuji, they landed and began the ascent. Alas! for the poor king. The rough sea and severe storms had worn on his aged frame, and the fatigues of the ascent were so great, that before reaching the top he fainted away, and before the head of the procession had set foot on the crater edge the monarch was dead. Sadly they gave up the search for the elixir of life, and, descending the mountain, buried their master in the Province of Kii. Then, in their exuberance of youth and joy, thinking little of the far future and wishing to enjoy the present, they separated in couples, married, and, disposing of their ship and cargo, settled in the country, and colonized the eastern part of Japan.

Long afterward, when Buddhist believers came to Japan, one of them, climbing Fuji, noticed that

around its sunken crater were eight peaks, like the petals of their sacred lotus flower. Thus, it seemed to them, Great Buddha had honored Japan, by bestowing the sacred symbol of Nirvana, or Heaven, on the proudest and highest part of Japan. So they also named it Fuji, "the sacred mountain;" and to this day all the world calls this sacred mountain Fuji-San, or Fuji-Yama, while the Japanese people believe that the earth which sunk in Omi is the same which, piled to the clouds, is the lordly mountain of Suruga.

It was through these Chinese pilgrims, seeking the elixir of life, that the Japanese received their first accounts of China. The Mikado, however, was curious to learn something more than the information which reached him in this way. He thereupon sent an ambassador to the ruler of the Middle Kingdom to beg of him a copy of the annals of his court. His request was not only granted, but the Chinese Emperor sent some literary men with the volumes, to translate and interpret them to the Mikado. In succeeding centuries the Chinese language was taught in Kioto, the relations between the two sovereigns became more intimate, and it was soon fashionable at the court of the Mikado to make use of the Chinese characters for the noble and lapidary styles, as well as to quote passages from the classics and to compose lyric poems in the manner of those of the Flowery Kingdom.

China thus exercised upon Japan a literary influence which may be roughly compared with that of

the Hellenic culture upon Europe. It is said that when the heroic Japanese Empress Jingu conquered Corea she brought away a great collection of Chinese literary works, books of the Buddhist writers, treatises on medicine, and new instruments of music. These were considered the most precious trophies of the expedition.

Their admiration for the arts and letters of China, however, never led the Japanese to esteem her people very highly. They continued to import Korean, and even Chinese teachers of the language, of music, morals, and philosophy, but the latter occupied a position among them somewhat like that of the Greek Sophists among the old Romans. The studious, pacific, and mercantile character of the men of Nanking was rather a subject for contempt with the chivalrous and warlike Nipponese.

Thus the Japanese literature, although developed under the influence of Chinese models, succeeded in preserving a certain originality. Nevertheless, as it was imprisoned at the court of Kioto in the forms of a conventional society, it was obliged to move incessantly in the round of prescribed subjects, and to seek a perfection of style in the strict observance of academic rules. The authors composed terse distiches, as laboriously produced as the dwarf trees; they attempted to describe the ocean in a couplet.

The native engravers have preserved for us the features of the writers who excelled in this species of performances. Their portraits are always accompanied with the subjects of their poetic masterpieces. He who sang of the sea is invariably represented as

squatting on the sand ; another is lost in the contemplation of a *fleur-de-lis* ; a third has a branch of peach-blossoms ; and there are poets of rice, of the butterfly, of the maple-tree, of the crane, the moon, and oysters ! We even meet with a young gentleman who has been carried down to posterity by a solecism. His father, eager to avenge the honor of his family in regard to purity of style, is drawn as beating over the head with a cushion the penitent son, who kneels before him.

There are some localities which are specially famous in the annals of Japanese poetry, such as Mount Kamo, where the great Sho-méi composed his book of odes beside a torrent, listening to the grasshoppers ; and, near Tokio, a monastery, where the prince of Odawara found refuge on a stormy night, and, on leaving the next morning, gave the prior a poem inspired by his adventure—which poem made the fortune of the monastery.

The literary intercourse with China continued for centuries. The growth of the Japanese in literary taste and in elegance of style was recognized by their neighbors, and in A.D. 815 the Chinese contemporary of Charlemagne and Haroun El-Raschid sent an ambassador to the Mikado, for no other purpose than to offer him a poem.

The cultivation of the poetic art, at that time, was carried to the pitch of heroism by a noble maiden of the court of Miako. The beautiful Ono no Komatsū is usually represented in her portraits as kneeling before a wash-basin, and carefully washing from the page the lines she has just written. Her passion for

the perfection of style was so strong that she never knew any other.

Although admired for her talent, she became the object of jealousy, and, being defenceless against the hostility of the court fops, whose advances she had repelled, she fell into disgrace, and was reduced to the lowest stage of misery. For many a long year she wandered from village to village, through the fields of Nippon, a solitary woman, walking barefoot, leaning on a pilgrim's staff, and carrying in her left hand a basket, wherein were rolls of manuscript and some scanty nourishment. Locks of white hair fell from under the broad straw hat which shaded her lean and wrinkled face. When this poor woman had taken her seat in the threshold of some temple, the children of the town gathered around her, attracted by her sweet smile and the fire which still gleamed in her eyes. She then taught them to repeat verses which celebrated the beauties of the creation. Or sometimes a studious monk would respectfully approach her, and solicit the favor of one of her manuscript poems for his collection.

The Japanese people preserve to this day, with an almost religious veneration, the memory of Ono no Komatsū, the wonderful woman, the inspired virgin, unassuming and severe toward herself in the lap of fortune, but gentle, patient, fervently devoted to her ideal, even in extreme age and the deepest adversity. She is the most popular figure in the poetic pantheon of the old empire of the Mikados.

The great literary age of Japan is said to have commenced with the reign of Ten-chi, the thirty-

ninth Mikado, who lived in the latter half of the seventh century. This prince took upon himself the task of purifying the national idiom, and the services which he rendered in this respect, as well by his writings as by his institutions of education, have placed him at the head of the hundred poets of the ancient dialect which is called the language of Yamato, from the name of the classic province of Nippon—corresponding to the Attica of Greece. The most important literary productions of the eighth century are, the “Book of Antiquities;” “Descriptions of all the Provinces of Japan;” the “Kojiki, the Bible of the Shinto Religion;” the “Nihongi, or Annals of the Empire,” a collection of natural legends; the first great “Collection of a Myriad Leaves” of poetry; the “Book of the Usages of the Mikado;” and a Universal Encyclopædia, in imitation of the masterpieces of erudition and imagination in this line already possessed by China.

From the eighth to the twelfth century the chief work of the literary men was to commit to writing the national traditions, poems, ritual, laws, and customs. The stream of literature flowed in two channels. History, science, and law were written in classic Chinese, while poetry, romances, sentimental travels, and belles-lettres were composed in the native idiom. It is a remarkable fact that most of the works in pure literature, which form the Japanese classics, are the work of women. The middle ages, from the time of the establishment of Kioto as the capital to the founding of Kamakura, is the golden age of Japanese literature, and the standards of the language are from the



pens of women. These comprise *uta*, or poems of thirty-one syllables admitting no foreign word; *monogatari*, or romances; *toshi*, or miscellanies; and *nikki*, or diaries. In his "Classical Poetry of the Japanese," Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain has given us many specimens in English of these ancient and mediæval poems, as in his other works he has pointed out the peculiarities of the Japanese language. It is rarely that one finds, even in poetry, a direct impersonation of an abstract idea such as continually color and vitalize our own thoughts and modes of expression; yet here is one from an anonymous poet.

"Old Age is not a friend I wish to meet,  
And if some day to see me he should come,  
I'd lock the door as he walk'd up the street,  
And cry, 'Most honor'd sir! I'm not at home.'"

Oldest and most appreciated of the romances are "The Bamboo-cutter's Romance," composed in the tenth, and the "Genji Monogatari" in the eleventh, century. Both have been put into English. The first tells of a tiny maiden from the moon, found in a joint of bamboo by a peasant. Resplendent and lovely, she not only defies noble lords, to whom she assigns impossible tasks, but even the Mikado falls in love with her. Despite an army of two thousand brave archers posted around the bamboo-cutter's hut to prevent her flight, she escapes in her father's chariot to the moon, weary of this world. She leaves behind her the elixir of life which the Mikado orders to be burnt on Fuji-San, which thenceforth is called Fuji-San, the immortal mountain. The Genji romance, now the acknowl-

edged standard of the language, was composed A.D. 1004 by a court lady, to satisfy the desire of the dowager empress for a novel, or fresh and entertaining, literature. Lifting the curtain from the old court life in Kioto, Murashi, the lady author, shows us "their poetastering, their amorous intrigues, . . . their interminable moon-gazings and performances on the flute, and even minute descriptions of their dresses and of the parties they gave."

During the long civil wars of the middle ages little that is noteworthy in literature was produced, but when peace was secured by Iyéyas, and Yedo was founded, a revival both of learning and of authorship began; the literature of knowledge was cultivated under the patronage of the Sho-gun; but in Mito, Echizen, Kioto, and other places was produced the literature of power, which moves men's minds. History, poetry, archæology, the ancient language, the Shinto religion, commentaries, the Chinese classics, translations from the Dutch, and even dramatic writings, made men think, reflect, and criticise. It was the study of the literature produced chiefly by the Shinto scholars and the historical writers that formed the public opinion which finally overthrew the Shō-gun and the Yedo government, that abolished fendalism, and prepared Japan for the revolutions that have made her enter into Christendom.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### JAPANESE EXPLOITS ABROAD

THE Japanese have not been content with remaining shut up on their own islands. Even when scarcely known to the European world to have an existence, their adventurous sailors roamed the seas. The early Japanese literature is full of references to her priests, pirates, merchants, and envoys, who in distant lands of China, Tonquin, Siam, India, and the Malay Archipelago told of the glories of the Mikado. Corea, however, was the special field of Japanese military activity. The reputed conquest of this peninsular kingdom, and the story of the doughty deeds of the Amazonian Queen Jingū, do not, indeed, satisfy the requirements of modern criticism. Nevertheless, these alleged events have not only profoundly colored the romantic and so-called historical literature of the Japanese, but have also shaped the ideals, and even the serious politics, of the nation.

In "Japanese Fairy World," we have the legends, expressed in an English form, which also show how fruitfully they have touched the national imagination, and have found expression in the native art.

## THE JEWELS OF THE EBBING AND THE FLOWING TIDE.

Chiui was the fourteenth Mikado of the Land of the Gods (Japan). His wife, the Empress, was named Jingū, or God-like Exploit. She was a wise and discreet lady, and assisted her husband to govern his dominions. When a great rebellion broke out in the south island called Kiushiu, the Mikado marched his army against the rebels. The Empress went with him and lived in the camp. One night, as she lay asleep in her tent, she dreamed that a heavenly being appeared to her and told her of a wonderful land in the west, full of gold, silver, jewels, silks, and precious stones. The heavenly messenger told her if she would invade this country she would succeed, and all its spoil would be hers, for herself and Japan.

“Conquer Corea!” said the radiant being, as she floated away on a purple cloud.

In the morning the Empress told her husband of her dream, and advised him to set out to invade the rich land. But he paid no attention to her. When she insisted, in order to satisfy her, he climbed up a high mountain, and looking far away toward the setting sun, saw no land thither, not even mountain peaks. So, believing that there was no country in that direction, he descended, and angrily refused to set out on the expedition. Shortly after, in a battle with the rebels, the Mikado was shot dead with an arrow.

The generals and captains of the host then declared their loyalty to the Empress as the sole ruler

of Japan. She, now having the power, resolved to carry out her darling plan of invading Corea. She invoked all the *kami* or gods together, from the mountains, rivers, and plains, to get their advice and help. All came at her call. The *kami* of the mountains gave her timber and iron for her ships; the *kami* of the fields presented rice and grain for provisions; the *kami* of the grasses gave her hemp for cordage; and the *kami* of the winds promised to open his bag and let out his breezes to fill her sails toward Corea. All came except Isora, the *kami* of the sea-shore. Again she called for him and sat up waiting all night with torches burning, invoking him to appear.

Now, Isora was a lazy fellow, always slovenly and ill-dressed, and when at last he did come, instead of appearing in state in splendid robes, he rose right out of the sea-bottom, covered with mud and slime, with shells sticking all over him and sea-weed clinging to his hair. He gruffly asked what the Empress wanted.

“Go down to Rin Gu and beg his Majesty Kai Rin O, the Dragon King of the World under the Sea, to give me the two jewels of the tides,” said the imperial lady.

Now, among the treasures in the palace of the Dragon King of the World under the Sea were two jewels having wondrous power over the tides. They were about as large as apples, but shaped like apricots, with three rings cut near the top. They seemed to be of crystal, and glistened and shot out dazzling rays like fire. Indeed, they appeared to seethe and

glow like the eye of a dragon, or the white-hot steel of the sword-forgers. One was called the Jewel of the Flood-Tide, and the other the Jewel of the Ebb-Tide. Whoever owned them had the power to make the tides instantly rise or fall at his word, to make the dry land appear, or the sea overwhelm it, in the flip of a finger.

Isora dived with a dreadful splash, down, down to Rin Gn, and straightway presented himself before Kai Rin O. In the name of the Empress he begged for the two tide-jewels.

The Dragon King agreed, and producing the flaming globes from his casket, placed them on a huge shell and handed them to Isora, who brought the jewels to Jingu, who placed them in her girdle.

The Empress now prepared her fleet for Korean invasion. Three thousand barges were built and launched, and two old Kami with long streaming gray hair and wrinkled faces, were made admirals. Their names were Suwa Daimio Jin (Great Illustrious, Spirit of Suwa) and Suniyoshi, Daimio Jin, the kami who lives under the old pine-tree at Takasago, and presides over nuptial ceremonies.

The fleet sailed in the tenth month. The hills of Iizen soon began to sink below the horizon, but no sooner were they out of sight of land than a great storm arose. The ships tossed about, and began to butt each other like bulls, and it seemed as though the fleet would be driven back; when lo! Kai Rin O sent shoals of huge sea-monsters and immense fishes that bore up the ships and pushed their sterns forward with their great snouts. The shachihoko,

or dragon-fishes, taking the ship's cables in their mouths, towed them forward until the storm ceased and the ocean was calm. Then they plunged downward into the sea and disappeared.

The mountains of Corea now rose in sight. Along the shore were gathered the Korean army. Their triangular fringed banners, inscribed with dragons, flapped in the breeze. As soon as their sentinels caught sight of the Japanese fleet, the signal was given, and the Korean line of war-galleys moved gayly out to attack the Japanese.

The Empress posted her archers in the bows of her ships and waited for the enemy to approach. When they were within a few hundred sword-lengths, she took from her girdle the Jewel of the Ebbing-Tide and cast the flashing gem into the sea. It blazed in the air for a moment, but no sooner did it touch the water than instantly the ocean receded from under the Korean vessels, and left them stranded on dry land. The Koreans, thinking it was a tidal wave, and that the Japanese ships were likewise helpless in the undertow, leaped out of their galleys and rushed over the sand, and on to the attack. With shouting and drawn swords their aspect was terrible. When within range of the arrows, the Japanese bowmen opened volleys of double-headed, or triple-pronged arrows on the Koreans, and killed hundreds.

But on they rushed, until near the Japanese ships, when the Empress, taking out the Flood-Tide Jewel, cast it in the sea. In a snap of the finger, the ocean rolled up into a wave many tens of feet high and engulfed the Korean army, drowning them almost to

a man. Only a few were left out of the ten thousand. The warriors in their iron armor sank dead in the boiling waves, or were cast along the shore like logs. The Japanese army landed safely, and easily conquered the country. The King of Corea surrendered and gave his bales of silk, jewels, mirrors, books, pictures, robes, tiger skins, and treasures of gold and silver to the Empress. The booty was loaded on eighty ships, and the Japanese army returned in triumph to their native country.



## CHAPTER XXV.

### A JAUNT IN ECHIZEN

OF the many travellers who have written their experiences in Japan, comparatively few have been beyond the great range of mountains which divides Hondo into two great slopes, with differing climates. In the southwest, the groups of provinces answering to our "Eastern," "Middle," or "Western" States, are distinguished as groups which bear the names, Mountain-shade, and Mountain Sun-side circuit or region. Indeed, all of the nine divisions of Japan are either "sea" or "mountain" roads or regions.

The Province of Echizen is in the North Land Circuit. It has the large bay and harbor of Tsuruga, one of the few of either of these features on the west coast of Hondo, and the best of all. It was formerly the landing-place of many Coreans and other immigrants from the Asian continent. In some respects it was like the old "Saxon Shore" in Eastern England. It is now the terminus of the railway from Kyoto. About twenty miles from Tsuruga is the city of Fukui, the name of which means Happy Well, or Well of Blessing. Here, for centuries, was the seat of the daimios of Echizen, with their castle and armed retainers. One of the first to lead in lib-

eral thought, and the renovation of Japan through Western civilization, was Matsudaira, lord of Echizen. In 1862, as the Tycoon's prime minister, he abolished the custom of the daimios' forced residence in Yedo. As soon as the civil war of 1868 was over, he invited to his province, to organize public schools on the American principle, the author of "The Mikado's Empire." In this book, under the form of history, and in "Honda the Samurai," under the guise of fiction, the latter has pictured life in a daimio's capital under the feudal system, and described the abdication of the lord of Echizen, October 1, 1871. From that time forth, all the clansmen who had served directly under their feudal lord became unconditional servants of the Mikado, their loyalty becoming patriotism, their only *kuni* (country) being no longer Echizen, but Nippon.

While in Fukui, the American teacher was invited to visit the manufactory in which paper was made for the Imperial currency, or *kin-satsu*. The Japanese have understood for ages the art of paper money, and until 1872, the various daimios issued paper promises to pay. These stiff cards, of all shapes, sizes, values, and style of decoration, were usually worthless beyond the province frontier. Hence the traveller must change his money vexatiously often. All these have long since been called in and burnt by the Imperial Government, which issues instead, round, milled, and beautifully stamped coins from the mint at Osaka. Besides gold, silver, copper, and nickel money, the notes of the national banks, which are organized on the American system, and smaller pa-

per currency issued by the Government, and adorned with symbols from native mythology and pictures from Japanese history, furnish cheaply the mediums of exchange to the people. Instead of the twenty-three kinds of paper notes and forty-nine styles of coinage in circulation in 1867, there is now a uniform money standard.

The paper manufacturer lived at Aotabi (Green Nook), about ten miles from Fukui. He sent an invitation to come and pay a visit to his "wretched hut," as Japanese etiquette compelled him to call his house.

On one of the rare days in June, 1871—the month when the young rice sprouts, and the silk-worm weaves his shroud and resurrection robes, a party of three horsemen—the American, his interpreter, and a mounted samurai as guard—sallied out of the city gates of Fukui, bound for the village which had never before been disturbed by a "blue-eyed foreigner." The great plain in which the city lies is about twenty miles long, from two to eight wide, walled in by chains of mountains. It is renowned not only for thrilling history, but also for its wealth of tea, silk, and paper. Its hill-slopes are ever green with the dark enamel of the fragrant leaf, and in the flowering season are nebulous with the pale white of tea-blossoms. Hidden away in groves of bamboo and cedars, nestles many a village of simple farmer folk, or busy paper-makers, or silk-rearers. The rice of this province has no mean fame, and Echizen paper is sought throughout the Empire by all writers, from clerk to cleric, and from the *i-ro-ha*-arians to the finished literati.

The village of Aotabi receives its name, say the native antiquaries, because Aotabi, one of the Mikado's sons, lived here early in the sixth century. Keitai Tenno, the twenty-eighth Mikado, who reigned from A.D. 507 to 531, made this little village his residence before greatness was thrust upon him. Even as far back as the eighth century, Corean envoys were brought here to admire the beautiful paper made in the village.

Our ride over the plain was devoid of incident, until we came to a little stream crossing the high-road, beside which was the execution-ground. The blood-pit was stained with a red pool that glittered in the sunlight, and on a pole close to the road was nailed, with an iron strap and three nails driven into the skull to keep the face upright, the head of a counterfeiter. By splitting open the thick card-money and pasting false backs on the good halves, the penman, who though clever could not escape detection, was able for a few weeks to make fifty per cent. profits by his fraud and added skill. A notice-board affixed to the pole explained tersely the grim facts. My interpreter translated it for me, and we rode on.

We reached our destination at four o'clock P.M. Our coming had been heralded by the cook sent ahead in the morning, and the whole village was in waiting to see its first foreign visitor. According to custom, the village officials came out beyond the gates to receive and welcome us. Falling on their hands and knees, they bowed their hands to the ground, and bade us welcome. As we rode up the

village street the people, leaving off feeding silk-worms, reeling silk, bowing cotton, or making paper, stood or knelt to have a good stare at their visitors. An American scarcely relishes the picture of hundreds of people on their knees before him. I have been in villages where the women and children knelt with clasped hands, as if in prayer, so great was their reverence to the officers or servants of their prince.

The village street was lined with hundreds of boards set upright, upon which sheets of freshly-made paper were drying, and with mats upon which bushels of cocoons of silk were piled, ready for reeling. Before the house of the merchant who was to be our host the dense crowd parted, and we dismounted. Only a few of the too curious came near to see the color of his eyes and hair, and to try to understand some of the chattering of the foreigner.

I extended my hand to mine host, who looked at it, and then turned with an imploring glance of interrogation to my interpreter for information as to what such a manoeuvre might mean. Handshaking being unknown, and my host being too polite to suppose that his guest wanted to borrow cash, tooth-picks, or a handkerchief, he finally understood that he was to put his hand into mine. Accordingly, his limp left hand was laid unresistingly in the right hand of the foreigner. Involuntarily, his digits were shaken for him and gently returned, uninjured. Whereupon, thinking it was the best joke in the world, he burst out laughing, and the ice of constraint melted into a flood of sociability.

In five minutes the horses were in their stalls, being rubbed with wisps of straw preparatory to their dinner of beans, while their masters were led inside to an ample airy room in the rear of the house, outlooking upon a garden of dwarf-maple and pines, hydrangeas, azaleas, giant white lilies, and mimic mountains and hills, down which a waterfall, after waking tiny thunders, leaped over silvery pebbles into a pond gleaming with gold-fish and gay with turtles. A rockery, with grotto and miniature precipices, lent mimic wildness to the scene. Above us, towering far aloft, was the grassy bosom of the mountain, "Sun-field," on which the village lay.

Before we had entered the house our salutations and congratulations were sufficiently profuse, according to my western ideas, but these I found were merely preliminary to the grand ceremonies. No sooner were we fairly in the room in which we were to rest, than there ensued a scene of frightful politeness. Mine host and Miyoshi, the samurai, after confronting each other, as if by a signal, dropped suddenly on their hands and knees. For a moment nothing is visible but a polished scalp on its way to the matting. Bump! went both heads upon the floor; up they bob, down on the floor again, then up, then down again, until bows, bobs, and bumps number four each, sucking in their breath violently each time. Mine host having finished, Miyoshi turns to Iwabuchi, my interpreter, who spreads out his robes like Cæsar, and manfully passes through the ordeal. I now find out why the Japanese have no hair on their foreheads. Having finished the most serious

business of the day, they sit down on their heels, spread out their broad trousers, pull out their fans, and ply them vigorously.

Ceremony being over, pipes are pulled out and filled. A pretty little girl of about thirteen, dressed in a gay robe of summer fabric, of the Japanese Dolly Varden pattern, with a crimson silk girdle around her waist, and her hair dressed upon a ring or pad of crinkled blue crape, trips in with a *tobacco-bon*, or gold-lacquered fire-box, and kneeling down, bows her head on her prone palms, and then springs nimbly up, to reappear with baby cups of tea and a little stand containing candies, laid on pure white paper.

Our host is fat, jolly, and chatty. His ancestors have lived in the same village and followed the same business for six hundred years. Parts of the present dwelling are three hundred years old. The mammoth tree that shades his house was full-grown when his forefathers arrived. In one wing of the house is the family oratory, in which is the family shrine, and in which the ancestral relics are kept. Would we like to see it? We should. We cross over a long veranda-like passage and enter the room, which is about thirty feet long and ten feet wide. At one end is the gorgeous altar and image of Amida, the chief of the Buddhist pantheon, on which are written in gold letters, on a black lacquered ground, the names of my host's forefathers. Some of them are dim and black with the stains of centuries. Beneath the main altar is another image of Buddha in Nirvana—on a lotus flower—and before it are the “bell,

book, and candle" used in daily worship. In a porcelain bowl of ashes, stand glowing bundles of fragrant wood, irreverently styled "joss sticks" by the infidel, which waft little clouds of incense before great Buddha. From a cabinet to the right, my host takes out, one after another, autograph albums, with the handwriting of emperors, warriors, shō-guns, court nobles of Kioto, and the poetry of Japanese sages. Swords, perfume-boxes, girdles, writing-boxes, etc., presented by mikados and shō-guns, were exhibited in rich profusion. After a delightful hour spent among these family relics, considerably of greater antiquity than those which petroleum nobility could show, we walked out to see our host's paper factory.

On the other side of the house from the garden, in the large yard, sat a dozen boys and girls on their heels, with a pile of twigs and boughs of the paper-mulberry tree (*Broussonetia papyrifera*), from which the great bulk of Japanese paper is made, and with which the hill and mountain-sides of the village were covered. The paper-mulberry grows to be from six to eight feet high. The boughs, after being cut, are dried and then macerated in water, until the outer green bark can be stripped from the inner white membrane. Engaged in this latter work, under a series of sheds, and bending over a stream of slowly-running water, were several dozen girls and women, who, by alternate picking and washing, separated the dark and brittle outer bark from the white elastic strips of inner membrane. Much time and patience were required to do this completely, and then the bundles of limp



white strips were boiled until soft in a lye made from ashes of rice straw. We next passed into a room where the boiled and softened bark was brought to two muscular fellows, who were dressed only in their loin-cloths, and who sat before large flat stones. With heavy wooden clubs they beat the bark nearly to a pulp. In another room was a man grinding boiled rice, and a girl mixing it with a decoction of bark from another tree, something like slippery-elm, until a shiny, glutinous mixture, evidently intended as a size, was prepared. This size and the mass just taken from the beaters were thrown into the pulp-vat, which was about four feet long, three wide, and two high.

At each of these vats, on the most common seat in Japan, the heels or ankles, sat a girl vigorously stirring the pulp, using a single bamboo stick for an agitator. When she judged it to be of the proper consistency, she took a square piece of fine matting, made of parallel fibres of bamboo, set in a light square frame of wood, on which folded a "fly" like that of a printing-press. The closeness of the bamboo fibres answered the purpose of our wire-frames. Dipping this by a sliding motion into the vat, she draws up a sheet of the pulp, and after waiting for it to drain, during which time her nimble fingers picked out any impurities or lumps, she throws back the fly, which is furnished with a raised edge, and spreads the sheet on the pile beside her. A dexterous girl can dip up about four hundred and fifty sheets per day. The next process is to dry the sheets. For this purpose they are spread out flat and firm on upright boards,

slanted in the sun, so that they dry with little shrinkage, hard and flat. In wet weather, or when business is pressing, the drying-boards are transferred to a room in which a hot charcoal fire is kept burning. The pressing of the paper is done by an ordinary wedge or lever press, and a finishing gloss is put on in very much the same manner as leather is polished or ironed in our country.

All this would be insufferably tedious to an American manufacturer, and would not pay in a land of high wages, like ours. My host listened with mingled delight, and with the penumbra of a doubt in his face, to my description of the machines used on the Wissahickon, at Cohoes, and at Bath. I made inquiries concerning the wages paid to his employés per diem. The bark-pounders and dippers were paid eight *tempo*s (cents) a day ; the strippers and washers six cents. From his establishment, in which he employed forty persons in all, after paying wages, expenses for fuel, transportation, taxes, etc., he was able to lay up yearly a handsome sum—that is, \$1,000. He was considered a rich merchant.

Our host had facilities for manufacturing paper of various colors, qualities, sizes, and thicknesses. Letter paper was one of his specialties. This, in Japan, is usually six inches wide, and in sheets about eighteen inches in length. When needed for use, the sheets are pasted lengthwise together, so as to make a roll.

A “long letter” in Japanese is a matter of six feet or more. Ladies’ note or letter paper is perfumed, gild-edged, or red-bordered. A kind of paper used

in wrapping round presents is figured or stamped in colors with many designs, such as Fuji-Yama, baskets of fruit, sea-shells, literary designs, etc. One kind of paper is so light that it looks as if woven of blanched spider's thread. The manufacture of paper from rice-stalks is a considerable industry in Japan, and the bark of several other kinds of trees, besides those mentioned, serves as material for paper stuff. In general, Japanese paper is exquisitely soft, of silky lustre, and exactly suited to the manner of writing in vogue in Japan and China, where a brush is a pen, and the so-called "India" ink is the writing pigment employed. All varieties of Japanese paper are very tough, and some of the stronger kinds defy all attempts to tear them. Softness and toughness are its distinguishing qualities.

We returned from the paper "mill" to our room, and discussed Japanese finance and politics, with more longitude than latitude, until supper-time. This over, we sought our beds. Padded quilts, six feet by four, were brought in, and two laid over each other formed our bed. No bedsteads, sheets, feather pillows, or linen of any sort belong to a pure Japanese bed, though our sleeping dress and quilts were of the finest silk. Plaid silks are almost exclusively used as bedding, and the Japanese in America have curious associations recalled when they see a dress of that once fashionable pattern on a lady's form. A mosquito-net is next put up, which is nearly the size of the entire room, and properly called "mosquito-house." How such a small pest ever received such a long name as mosquito passes the comprehension of the Japs,

who call it *ka*. We lie down beneath the green net, and our host, after bidding us "*O yasumi nasaré*" (may you have honorable rest), leaves us. The plashing lullaby of the tiny rill quickly woos us to sleep and to dreams of the far-distant meadow-brook and home faces.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### AN OUTLINE OF JAPANESE HISTORY

JAPANESE history shows that anciently, when the invaders from the mainland of Asia conquered the archipelago, the system of government was a rude sort of ffeudalism. The warriors of the leading clan, or house of Yamato, won their power not only by superior weapons, courage, and strategy, but also by their dogmas. They taught that their chief, or Mikado, was the descendant and representative of heavenly gods, and that to disobey him was to become that awful thing in Japanese history called a *chō-téki*. After the introduction, in the seventh century, of Chinese letters and literature, the centralizing political system of the Chinese Emperors was also borrowed, which still further tightened the coils of authority. Forthwith began those extensive military movements which reduced every tribe and province, even at the remotest bounds of the Empire, to perfect obedience to the Mikado.

These long-continued movements of armies in the field had a remarkable influence in causing, first, the separation of the people into the samurai and farmers, or the military and agricultural classes; and, second, in firing the victorious generals with the ambition of becoming dictators at court in the name of

the Mikado. This brought them ultimately to blows and civil war, which further issued in the twelfth century, in the separation of the functions of "the Throne and the Camp." The Emperor remained the fountain of honors in Kioto, but the Shō-gun or general, possessing the army and treasury, ruled at Kamakura or Yedo. Under each successive line of shō-guns, more and more power was usurped, until even in the time of Hidéyoshi, the grants of land and appointments to offices, castles, and provinces were made without reference to the Mikado. Hence, foreigners thought Japan had both a "spiritual" and a "temporal" emperor. Iyéyas enlarged and stereotyped the system of ignoring Kioto and the shadowy Mikado.

All this was the fact, and also the view of things from without ; yet there were other facts and views unknown and unnoticed by foreigners.

The long peace from about 1600 until the apparition of Perry's ships enabled scholars to examine ancient history, and to prove what many patriots began to preach, viz., that the Tycoon was a usurper, the Mikado was sole ruler in right, and that even the feudal system was an accident. As soon as the Yedo Shō-gun signed a treaty with the "ugly foreigners," in which he styled himself "Tycoon," or great prince, instead of the Mikado's lieutenant, the storm-clouds began to gather. The country was filled with ronin, or detached liege-men. According to their proper status, these retainers of the daimios were called samurai, or servants of the true Emperor. All over the Empire the cry was raised "Honor the Mikado

and expel the barbarian." At once they began systematic attacks on foreigners, in order to harass the Yedo government and make the keeping of treaties impossible. Breaking away from the Tycoon, the great daimios also transferred their whole loyalty to the Mikado, and their residences to Kioto. Erecting batteries at Shimonoséki, by imperial order the Choshin men fired on foreign vessels. The bombardment of Kagoshima in Satsuma by a British, and of Shimonoséki by an allied squadron, opened the eyes of the samurai to the power and resources of Western nations, and contributed a powerful element in the swelling stream of influences which was to transform Japan.

The great southern clans, Satsuma, Choshin, Hizen, and Tosa were able, in 1868, to form a coalition in Kioto, and to gain possession of the Mikado's palace and person. This was the master-move in the game of Japanese politics. They at once checkmated the Tycoon and his followers by restoring the ancient form of government, abolishing the shō-gunate, moving the capital to Yedo, which they named Tokio or Eastern Capital, and ratifying the treaties in the name of the Mikado. After a civil war of two years, in which they were successful, "the Sa-cho-to"—a name made from the first syllable of Sa-tsuma, Choshin, and To-sa—ruled Japan for twenty-two years, or until government by party, under the Constitution of 1890, began:

Henceforth, "Yedo" was but a vanished name for the great city on the Sumida River as it was before 1868. Since that date the capital of Japan, both

officially and popularly, has been called Tokio. Much of the old life, architecture, and customs still remains as of yore, but modern and western ideas have caused vast changes. With the abolition of the feudal system, the great processions and the vast caravanseries of the daimios have disappeared. The telegraph and railway, steam and electric light, transportation and communication, brick and stone architecture, shops filled with western furniture, clothing, inventions, comforts, and notions, modern military and police armament and methods, the introduction of the industrial machinery and processes, have completely altered the face of Tokio, Osaka, and other large cities.

The wearing of swords by the samurai or gentry was abolished in 1874. The old edicts against Christianity, which hung up all over the Empire, were taken down about the same time. In their place, the public school and Christian church strike the attention of the traveller. The postman and newsboy are now in the land. Nearly six hundred newspapers and periodicals circulate one hundred millions of copies during the year. The hospitals and medical colleges are conducted according to the principles and practice of modern science. In the prisons, the best methods of correction and punishment are employed. Much of the cheaper products of "Japanese art" which flood our American cities are made by the prisoners. The old customs of torture, public decapitation at the blood-pit, and the exposure of heads, are things of the past. The ancient codes of law, based on those of China, have



been replaced by codes based on those of Christendom, and justice is now administered by trained judges and by educated lawyers. The army and navy are organized on European models, and are in a high state of efficiency. A national coinage, banking systems, and modes of taxation common throughout the Empire, have put established uniformity and equal justice in place of the old complex feudalism, with its unequal burdens. Instead of the many classes of the Mikado's subjects, there are now but three, nobles, gentry, and commons.

After the revolution of 1868, the feudal system was abolished, and the daimios, nearly three hundred in number, called to live privately in Yedo; great reforms and mighty changes were the order of the day. Several insurrections, the greatest in 1877, being led by General Saigo Takamori, were put down at heavy cost of blood and treasure. Political excitement was kept up by the liberals outside of the imperial cabinet, and in 1881, the pressure of public opinion was so great that the Emperor proclaimed that a Parliament would be formed in 1890. On the 11th of February, 1889, the august document was published which made Japan a constitutional monarchy, and amid great pomp was delivered by the Emperor to his ministers. The elections took place in due form, and the imperial Diet met in Tokio, November, 1890, for a session of ninety-nine days.

The upper house consists of the various grades of nobles, who hold their seats for varying periods, and by hereditary right, by election, and by imperial nomination. With them is a limited number of

eminent commoners, nominated by the Emperor. The lower house consists of about three hundred members, elected by citizens who pay taxes into the national treasury to the amount of fifteen dollars yearly. The number of voters in Japan is about five hundred thousand. At its first session in Tokio, the Diet reduced the budget of "the government" by about six millions of dollars. In its second session, in 1891, the house of representatives showed itself so hostile to the ministry that, by recommendation of the imperial cabinet, the Emperor dissolved the lower and prorogued the upper house. New elections must follow within five months.

In brief, it may be said that the new political structure in Japan, while copying the Prussian principle of making the ministers responsible to the Emperor, and not to the Diet, instead of the British plan of making them responsible to Parliament, is based on native precedent and history. Rooted in the past, and in accordance with the genius and necessities of the people, the outlook for the new constitution is full of hope. It is also seen that the irresponsible rule of the Sa-cho-to, the clan combination or committee which has ruled in the imperial name since 1868, is over, and that "government by party," even in Japan, has begun. And this is in Asia!

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE WONDERFUL CITY OF TOKIO

HOW old Yedo, the city of the Tycoons, has been transformed into the imperial and national capital, full of new sights and sounds, is shown by the brilliant writer, Sir Edwin Arnold. In his "Japonica" he writes:

"At the *kuruma*-stand, where eight or ten of the little vehicles stand in a row, and the brown-legged, blue-clad human steeds are smoking tiny brass *kiseru* and chatting like jackdaws, a clamorous chorus of invitation arises: '*Danna! 'rikisha? Danna! irra-shaimas no des'ka? O ide nasai?*' 'Will you ride, Master? Will you make the honorable entrance, Master?' One cannot now so much conceive Japan existing without her *jinrikisha*; and yet the invention now to be seen on every road and in every village of the country is not quite a quarter of a century old. No one positively knows who introduced it; but it struck such root that, in Tokio alone, there are at present between thirty and forty thousand of these two-wheeled chairs; and they have spread to China and Malay, employing numbers of the working population, and adding an immense convenience to public life. *Jin-riki-sha* signifies 'man-power vehicle,' and if you have two men to pull you the phrase for that is *ni-*

*nim-biki*, the letters being a little altered by what Japanese grammar calls '*Nigori*.' The Tokio citizens call their little cab *kuruma*, which means 'a wheel,' and the coolie who pulls it is termed *kurumaya*. To fit him out with dark blue cotton coat and drawers, vest of cotton, reed hat, covered with white calico, and painted paper lantern, as well as blue cloven socks for fine weather and string sandals for the mud, costs about three American dollars. But he must, moreover, bring to the business lungs of leather and sinews of steel; nor does one ever cease to wonder at the daily endurance of these men. In hot and cold weather alike, streaming with perspiration or pelted with snow and sleet, they trundle you along apparently incapable of fatigue; always cheerful, always, in my experience, honest, and easily satisfied; sufficiently rewarded for running a league with a sum equivalent to three of your dimes. The natives, who make bargains with them before starting, go immense distances for incredibly small fares, and constantly ride two together in the same conveyance. I have seen a *kurumaya* cheerfully wheeling along a father and mother, with three children, to say nothing of the flower-pots, bird-cages, and bunches of *daikon*—the great and dreadful radish of the country—carried in the family laps. When not engaged in running, they wrap round their shoulders the scarlet, blue, green, or striped blanket—*ketto*—destined for the knees of a customer, and look then rather like Red Indians. They are said to be a prodigal tribe, quickly spending in *saké* and small pleasures the money which they earn; but they need

some solace for the prodigiously exhaustive work they perform, and, so far as I have seen, no more temperate class can exist. At the end of a long run, a cup of pale tea, a whiff at the little brass pipe, and, perhaps, a slice of bread dipped in treacle, start them off again, fresh and lively, for another stiff stretch. The men who took us to Nikko from Utsunomiya ran the entire twenty-five miles in four hours with ease, though much of it was up-hill, and would have returned, had we desired it, on the same day. A *jinrikisha*-man in good case and fairly paid is not at all afraid of forty or fifty miles day after day; nor is it true that their work makes them specially short-lived, so far as my inquiries have gone. I am persuaded that very advantageous use could be made of this kind of transport in a campaign. A *kuruma* can go wherever there is a path, and to draw munitions, provisions, stores, or to convey the sick and wounded, a corps of *jinrikisha*-men would be invaluable to any army. I noticed at the Nagoya manœuvres that such employment was actually made of them, and very profitably.

“We will not take *kuruma* to-day, but will walk, instead, down the *Kuboi-chô* to Shimbashi, where the rice-boats and manure-flats lie at the bridge, and to the long and fashionable Ginza. ‘*Soré kara O mi ashi de ikimas!*’ ‘You proceed, then, by the honorable legs!’ says the *kurumaya*, smiling, and bows as courteously as if you had engaged him. How picturesque and special to Japan is the vista of this Tokio street, with the low, open houses on each side, all of the same sober, weather-tanned hue, of the

same build, the same materials, the same frankly opened interior, the same little front shop, except where a fire-proof 'go-down,' more solidly constructed, breaks the uniformity with its heavy, ugly walls and windows of black lacquer. In a great conflagration these will be the only buildings left standing; and after any extensive *Kwaji* you see them surviving, isolated and scorched, like rocks upon a burnt moorland. The sombre color of the houses, and their black and white heavy roofs and ridges would give a too subdued and almost sombre look to a Japanese street, if it were not for the gay contents of the shops, and the bright, good-tempered busy throngs in the roadway. The fruit-stores, the doll-shops, the fan-shops, the flower-shops, the cake-shops, the small emporiums where they sell bed-quilts, and *Kimono*, and hanging pictures (*Kaki-mono*), and shrines for Buddha, and tinselled hairpins, and gold and silver twist for the hair, and umbrellas, amply fill the scene with color. Then the people are so perpetually interesting! Stand by the apothecary's establishment, which has for its sign a pair of large gilded eyes and a catalogue of charms against all devils, while this funeral procession passes; a square, white box, borne shoulder high, by four bearers, within which, with head resting upon his knees, and the gold ball above him to denote 'space'—whither he has gone—the dead takes his last ride in Tokio. You need not be too melancholy about it; nobody greatly dreads or dislikes dying in Japan, where religion has been defined as 'a little fear and a great deal of fun.' The clog-maker, the girl grinding ice in the *Kori-mizu*

shop, the hawker with fried eels, the little naked boys and girls at play; the priest, the policemen in white, and the pretty, tripping *musumë*, look at the cortège a little, but with their laughter and chat only half suspended, as their fellow-citizen wends to take his turn at gazing into the *Johari-no-Kagami*—that mirror in the other world where, at a glance, you see all the good things and all the bad things which you ever did in this. The street, which had stood aside a little for the procession, fills anew with *misoku*, i.e., ‘coolies,’ or ‘leg-men,’ toiling at wheeling timber, assisted heartily by old ladies in light blue trousers; students in flat caps and scarlet socks; wandering *etas*, the Japanese pariahs; perambulating shopkeepers, such as the *moji-yaki*, or ‘letter-burner,’ who bakes sweet paste into characters, animals, or baskets; his fellow, the *amé-ya*, or jelly-man, who, from barley-gluten, will blow you, by a reed, rats, rabbits, or monkeys; and the two priests, with long, embroidered lapels, one telling such a good story that the other, exploding with laughter, is heard to say, ‘*Domo! Kimo tsubushita.*’ ‘Really! you have burst my liver!’ If it be the season of kites, everybody will be flying them, in mid traffic, even the shopkeeper has despatched one aloft, worked by a string fastened to his *hibachi*, and the barber’s family launches one from the upper window of the house, marked by the conventional pole of red, blue, and white. The chiffonier of Japan—the *Kami-Kudsubiroi*—is picking up rags and paper scraps with a forked bamboo; the sparrow-catcher goes stealthily along carrying a tall bamboo rod armed with bird-line fatal to

many a chirping bird ; the gravely dressed doctor passes with a boy to carry his pestle-and-mortar box, and ‘ the thousand-year-life-pills ; ’ the fortune-teller spreads on a cloth his fifty little sticks and six black and red blocks of wood, which can tell you more than man should know ; the bean-cake-seller tinkles his bells and beats his gong to announce his sticky wares ; the *amma*, the blind shampooer, feels his way slowly through the crowd, piping three lugubrious notes on his reed-flute, and ready to pound and knead anybody’s muscles into vigor for three-pence ; while in a quiet corner, under the temple-wall, the street-artist, surrounded by admirers, constructs pictures and writes Chinese mottoes on the earth with handfuls of tinted sand. Into the temple-court—for it is *Matsuri*, and a great day—are pouring lines of people to say a brisk prayer at the shrine, and to buy some toys for the children at the innumerable stalls round the court. Religion and pleasure go hand in hand in Japan. Observe the old lady, with shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth, belonging to by-gone Japan ; her two daughters, who are of the newer style, and proudly carry European umbrellas, and even black silk gloves. They wash their hands from the temple well by means of a small wooden ladle ; approach the altar, pull the thick cord which makes the gong sound, and, the attention of heaven having been engaged, they pray their silent prayers with bowed heads and clasped palms ; throw a sen into the offering-box, and clapping their hands to let Divinity know their affair is finished, they turn aside, merrily chatting, to sip tea at the ‘ Snow-white



Stork' and purchase hairpins and playthings for the *Kodomo*.

"Alike in the street and the temple-court, the pretty, lively, laughing Japanese girl lights up the crowd with her bright dress, her happy, winsome face and shining tresses, splendidly elaborated.

"Turning aside a little from the picturesque and bustling 'Cho,' we easily come to Shiba, buried in groves of cryptomeria, an island of solemn peace and grandeur in the bosom of the city. Here, shut in by ponderous red gateways, built of mighty beams, with giant doors which turn upon huge hinges of copper, are the tombs and temples of six of the famous Tokugawa Shoguns, the ancient rulers of this land under the Mikado. It is like passing out of the rolling sea into a land-locked harbor to step over the threshold of the massive vermilion porch, and to find yourself in the outer court of the Zojoji. Around are hundreds of stone memorial *ishidoro*—as many as two hundred in one alone of these pebbled enclosures, offerings to the princely deceased from their vassals. Screened walls and portals, presenting wonderful work in wood-carving, gilding, and lacquer, shut the outer courts from the inner. Each panel is enriched with a different subject—flowers, birds, and real or fabulous animals, dexterously relieved by gold-leaf and color. Passing again through these walls, inner inclosures are reached where stand colossal bronze lanterns of high finish. Dancing-houses, treasure-houses, and libraries for the sacred books, exquisitely decorated; a vast washing cistern to be used before prayer, cut out of one block of stone, and

lotus pools, which, in August, are full of the white and blue blossoms of the hallowed flower, attract the attention. By yet another gateway, sculptured and embellished to an extraordinary height, of semi-barbarous but splendid beauty, the step is led to the central shrine itself. All around are detached buildings, soberly but splendidly adorned with the very best which Japanese art could lavish on them, in perfect joinery, gilding, coloring, lacquer, metal-work, painting, and carving. The whole place is full of symbolism. On the outer screens, shutting off the first court, you may have noticed waves of the sea, done in brass, furiously running on the panels, with storm-birds hovering. It was an emblem of the unrest of life for all of us, as well as for Shoguns. But at the second wall the brazen waves were chiselled, rolling more quietly, and here, on the screen by which we enter the court of the chapel of *Iyénobu* and *Iyéyoshi*, the waves are moulded as falling asleep; doves brood, in silver and gold; there is peace! Laying aside shoes, you may pass over the black-lacquered steps and floors, through golden doors, into the central shrine, spread with the whitest and finest of mats; and the walls and ceilings are so daintily and patiently wrought with wonderful workmanship that every square inch demands a special study. The great HOUSE OF DEATH is finished off, in its minutest portion, like a flower-vase or a *nétsuké*, and, perhaps, the very utmost that Japanese craftsmanship could ever accomplish, in its own special provinces, may here be seen and admired. Every incense-pole and lamp-stand is a lovely object, alike for its labor and

design. The low stands on which the sacred books lie open have priceless enrichments; and one is glad to see the silent priests move about in gold and silver brocade, for ordinary dress in such a magnificent scene would appear incongruous. At the same time, the more you realize the artistic richness of this great group of temples and tombs, the more you are struck with the low-toned, sober, restrained *ensemble* of it all. The shrines themselves are but the Japanese hut idealized, the gold and the glittering brass, and the sharp colors of the carvings sink back from the sunlight under the massive eaves, and where a screen, or a painted side-wall would glitter too much, the heavy foliage of the cryptomerias casts a black curtain upon it. The character of the place is deeply impressive, a proud melancholy, a princely modesty, a sumptuousness royal to prodigality, not for ostentation, but for love of pensive beauty, show themselves everywhere. The Shoguns are certainly buried, as if they were emperors, in the heart of this concourse of black and gold and lacquered chapels and cemeteries, shut from the busy city by the dark trees, the high walls, and the blood-red gateways.

“Near Shimbashi we pass under the tall ladder of a fire-station, on the summit of which stands a watchman, looking north, south, east, and west, to spy the rolling smoke which by daytime first denotes a conflagration. If he sees signs of a fire, *kwaji*, he will beat upon the gong at his side as many blows as, by a preconcerted code, denote the particular ‘cho’ which is the scene of the disaster. Persons passing

count the strokes and hurry homeward, if it be a case of

‘*tua res agitur quum*  
*Proximus Ucalegon ardet;*’

that is to say, if their own district be concerned. Next we turn into the ‘Ginza,’ the ‘Broadway’ of the metropolis of Japan—a really fine thoroughfare, with paved sidewalks, tramways in the middle, and shops of a superior description. Here ebbs and flows the full business life of the city, and mingling with it, as elsewhere, the clattering pattens, the mothers and sisters with the babies on their backs; the children kite-flying; the traders sitting over their glowing charcoal braziers; the hawkers of fish, dried radish, cakes, persimmons, toys, pipes, kites, and flags; the coolies with their balanced loads; the blind old samisen-players; the Buddhist priests; the pretty *musmees*, with their hair like black marble and pigeon feet; the imperturbable slit-eyed babies; the acquaintances meeting in the street and profusely bowing and saluting; the Japanese officers riding along, each with his *betto*, or groom; the flower-peddlers; the bullock-men; the bird-dealers; the tea-houses, the little funny house-fronts and opened interiors; the bath-rooms, the temples, the stone-yards, the basket-works, the gliding rice-boats—*tout le tremblement*, in fact, of the wonderful and ever-interesting capital city of Japan. Or we might have come into the Ginza across the Shiro, by any of its many entrances and exits, the *Tora mon*, or ‘Tiger Gate;’ the *Sakurada-gomon*, ‘Cherryfield Gate;’ or the

*Hanzo-go-mon*, which leads to the emperor's gardens and the imperial palace. This Shiro is a great feature of the city, in the midst of which it sits; a spacious and far-commanding fortified *enceinte*, everywhere surrounded by lofty embankments, planted with ancient firs, and walls of giant masonry, at the feet of which sleep broad moats, covered in winter-time, with wild duck and geese, bitterns and herons. Nothing can be finer in appearance, as embellishments of a capital, than these massive ramparts and green slopes of grass, overshadowed by the gnarled fir-trees. The masonry looks as solid as a sea-cliff, built out at all its angles with huge blocks of stone like the ram of an ironclad, in a curved projecting outline, so that the mighty blocks sit back immovable in their places, and it seems that not even an earthquake could have the smallest effect upon them. In the emperor's palace we might have seen the most perfect example of what Japanese carpenters and joiners can accomplish, and yet, though every ceiling there is a work of high art, divided by rich brown lacquer into panels exquisitely decorated, and the costliest silks and most splendid carvings are lavished all around; amid all that luxury of royal art you would observe the great square supporting posts of white fir, left simply hand-dressed in all their milky, pure, velvet-like beauty, delighting the eye with the natural grain and texture, as nothing manufactured by the wit of man ever could. And if we were attempting more than the merest stroll about the city, we ought to pass *Fuji-mi-cho*, where, near the monument—a vast bronze bayonet, erected to

the soldiers slain in the civil war—the city spreads out, of one interminable pattern and color as far as the eye can see. We should have gone to Uyéno to visit the great exhibition, and see the lotuses in blossom, and to Asakusa to view the imposing temple of *Kwannon Sama*, the Merciful Goddess; also the temples of the Five Hundred Sages, and of the God of War, *Hachi-man*, where we might have duly honored the shrine of *Kōbō-Daishi*, the too ingenious inventor of the Japanese alphabet. We might have stood on the famous *Nihon-bashi*, the central spot of the city, from which all distances are measured throughout the empire, and might have traversed, close by, Anjin Chō, or ‘Pilot Street,’ so named after the English sailor, Will Adams, who came here in the time of Shakespeare, married a Japanese wife, and grew to be a favorite of the emperor, and a great two-sworded Japanese nobleman. His letters from Japan, published by the Hakluyt Society, furnish the most delightful reading, being written in that large and quaint style which seemed to come naturally in

‘The spacious times of great Elizabeth.’

“That the old navigator had well feathered his nest in Japan is clear, from an account given by another adventurer of his place of residence at Hēmi, near Yokosūka. He there describes Will Adams’s place thus: ‘This Hēmi is a Lordshipp geuen to Capt. Adams pr. the ould Emperour to hym and his for eaver, & confermed to hys sonne, called Joseph.

There is above 100 farms or howsholds, uppon it, besides others under them, all which are his vassals, and he hath power of lyfe & death ouer them, they being his slanes; he hauing as absolute authoritie over them as any tono (or king) in Japan hath over his vassals."

We may add that in June, 1872, the graves of Will Adams and his Japanese wife were discovered at Hémi village, near Yokosŭka, the seat of the great ship- and dock-yards of the Imperial Navy of Japan. Being so near Yokohama, hundreds of Englishmen and Americans visit it yearly.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE RESOURCES OF JAPAN

SINCE 1868 the Japanese have looked most carefully to their frontiers while consolidating the empire. By negotiation with Russia the island of Saghalin was exchanged for the Kuriles, and the unoccupied Bonin and other outlying islands were garrisoned. The tributary archipelago of Rin Kin has been definitely annexed, and the old Chinese name of Loo Choo is now obsolete. The empire of Dai Nippon, as fully constituted, lies on the earth's surface between longitude east  $156^{\circ} 32'$  and  $122^{\circ} 45'$ , and between north latitude  $24^{\circ} 06'$  and  $50^{\circ} 56'$ , or in a parallelogram which is about two thousand miles square. The extreme points north and east are in the Kuriles, or, as the Japanese call the group, Chishima, a Thousand Islands. All Japan north of Hondo is called Hokkaido, or Northern Sea Circuit. The total area of the empire is about one hundred and fifty thousand square miles. Not only is a careful survey of the country for military, geological, and other scientific purposes being made, but the meteorology is studied from scores of stations, and the weather forecasts are published daily.

A regular census on scientific principles is annually



made, and reports show that under the "enlightened civilization" of the Meiji period the people of Japan are increasing in numbers, in wealth, in health, and in comfort. In 1825 the Japanese nation included 26,000,000 people; in 1881 there were under the Mikado's rule 36,358,994 persons of all ages; in 1889, 40,072,020; in 1891, 40,600,000. A study of the details shows that Japanese humanity is like that all over the world. The sexes are about equal in numbers, the proportion of births being, of boys 107, of girls 100, the numbers approaching equality at about fifty years of age, the women increasing beyond that point, and doubling the figures beyond the age of ninety. In 1889 nearly eighty persons lived to be over one hundred years of age. The average size of a family is 4.93, or nearly five persons.

Of the cities of Japan six contain over 100,000 people. The densest population is in Central Japan, in the region afflicted by the great earthquakes of October, 1891. Besides the natives, of whom about twenty thousand live abroad in Hawaii, America, and Europe, there are about ten thousand foreigners in Japan, half of them Chinese, and a majority of all living in Yokohama. The Japanese marry and divorce easily, as the statistics show one divorce for every three marriages, a fact which speaks badly for their morals.

In agriculture and industry the progress of the people is very noticeable. Many thousands of acres of land have been reclaimed to cultivation, and under improved methods of agriculture the crops of grain and food products have greatly increased. Under

the new system of land tenure the number of landholders is over six millions. About forty per cent. of arable soil is worked by farmers who own their own land, and sixty per cent. by proprietors who employ agents and farm-laborers. The chief food-crop is rice, and irrigated or rice-land is worth about one hundred and fifty dollars per acre, ordinary tilled about fifty dollars an acre. Forest and waste land occupies twice the space of the cultivated area. Thus far instead of every foot of land in Japan being brought under cultivation, but a small proportion is utilized for crops. The average farm is less than an acre in extent. On the abolition of feudalism the farmers for the first time ploughed their own fields free from all restraints except taxes. Nevertheless feudalism, though abolished in form, still exerts an important influence on the methods of farming and in the allocation of population. Nearly one-half of the people belong to the agricultural class, and live where their ancestors have dwelt for centuries. Despite the great exodus to the cities and the introduction of new industries the centres of population remain mostly as they were. All the subjects of the Emperor are now, however, under uniform laws and economic conditions.

Besides the increase in rice, wheat, barley, beans, and vegetables, the other staples of consumption or export—tea, silk, salt, saké, soy, metals, coal, and other mineral products—have also been multiplied in quantity, in some cases three- and four-fold. In 1889 the total value of foreign commerce, in exports and imports, amounted to nearly \$70,000,000. For

over ten years past the exports have exceeded the imports.

Along the line of public works and improvements, the difference in the Old Japan of Tycoon days and the New Japan of our time is wonderful. Instead of the nearly naked messenger, whizzing along the high-road with a packet clamped in a split-bamboo held over the shoulder, the neatly uniformed postman penetrates every village, and the mail is delivered in the cities several times daily. About four thousand post-offices, equipped in American style, receive and transmit about two hundred million letters and newspapers annually. The letter-box is found on the street corners, and no new improvement in postal science appears in Christendom but is duplicated in Japan. About twenty thousand miles of telegraph wire now tingle daily with electric messages which transmute themselves into Japanese or English to the number of nearly four million annually. Two submarine cables moor Japan to Christendom by way of China and Corea. Fifteen hundred miles of finished railway transport over fifteen million passengers yearly. The equipment of most of the railroads is on the English model, but much of the rolling stock is made at home. Indeed the Japanese are now able to make nearly everything manufactured in Europe.

The Japanese name for a wheel or wheeled vehicle is *kuruma*; the Chino-Japanese term is *sha*. A *jin-riki-sha* is a man-power-carriage; a *ba-sha* is a horse-wagon; a *jokū-sha* is a steam-locomotive. Whereas a wagon drawn by horses was unknown in

the old days of seclusion, there are now over twenty-five thousand vehicles moved by horse-power, nearly two hundred thousand *jîn-riki-sha*, and about six hundred thousand other wagons of all sorts pushed or drawn by men, women, or oxen; in other words, nearly one million of wheeled vehicles make runs in Japan.

On the water, instead of the old-fashioned junks, which by the law in vogue from 1640 until 1860 were not allowed to have a capacity exceeding twenty-five hundred bushels, the Japanese have now a fleet of over seven hundred steamers and one thousand sailing vessels built on European models, while twenty thousand junks and six hundred thousand "sampan" or boats still ply on fresh or salt water. Instead of the occasional and precarious beacons on the headlands, seventy magnificent lighthouses, equipped according to the best ideas in western science and experience, aided by nearly one hundred lights in more primitive style, make the coasts of Dai Nippon among the safest in the world.

In their new commercial life, the men of the Meiji era have been very diligent in taking advantage of the experience of their friends in Christendom. They have introduced many of the features of modern civilization in the form of banking, fire and life insurance, expressage, agricultural, medical, and scientific societies. The 300 national banks and their branches had in capital and reserve funds in 1888 over \$75,000,000. The other incorporated societies of all sorts, numbering nearly three thousand, had over \$125,000,000 capital.

“Education is the basis of all progress,” said the reformers of 1868, and twenty years later the report of the Minister of Education showed that nearly thirty thousand public and private schools, with about seventy thousand teachers and officers, were educating over three million pupils, while nearly two hundred and fifty thousand had been graduated into active life.

The gift most appreciated by the interpreters, among those brought by Commodore Perry, was Webster's Dictionary. English has supplanted Dutch and Chinese as the basis of culture, and is now part of the curriculum of the public schools. Christianity has already vitalized the new literature of Japan, and western science, philosophy, and critical scholarship have stimulated the Japanese to study their own history afresh. Some of the great achievements in recent authorship are very remarkable. The tremendous literary activity of the nation is shown in the report of the Copyright Bureau for 1888. In this year 5,528 original works, 4,738 collections, 456 translations, and 551 reprints, making a total of 11,273, left the press. In all the large cities, foreign book-stores sell many thousands of copies of the standard and contemporary volumes printed abroad.

One must read the more serious works of Rein, Griffis, and also some of the books of to-day, like Mr. Henry Norman's “The Real Japan,” to get an idea of Japan's military and naval strength, the improvements in the administration of justice, hygiene, prison reform, and political administration. We close our survey of the resources of Japan by a glance at the

budget for 1892-93, as submitted by the emperor's finance minister at the second session of the Diet, November 26, 1891. The figures are in *yen* (80 cents).

Revenue from land-tax, 38,589,633; on saké, 15,819,300; income-tax, 1,060,770; on tobacco, 1,864,878; on soy, 1,246,717; customs duties, 4,563,371; receipts from post and telegraphs, 5,541,623; profit on railways, 2,200,000, etc. The grand total of revenue is, *yen*, 86,508,647.

In expenditure the Japanese show that at present militarism is at its height, over one-fourth of the revenue being devoted to war purposes. In the presence of Russia, France, and England—all of them earth hungry nations—as well as of jealous China, Japan thinks it necessary to be well armed. The grand total of expenditures for 1892-93 is estimated at, *yen*, 83,502,760.

When this budget was submitted to the Diet at its opening, November 26, 1891, the “opposition” to the “government” being in the majority, and led by the master statesman, Count Okuma, a concerted movement was made to reduce the estimates by, *yen*, 9,000,000. Thereupon the ministry appealed to the emperor, and on December 26th the House of Representatives was dissolved and the House of Peers prorogued.

Such is the wonderful story of New Japan in this year of our Lord, 1892, exactly four hundred years after Columbus set sail from Palos to discover not America, but Zipangu. Exactly to the day, almost to the hour, thirty-five years after the American treaty, ships were in sight of Idzu, the Emperor Mu-

tsuhito (born on the day when Commodore Perry was ready to sail on the United States steamship *Mississippi*) took oath to maintain inviolate the government according to the constitution. The Americans, who have lived longest under a written constitution, who have furnished Perry, Harris, and a host of missionaries and teachers to aid in the making of New Japan will, while watching the process, trust that regeneration "will be accomplished, like the operation of leaven in meal, without shivering the vessel."

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